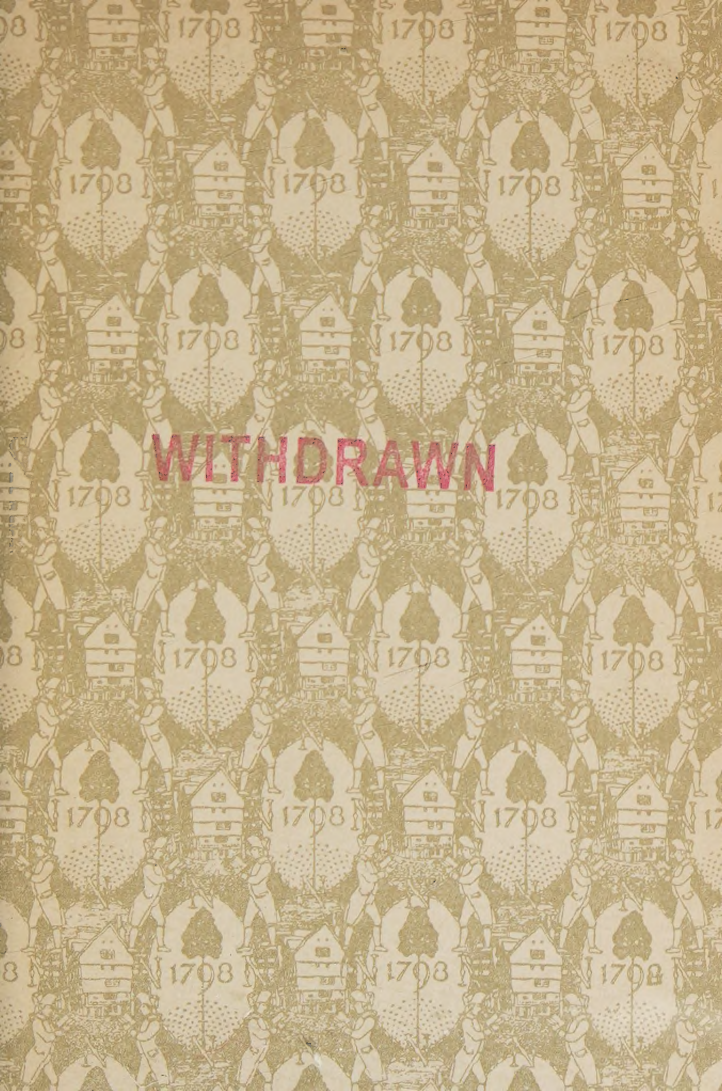



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HUMORISTS

SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS

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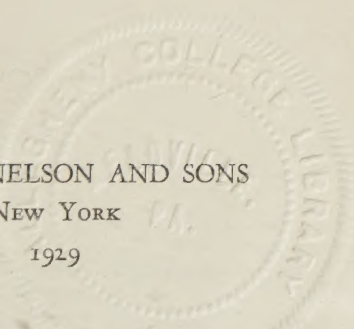
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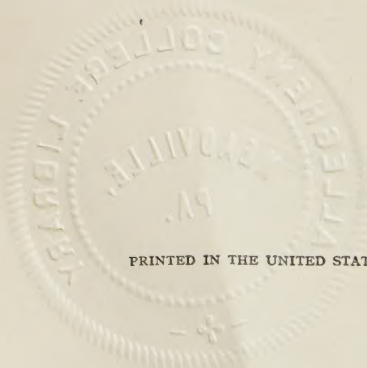
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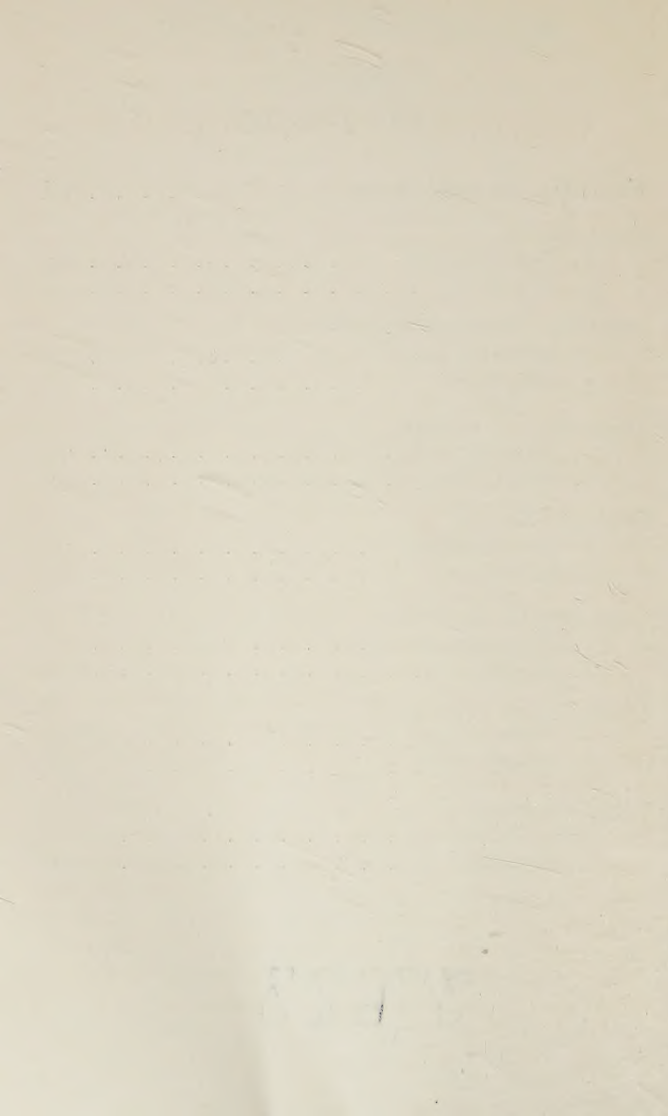
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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

SINCE Major Jack Downing made his appearance in 1830, the United States has never been without its semi-illiterate favorite in current literature, whether a political adventurer like Jack, a broad practical joker like Sut Lovingood, a rascally fool like Petroleum U. Nasby, a shrewd critic of our social life like Artemus Ward, or a maker of homely aphorisms like Josh Billings. Sometimes this hero writes of his own adventures in letters or autobiography, and sometimes he tells them to a friend, who puts them in book form. Usually he has been in high favor with his contemporaries and then is speedily forgot. His adventures and comments are so strictly of his own time that succeeding generations find them hard to understand. But though the individual falls into quick oblivion, the type has never lost its vogue.

Jack Downing himself did not spring from a clear sky. He has close affiliations with the stage Yankee, popular in the American theatre since 1787, with the droll countryman of the almanacs and cheap joke books, and with such a type as the servant Teague in Brackenridge's *Modern Chivalry*. It is just possible that Franklin's Poor Richard is among his ancestors. Jack's literary father, however, was Joe Strickland, whose letters of his adventures in the New York legislature, written by George Arnold, appeared in the *New York Enquirer* in 1827.¹ Jack Downing was more fortunate than his forerunners in making his appearance at just the right time; he came at the moment when the triumph of Jacksonian Democracy

¹ See Mary Wyman, *Two American Pioneers*, p. 33.

was making a hero of the masses, and was again calling attention to the old romantic idea that the uneducated, "men uncorrupted by culture," were endowed with special virtues. Coming into a world ready to receive him, Jack so caught the popular fancy that writers all over the country appropriated not only the convention of his letters but his very name.¹

Many Yankees followed Jack Downing, but only two of them attained any great renown. Sam Slick, a clock maker and peddler who was the creation of a Canadian, T. C. Haliburton,² travelled through the States and Canada, seeing all there was to be seen, meeting all sorts of people, and making shrewd comments on all his adventures. Sam Slick was not especially interested in politics, and most of his wise remarks deal with social and domestic life. To-day the most widely known of all the Yankee characters is Hosea Biglow. In Hosea and the other Yankees of the *Biglow Papers*, James Russell Lowell makes use of the Yankee convention to satirize the pro-slavery interests. These characters are amusing, and the satire is extremely effective, but it seems to me that the *Biglow Papers* do not belong with the adventures of the other unlettered heroes. The characters exist only for the purpose of their satire. There is something obviously artificial and consciously patronizing about them. Lowell's Yankees assume the dialect and manners of the people, but one feels that their Harvard accent and Cambridge sophistication are none too well disguised.

Before the unlettered hero made his appearance in Southern fiction, two books came out which helped

¹ Of the writers who used the name of Jack Downing, Charles Augustus Davis, whose letters first appeared in the *New York Daily Advertiser* in 1833, and came out in book form in 1834, best succeeds in catching the spirit of the original.

² See V. L. O. Chitterick, *Thomas Chandler Haliburton*.

to give him form. The first of these is *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett* (1834), an autobiographical account of that popular hunter and politician who came out of the Southwest to enjoy a brief hour of glory as the perfect example of the wise and ignorant backwoodsman. So conscious was Crockett of the part he was expected to play that when he came to write an account of his life, he apparently had some difficulty in distinguishing between fact and legend. The second book, *Georgia Scenes* (1835) by Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, gives a picture of life in a remote district in western Georgia. No one hero dominates the scene here, but the sketches abound in wise, amusing, and rascally illiterates. Ned Brace, the bad boy, is especially noteworthy. The influence of both of these books on humorous types in Southern literature is easily discernible.

In general, the hero of the South is a much less serious person than the Yankee. He is interested not so much in politics and national problems as in the happenings of his community and his neighbors. He is given to tall yarns and pranks for the sake of the amusement he can get out of them. Three examples of the type were especially popular, Major Joseph Jones in Georgia, Captain Simon Suggs in Alabama, and Sut Lovingood in Tennessee. Among the authors who created other humorous characters of the Southern frontiers are Marcus Lafayette Byrn and Thomas Thorpe, a Yankee who travelled in the South. Byrn, under the pseudonym David Battlehead, narrated the adventures of a quack doctor among the backwoodsmen of Arkansas and Alabama.¹ Thorpe through Tom Owens, the Bee Hunter, tells of the settlements along the Missis-

¹ Byrn's main works are: *The Life and Adventures of David Battlehead*, Philadelphia, 1851; and *Battlehead's Travels*, Philadelphia, 1852.

issippi, their queer characters, and their tall yarns.¹ An uneducated Virginian, Mozis Addums, the work of Dr. George Bagby, made his appearance in the Southern Literary Messenger in 1858, told of his visit to Washington and made comments on what he found there.²

Between the appearance of *Georgia Scenes* and the Civil War many volumes were published describing the low life of remote districts. Most of these prove rather heavy reading now. A notable exception is J. S. Baldwin's *Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi* (1854), a volume containing as amusing an array of rascals (among them Simon Suggs, Jr.) as one can find in any work of the period. Tales in the comic magazines give further evidence of the popularity of the comic illiterate. Two of these magazines, the Boston *Carpet Bag* and the New York *Spirit of the Times*, were especially partial to such sketches. V. G. Halipine and B. P. Shilaber, editors of the *Carpet Bag*, also created individual characters of their own, the former, Private Miles O'Reilly,³ and the latter, Mrs. Partington, an American Mrs. Malaprop⁴ whose sayings and adventures were very popular. William Trotter Porter, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, collected and edited two volumes of humorous Southern sketches.⁵ It is rather curious that only the comic side of the backward districts and illiterate people appealed to the writers of the eighteen thirties and forties. It remained for the "local color" writers of three decades

¹ Thorpe's two volumes are: *The Mysteries of the Backwoods*, Philadelphia, 1846; and *The Hive of the Bee-Hunter*, New York, 1854.

² Bagby's letters were collected and published in Richmond in 1862. For details see J. R. King, *Geo. Wm. Bagley*.

³ *Life and Adventures of Private Miles O'Reilly*, 1864, and *Baked Meats of the Funeral*, 1866.

⁴ *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, Boston, 1854, and *Knitting Work*, Boston, 1857.

⁵ *The Big Bear of the Arkansas*, New York, 1845, and *A Quarter Race in Kentucky*, Philadelphia, 1845.

later to develop the pathos and tragedy of such places and people.

These comic characters are all alike in their ignorance of "book learning," in their shrewdness, and in their definitely local characteristics. Both in the North and in the South the hero represents a well known type, and his humor is supposed to come from such traits of character as are suitable to the type. He is kept in character. The authors were trying to create natural American characters and to give pictures of the American scene. Aside from the humor and satire, the value of the Jack Downing-Major Jones-Sut Lovingood type of writing lies in these very facts. In these informal and sometimes despised books we have genuine American characters, not the slightly disguised figures taken from English fiction which appear in all but the very best novels of the period, for their authors were freed from the sentimentality and elegance that dominated the more ambitious writers. In short, these humorists were our first realists.

A new element entered into American humor with John Phoenix, a character created by G. H. Derby, who was a West Point graduate and army engineer. Phoenix is a representative of no district, and he is able to spell quite correctly. His humor does not proceed from any natural characteristics. He is deliberately and artificially funny. Patently impossible happenings are told with an air of great truthfulness. He uses the most obvious exaggerations. Ludicrous comparison and wild paradox are found on every page, and false elegance and rhetorical devices appear in unexpected places. He is apparently irreverent, talking about all subjects in a light way, but fundamentally the irreverence is quite mild. A certain amount of satire is always present, but it is never as important as the humor. Derby's two

books, *Phoenixiana* (1855) and *Squibob Papers* (1859), were widely read and imitated.

The humorists following Derby made use of most of his comic devices, and also kept the convention of the illiterate hero. But in place of natural misspelling used to indicate dialect or to show ignorance, deliberate and absurd mistakes are used as a humorous device. While the new hero of this period usually has some local characteristics, they are given little importance. He is not a type but a unique figure. The old local hero did not entirely disappear, but he was no longer the outstanding figure in American humor. Between 1855 and 1885 the country was overrun with this new hero. Every rural newspaper developed one or two specimens. Many of these lived and died in the columns of their own paper, but some few became national figures, and one, at least, had an international reputation. Each developed a special line of his own, but fundamentally, they were all alike. From the mass of characters Artemus Ward (C. F. Browne), Josh Billings (Henry Shaw), Orpheus C. Kerr (R. H. Newell), Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke), Bill Arp (G. H. Smith), Bill Nye (E. W. Nye), and Samantha Allen (Marietta Holley) lifted themselves into prominence.

It seems to me that in each of these cases the author assumes a name (and, supposedly, the character) of another person, not to develop a fictional character, but merely to use the name as a mask to express his own opinions. Artemus Ward is but a name under which Browne tells what he thinks of the Mormons and the country as a whole. Locke, through Nasby, can hurl insults at the South that he might hesitate to use in his own person. These men were the national jesters. While they wore their comic masks, they could say anything they pleased

about the country. The jokes they made took away the sting of any unpleasant truths they might utter. A close examination of their works will show, however, that they never uttered any very unpleasant truths about their special audience. Their criticism never offends popular taste. In fact, the satire in this type of humor is usually levelled against those things that are unpopular with the great masses of people. The writers did not hesitate to satirize things they did not understand, and to flaunt the fact that they did not understand them.

Some of the humorous satirical writings of Mark Twain show a close relation to the writings of Derby and Browne. In *Innocents Abroad* (1869) we have a picture of Europe, its customs, its art, and its manners judged from the standpoint of a man who knew nothing about any of them; who not only knew nothing about them, but gloried in the fact that he did not. In the *Connecticut Yankee* (1889) we have a past epoch judged by the standards of the United States in the middle of the nineteenth century. With very few exceptions, the writings of Mark Twain bear a close relation to the writings of the Harris-Derby-Browne-Shaw school of American humor.

The enormous popularity of this type of humor somewhat waned at the end of the century. New types of humor appeared, and new methods were used. But the unlettered hero was not entirely forgotten.

At present, besides many untutored philosophers, politicians, and adventurers writing for small newspapers and magazines, we have a surprisingly large number who are widely known throughout the United States. Among those whose vogue has been long established are Mr. Dooley (Peter Finley Dunne), Abe Martin (Kin Hibbard), Potash and Perlmutter (Montague Glass), Ma Pettingill

(Henry Leon Wilson), and the Old Soak (Don Marquis). One of the best of the newer creations is Ring Lardner's Jack, the wooden-headed baseball player, whose unconscious portrayal of his own stupidity makes delightful reading. A new and very amusing turn has been given to the convention by Anita Loos in Lorelei Lee, the dumb but efficient gold digger in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Bert Greene's Mike, the bootlegger, is having adventures which would make the most hardened of the nineteenth century heroes blush with shame.

N. W.

Chicago, May 1, 1929.

SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS

SEBA SMITH (MAJOR JACK DOWNING)

[Seba Smith was born in Buckfield, Maine, in 1792. His boyhood was spent in several Maine villages, with two years of study at the North Brighton Academy. A gentleman of Portland furnished Smith with money to attend Bowdoin, from which he graduated in 1818 with highest honors. After leaving college, he taught school for a while, wrote a little poetry, travelled a year for his health, and decided to become an author. From 1821 to 1838 Smith lived in or near Portland, where he was from time to time connected with various newspapers. In 1823 he married Elizabeth Prince, who later under the name of Elizabeth Oakes Smith was to gain, among her contemporaries at least, a wider reputation than her husband. The first of the Downing letters were published between 1830 and 1833 in the *Portland Courier*, and collected in book form as the *Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing* in 1833. Other Downing letters followed at intervals in various newspapers until the time of the Civil War. In 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Smith moved to New York, where they were well received by the "Literati," and were for many years connected with the cultural life of that city. Both contributed tales, poetry, and sketches to the leading magazines, and from time to time published books. Smith held various editorial positions. One magazine, *The Rover*, edited and partly owned by him showed some promise. In 1860 the Smiths retired to a small house on Long Island. Here in 1868 Seba Smith died. Although he was the author of a fairly large number of books, only one besides the Downing letters is in any way notable—*Way Down East*, a collection of "local color" tales.

Jack Downing has in the main the same characteristics that the comic Yankee of the stage and fiction has always had. He is the uneducated, shrewd, intelligent, self-seeking, worldly innocent, a sort of comic *deus ex machina* at whom one laughs while still respecting him. Jack and his "Down

East" relatives, Aunt Keziah, Uncle Ephraim, Uncle Joshua, and Cousin Nabby, undoubtedly owe something to the already established Yankee figure of the stage and story, but they owe more to Smith's observations of his relatives and friends in the towns of his boyhood. From Downingville the hero innocently sets out to Portland to sell some farm produce, but he gets mixed up in Maine politics, goes to Washington to become a friend and adviser of Andrew Jackson, and develops into a figure of national importance. He writes of all his adventures to the relatives in Downingville, and they in turn tell him the village news and offer advice. The letters dealing with the Jackson administration are the best, those with the Mexican War and James K. Polk the weakest. In the earlier letters there is a notable lack of prejudice and bitterness, with a sunny good humor that is very pleasant. In the later ones the satire is mean and petty.

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There is but one work treating fully the life and works of Seba Smith: Mary Wyman, *Two American Pioneers*, Columbia University Press, 1927.

The Downing letters went through many editions before the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Below are listed the first editions of the main works:

The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, Boston, 1833.

My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, New York, 1859.

John Smith's Letters with Pictures to Match, New York, 1839.

Way Down East or Portraits of Yankee Life, New York, 1854.

The selections here used are taken from *My Thirty Years Out of the Senate*, New York, 1859.]

MY LETTERS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS.

LETTER I.*

Portland, Monday, Jan. 18, 1830.

To Cousin Ephraim Downing, up in Downingville:

Dear Cousin Ephraim:—I now take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, hoping these

* *Editorial Note.*—The political struggle in the Legislature of Maine in the winter of 1830 will long be remembered. The preceding elec-

few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. When I come down to Portland I didn't think o' staying more than three or four days, if I could sell my load of ax handles, and mother's cheese, and cousin Nabby's bundle of footings; but when I got here I found Uncle Nat was gone a freighting down to Quoddy, and Aunt Sally said as how I shouldn't stir a step home till he come back agin, which won't be this month. So here I am, loitering about this great town, as lazy as an ox. Ax handles don't fetch nothing; I couldn't hardly give 'em away. Tell Cousin Nabby I sold her footings for nine-pence a pair, and took it all in cotton cloth. Mother's cheese come to seven-and-sixpence; I got her half a pound of shushon, and two ounces of snuff, and the rest in sugar. When Uncle Nat comes home I shall put my ax handles aboard of him, and let him take 'em to Boston next time he goes; I saw a feller tother day, that told me they'd fetch a good price there. I've been here now a whole fortnight, and if I could tell ye one half I've seen, I guess you'd stare worse than if you'd seen a catamount. I've been to meeting, and to the museum, and to both Legislaters, the one they call the House, and the one they call the Sinnet. I spose Uncle Joshua is in a great hurry to hear something about these Legislaters; for you know he's

tioneeing campaign had been carried on with a bitterness and personality unprecedented in the State, and so nearly were the parties divided, that before the meeting of the Legislature to count the votes for Governor, both sides confidently claimed the victory. Hence the members came together with feelings highly excited, prepared to dispute every inch of ground, and ready to take fire at the first spark which collision might produce. A fierce war commenced at the first moment of the meeting, and continued for about six weeks without intermission, before they succeeded in organizing the government. It was during this state of things that Mr. Downing fortunately happened to drop into the Legislature. In explanation of the first letter, it may be remarked, that as soon as the Representatives had assembled, Albert Smith, Esq., of Nobleborough, the then Marshal of Maine, called them to order, and nominated Mr. White, of Monmouth, Chairman, who was declared elected without ceremony, and took the chair. After he had occupied it two days Mr. Goodenow was elected Speaker.

always reading newspapers, and talking politics, when he can get anybody to talk with him. I've seen him when he had five tons of hay in the field well made, and a heavy shower coming up, stand two hours disputing with Squire W. about Adams and Jackson—one calling Adams a tory and a fed, and the other saying Jackson was a murderer and a fool; so they kept it up, till the rain began to pour down, and about spoilt all his hay.

Uncle Joshua may set his heart at rest about the bushel of corn that he bet 'long with the postmaster, that Mr. Ruggles would be Speaker of that Legislature they call the House; for he's lost it, slick as a whistle. As I hadn't much to do, I've been there every day since they've been a setting. A Mr. White, of Monmouth, was the Speaker the first two days; and I can't see why they didn't keep him in all the time; for he seemed to be a very clever, good-natured sort of man, and he had such a smooth, pleasant way with him, that I couldn't help feeling sorry when they turned him out and put in another. But some said he wasn't put in hardly fair; and I don't know as he was, for the first day, when they were all coming in and crowding round, there was a large, fat man, with a round, full, jolly sort of a face, I suppose he was the captain, for he got up and commanded them to come to order, and then he told this Mr. White to whip into the chair quicker than you could say Jack Robinson. Some of 'em scolded about it, and I heard some, in a little room they called the lobby, say 'twas a mean trick; but I couldn't see why, for I thought Mr. White made a capital Speaker, and when *our* company turns out, the cap'n always has a right to do as he's a mind to.

They kept disputing most all the time the first two days about a poor Mr. Roberts, from Waterborough.

Some said he shouldn't have a seat because he adjourned the town meeting and wasn't fairly elected. Others said it was no such thing, and that he was elected as fairly as any of 'em. And Mr. Roberts himself said he was, and said he could bring men that would swear to it, and good men too. But, notwithstanding all this, when they came to vote, they got three or four majority that he shouldn't have a seat. And I thought it a needless piece of cruelty, for they wan't crowded, and there was a number of seats empty. But they would have it so, and the poor man had to go and stand up in the lobby.

Then they disputed about a Mr. Cowler's having a seat. Some said he shouldn't have a seat, because when he was elected some of his votes were given for his father. But they were more kind to him than they were to Mr. Roberts, for they voted that he *should* have a seat; and I suppose it was because they thought he had a lawful right to inherit whatever was his father's. They all declared there was no party politics about it, and I don't think there was; for I noticed that all who voted that Mr. Roberts *should* have a seat, voted that Mr. Fowler should *not*; and all who voted that Mr. Roberts should *not* have a seat, voted that Mr. Fowler *should*. So, as they all voted *both* ways, they must have been conscientious, and I don't see how there could be any party about it.

It's a pity they couldn't be allowed to have two Speakers, for they seemed to be very anxious to choose Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Goodenow. They two had every vote except one, and if they had had *that*, I believe they would both have been chosen; as it was, however, they both came within a humbird's eye of it. Whether it was Mr. Ruggles voted for Mr. Goodenow, or Mr. Goodenow for Mr. Ruggles,

I can't exactly tell; but I rather guess it was Mr. Ruggles voted for Mr. Goodenow, for he appeared to be very glad to see Mr. Goodenow in the chair, and shook hands with him as good-natured as could be. I would have given half my load of ax handles, if they could both have been so happy. But as they can't have but one Speaker at a time, and as Mr. Goodenow appears to understand the business very well, it is not likely Mr. Ruggles will be Speaker any this winter. So Uncle Joshua will have to shell out his bushel of corn, and I hope it will learn him better than to bet about politics again. Before I came from home, some of the papers said how there was a majority of ten or fifteen *National Republicans* in the Legislature, and the other party said there was a pretty clever little majority of *Democratic Republicans*. Well, now everybody says it has turned out jest as that queer little paper, called the Daily Courier, said 'twould. That paper said it was such a close rub it couldn't hardly tell which side would beat. And it's jest so, for they've been here now most a fortnight acting jest like two boys playin see-saw on a rail. First one goes up, and then 'tother; but I reckon one of the boys is rather heaviest, for once in a while he comes down chuck, and throws the other up into the air as though he would pitch him heads over heels. Your loving cousin till death.

JACK DOWNING.

* * *

COUSIN NABBY ADVISES MR. DOWNING TO COME
HOME

Downingville, January 30, 1830.

Dear Cousin: If you were only here I would break the handle of our old birch broom over your

back for serving me such a caper. Here I have been waiting three weeks for that cotton cloth you got for the footings; and you know the meeting-house windows were to have been broke* a fortnight ago, if I had got it. And then I had to tell Sam I was waiting for some cotton cloth. He tried to keep in with all his might, but he burst out a laughing so, I'm a good mind to turn him off. But if I do, *you and he will be both in the same pickle*. You had better let them *legislators* alone; and if you can't sell your ax-handles, take 'em and come home and mind your business. There is Jemime Parsons romping about with the school-master, fair weather and foul. Last Wednesday she went a sleigh-riding with him, and to-night she's going to the singing-school, and he is going to carry her. Last night she came over to our house, and wanted me to go to Uncle Zeke's to borrow their swifts, she said, when she knew we had some, and had borried them a dozen times. I said nothing, but went with her. When we got there who should we find but the school-master. I know Jemime knew it, and went there purpose to have him go home with her. She never askt for the swifts. Coming home the master askt her if she had seen your last letter. She said yes, and began to laugh and talk about you, just as though I was no relation. She said she guessed them legislators would try to make a Governor out of *you* next, if you staid there much longer. One of them steers you sold to Jacob Small that week you went to Portland died t'other day; and he says if we've no Governor this year he won't pay you a cent for 'em. So you have lost your steers and Jemime Parsons, jest by your dallying about there among them legislators. I say you had

* *Editorial Note.*—The law "Down East" required that the intentions of marriage between a couple should be posted up at the meeting-house by the Town Clerk two or three weeks before the marriage; and this was called breaking the meeting-house windows.

better come home and see to your own business. I s'pose father and brother Ephraim would like to have you stay there all winter and tell 'em about the Governors and legislators, but aunt wants her tea, and I want my cotton cloth, so I wish you'd make haste home and bring 'em.

Your loving cousin,

NABBY.

To Mr. Jack Downing.

* * *

MR. DOWNING TELLS HOW HE GOT A NEW KINK
INTO HIS HEAD, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE BLOW-UP
OF PRESIDENT JACKSON'S FIRST CABINET

Portland, April 26, 1831.

Dear Uncle Joshua:—I'm in considerable of a kind of a flusteration to-day, because I've got a new scheme in my head. New ideas, you know, are always apt to give me the agitations a little; so you mustn't wonder if my letter this time does have some rather odd things in it. I don't know when I've had such a great scheme in my head afore. But you know I was always determined to make something in the world, and if my friends'll only jest stick by me, I shall make common folks stare yet. Some thought it was a pretty bold push my trying to get in to be Governor last year; and some have laughed at me, and said I come out at the little end of the horn about it, and that I'd better staid up to Downingville and hoed potatoes, than to be fishing about for an office and not get any more votes than I did. But they can't see through a millstone so fur as I can. Altho' I didn't get in to be Governor, it's made me known in the world and made considerable of a great man of me, so that I shall stand a much better

chance to get an office if I try again. But I must make haste and tell you what I am at, for I am in a great hurry. I guess you'll stare when I tell you the next letter you'll get from me will be dated at Washington, or else somewhere on the road between here and there.

O, uncle, we have had some great news here from Washington; everybody's up in arms about it, and can't hardly tell what to think of it. They say the President's four great Secretaries have all resigned; only think of that, uncle. And they say their salaries were *six thousand dollars a-year*; only jest think of that, uncle. Six thousand dollars a year. Why, a Governor's salary is a fool to it. On the whole, I'm glad I didn't get the Governor's office. I shall start for Washington to-morrow morning; or I don't know but I shall start to-night, if I can get ready, and travel all night. It's best to be in season in such things, and I shall have to go rather slow, for I've got pretty considerable short of money, and I expect I shall have to foot it part way. I shall be there in about a fortnight, and I'm in hopes to be in season to get one of the new offices. I think it's the duty of all true Republikans that have the good of the country at heart, to take hold and help the President along in these trying difficulties. For my part, I am perfectly willing to take one of the offices, and I hope some other good men will come right forward and take the others. What a shame 'twas that them are Secretaries should all clear out, and leave the poor old General to do all the work alone. Why, uncle, they had no more patriotism than your old hoss.

But I mustn't stop to parley about it now; what I want to say is, I wish you to write a recommendation to the President for me to have one of his offices, and go round as quick as you can and get

all our friends at Downingville to sign it; and send it on to Washington as fast as possible; for it would be no more than right that I should show the President some kind of recommendation before he gives me the office. I want you to tell the President that I've always been one of his strongest friends; and you know I always have spoke well of him, and *in fact he is the best President we ever had*. It might be well for you to quote this last sentence as an "extract from a letter of the Hon. Jack Downing." It would give the President some confidence in my friendship, and the "Hon." would convince him that I am a man of some standing in this State.

Now you keep up a good heart, uncle; you have always had to delve hard all your days up there on the old farm, and you've done considerable to boost me up into an office, and if I get hold of these six thousand dollars a year, you shall have a slice out of it that will make your old heart feel light again. I haven't named it to a single soul here except Aunt Sally, and I want it to be kept a profound secret till I get the office, so as to make them are chaps that have been a sneering at me here, stare like an owl in a thunder shower. And, besides, if it should leak out that I was going, I'm afraid somebody else might get the start of me, for there are always enough that have their mouths open when it rains such rich porridge. But it's like as not, the newspapers'll blab it out before I get half way there. And you needn't think strange, if you see some of the Boston or New York papers in a few days saying, "The Hon. Jack Downing passed through this city yesterday, on his way to Washington. It is rumored that he is to be called upon to fill one of the vacant offices." But I must stop for it is time I was picking up my duds for a start. Aunt Sally has been darning my stock-

ings all the morning. Love to Aunt and cousin Nabby, and all of 'em. Good by.

your loving neffu,

JACK DOWNING.

* * *

UNCLE JOSHUA DESCRIBES TO PRESIDENT JACKSON
HOW THEY DRAFTED THE MILITIA COMPANY IN
DOWNINGVILLE TO GO WITH CAPT. JACK
DOWNING TO THE MADAWASKA WAR

Downingville, Nov. 6, 1831.

General Jackson—*Dear Sir*: I hope you'll excuse me, my makin' bold to write to you, bein' you are President of the United States and I only a humble farmer in the back-woods down here in Maine; but I'm a Republikan to the back-bone, so I kind of think you'll take it in good part. My neffu, Captain Jack Downing, has been here and got his company and started off for Madawaska. He said he ought to write to you before he started, but he was so arnest to get down there and give them New Brum-zickers a thrashin' he didn't know how to stop. So I told him to go ahead, and I'd write and tell you all about it arter he was gone. We had the company all drafted and cut and dried for him when he got here, for the Governor of the State had given orders to draft the militia all over the State to be ready for the war down in the disputed territory.

My son Joel has gone down to the boundary war along with the rest of 'em, and we feel bad enough about it, I can tell you. He's too young to go, I know; he's a mere striplin' of a boy yet; he won't be seventeen years old till the fifth day of next May, if he should live to see it. But the poor boy may not live to see that day now; for he's taken his life in

his hands, and gone to fight for his country like a man and a hero, live or die. It was a tryin' time to us, Ginerl; it was a tryin' time—but I may as well to tell you the story, and then you'll know.

After we heard the British had taken our land agent, and carried him off to New Brumzick, we begun to look out for a squall. It was about dark when the post brought the papers that had the account of it; so, arter supper, we all went into father's to talk the matter over. For father knows more about sich matter than anybody else in Downingville—he was out three years in the Revolution, and was in the battle of Lexington before he 'listed, and had the fore-finger of his right hand shot off in the battle of Bunker Hill, jest as he was pulling trigger, and aiming at a British officer that was hurrying up the hill, and driving his soldiers up like a fury. But father always says he didn't lose his shot by it; for when he found that finger was gone, and wouldn't pull, he tried the next finger, and the old gun went without losing his aim, and the British officer fell; and he always believed it was his shot brought him down. Though father is eighty-five years old now, and is so lame he can't walk about much, yet his mind holds out remarkably, and he can talk about these things as smart as ever he could. His house stands right aside of mine, only fur enough apart for a long shed between 'em, and he used to live in the same house with me, or rather, I lived in the same house with him, till I had so many children, and my family got so large 'twas rather worrisome to the old gentleman, and we was rather scant of room, so I built another house and moved into it, and got cousin Debby to live with the old folks and take care of them.

So, as I said afore, arter supper we took the papers and went into father's, and I sot down and

read it all over to him—how a parcel of the British come over into our disputed territory and went to cutting down our timber like smoke, so as to steal it, and carry it off in the spring when the rivers open, away down to New Brumzick; and how our Governor, as soon as he heard about it, sent Mr. McIntire, the land agent, and a hundred and fifty men to put a stop to that stealin' business, and ketch the feller if he could, and bring 'em off; and how Mr. McIntire took his men and marched off down into the woods, ever so fur, into our disputed territory, and got all ready and was jest a going to ketch the fellers and bring 'em off up to Augusta, when the thieving chaps turned about and *ketched him*, and put him on a sled and hauled him off down to Fredericton, in New Brumzick, and put him in jail.

When I got along so fur, father couldn't hold still no longer; he struck his staff down on the floor, jest as if it had been a training-gun, and says he:

"Joshua, there'll be trouble; you may depend upon't, there'll be trouble. If our people will stand that, they ain't made of such kind of stuff as the old Revolution folks was made of, nor nothing like it. In them days, if the British had took one of our men and hauled him off to Fredricton, and put him in jail, every man in old Bay State, and every boy tu, that was big enough to carry a gun, would a shouldered it, and marched to New Brumzick, and Fredricton jail would a been stripped down in no time, and Mr. McIntire brought home agin."

Says I, "father, you mistake; your Revolution folks couldn't a brought Mr. McIntire home again, for he was not there in them days; it's Mr. McIntire that's in jail now."

"Yes they would," said the old gentleman, rising out of his chair, and strikin his staff down on the floor harder than he did afore; "they'd a gone after

Mr. McIntire, or any other man living, that had American blood in his veins, and they'd a brought him back, if they'd had to fit their way through forty New Brumzicks for him. Ain't the people wakin' up about it no where? ain't they going down to give them New Brumzicks a thrashing?"

I looked at my son Joel, and I see his face was all of a blaze; and he looked as if he was jest a going to burst out.

Says I, "Joel, my boy, what's the matter?"

His face grew redder, and the tears came into his eyes, and he struck his fists together, hard enough to crack a walnut.

"By king," says he, "father, I wish I was old enough to train; I want to go down there, and help give them are British what they deserve."

"By the memory of George Washington!" said my father, "I wish I was young enough to train; I should like to shoulder my gun agin, and go and teach them New Brumzickers better manners. But what are they doing at Augusta? Ain't there no stir about it yet?"

Says I, "we'll read on and see." So I looked over the papers a little more, and found the Governor had ordered ten thousand of the militia to be drafted to go down and keep the British out of our disputed territory, and prevent their stealing our pine timber.

"That looks something like it," said my father; "that's a little like the spunk of old seventy-six. The British'll have to let our disputed territory alone now, or else they'll have to come to the scratch for it. I wish I was twenty years younger, I'd go down as a volunteer."

"I wish I was only two years older," said my son Joel, "then I should stan' a chance to be drafted; and if I wasn't drafted, I'd go, whether or no."

At that my wife and mother both fetched a heavy

sigh. Mother said she thought father had been through wars enough in his day to rest in his old age, and let sich things alone. My wife, she wiped her eyes, for they was full of tears, and begged Joel not to talk so, for he was too young ever to think of sich things. And then she turned to father, and asked him if he really thought there was going to be any war.

"Yes," said father, "jest as true as the sun will rise to-morrow, there'll be a war, and that pretty soon tu, unless the New Brumzickers back out, and give up Mr. McIntire, and let the timber on our disputed territory alone. The orders will be up here to draft the militia within two days, and I shouldn't be surprised if they should be called out before to-morrow morning."

At that my wife and the gals had a pretty considerable of a crying spell.

After we'd talked the matter all over, we went home, and went to bed; but we didn't any of us rest very well. My wife sighed herself to sleep arter awhile; and I heard my son Joel, arter he got to sleep, muttering about guns and the British, and declaring he would go. I had jest got into a drowse, about midnight, when I heard a heavy knock at the door. I sprung out of bed, and went and looked out of the window, and asked who was there.

"Sargent Johnson," was the reply. "We've got to stan a draft to-night. The Governor's orders got here about an hour ago. We're sending round to warn our company to meet up here, to Mr. Wilson's tavern, at two o'clock this morning; it's near about one now, and the Captain wants Squire Downing to come over and help see about making the draft. He wants to get through with it as soon as he can, so them that's drafted may be getting ready, for

they've got to set out to Bangor at eight o'clock this morning."

I told him I would come right over; and so I lit a candle and dressed myself as quick as I could, and come out into the kitchen to put on my boots, and who should I find there but my son Joel all dressed, and his cap on, ready for a start. He had heard what had been said, and it put the fidgets right into him.

Says he, "Father, I want to go over and see 'em draft." I told him he better be abed and asleep by half. But he said he couldn't sleep; and I found the boy so arnest to go, that I finally told him he might.

We hadn't more than got dressed, before we heard the drum beat over to Mr. Wilson's tavern; so we started off and went over. When we got there, they had a fire in the large hall, and the company was most all there. The Captain had got a bowl and some black beans and white beans all ready, and he wanted me to draw for them, so they might all feel satisfied there was no partiality. There was one sargent to be drafted, and we drew him first; and it fell to Sargent Johnson. He stood it like a man; I didn't see as he trembled or turned pale a bit. He looked a little redder if anything, and kind of bit his lips as he took his gun and marched into the middle of the floor, and he turned round and looked at the company, and says he,

"I'm ready to go and fight for our country to the last drop of my blood but what we'll make the British back out of our disputed territory, and stop their thieving."

The company gave three cheers for Sargent Johnson, and then we went to drafting the privates. There was eighty in the company, and twenty was to be drafted. So they took sixty white beans and twenty black ones, and put 'em into the bowl, and held it

up, so nobody couldn't look into it, and I was to draw 'em out as the orderly sargent called out the names. So when we got ready to begin, the sargent sung out,

"William Jones."

I put my hand into the bowl and drawed, and sung out,

"White bean."

"Peter Livermore," cried the sargent.

Peter Livermore started, as if he'd had a shock from an electrical machine; his legs shook a little, and he looked in the face as if he felt rather bad. I put my hand in and drawed, and sung out,

"White bean."

Peter looked better in a minute. He's a great, tall, six-foot chap, and looks as if he could almost whip a regiment of common fellers himself; and although he's something of a brag, it's generally thought when you come right up to the pinch of the game, he's a little cowardly. Peter stretched his head back, and straddled his legs a little wider, and looked round on the company, and says he,

"I swow, I thought I should a been drafted, and I almost wish I had. It would a been fun alive to a gone down there, and had a brush 'long with them are New Brumzickers. My old fowling-piece would a made daylight shine through fifty of 'em in half an hour's fighting. I swow I'm disappointed—I was in hopes I should been drafted."

The company knew Peter too well to mind much what he said; they only laughed a little, and the Sargent went on, and called out,

"John Smith, the third."

I drawed to it, and says I,

"White bean."

The Sargent called out again,

"John Downing, the second."

That was the oldest son of Uncle John Downing, the blacksmith, a smart boy, and twenty-three years old. Somehow, as soon as I heard his name, I kind of felt as if he was going to be drafted; and I put in my hand and drewed, and sure enough, I sung out,

"Black bean."

John shouldered his gun in a minute, and marched out into the middle of the floor, and took his stand beside Sargent Johnson. He looked so resolute, and marched so quick, that the company at once gave three cheers for John.

"David Sanborn," cried the Sargent.

"White bean," said I.

"Ichabod Downing," said the Sargent.

I drewed, and answered the same as before,

"White bean."

"Jeremiah Cole," called out the Sargent.

"Black bean," said I; "black bean for Jerry."

After waiting a minute, the Captain called out, "Where's Jerry Cole? Isn't Jerry here?"

"Yes, setting down behind here on a bench," answered half a dozen at once.

"Come Jerry, come forward," said the Captain; "let us see your spunk."

By and by Jerry come creeping out from behind the company, and tried to get across the floor; but his face was as white as a cloth, and he shook and trembled so he couldn't scarcely walk. He let his gun fall on the floor, and sot down in a chair that stood by the side of the room, and boo-hoo'd out a crying like a baby.

"Well done," said the Captain; "there's spunk for you. What's the matter, Jerry—can't you go?"

"Booh-hoo," said Jerry, "I ain't well—I'm very sick, Captain; I don't think I could go any way in the world."

"Well, well," said the Captain, "leave your gun, and you may run home as fast as you can go, and see your mother, and we'll get somebody else to go in your room."

At that, Jerry darted out of the door, and pulled foot for home, like a streak of lightning.

"Where's Peter Livermore," said the Captain; "he may take Jerry's place, being he was disappointed at not being drafted." And he called Peter, and told him to take Jerry's gun and stand up in the floor with the drafts. Peter colored as red as you ever see, and begun to sweat. At last, says he:

"Captain, I don't see how I can go any way in the world, my family's out of wood and meal, and a good many other things, and I couldn't leave home."

"Oh," says the Captain, "we'll take care of your family while you are gone, Peter. Come, take the gun; don't stop to parley."

"But, Captain," said Peter, the sweat beginning to roll off his face, "if I'd been drafted, Captain, I'd a gone with the greatest pleasure in the world, and shouldn't wanted no better fun. But somehow or other, it seems to me like presumption, to go throwing myself into danger, when it wasn't my lot to go. I shouldn't like to go, Captain, without I was drafted."

"Well, well," said the Captain, "you needn't go; we want no cowards to go. But who is there here, among the spectators, or among the men whose names have been called, that isn't afraid to take Jerry's gun and fill Jerry's place. If there's any one here that's willing to go, let him come forward."

At that, my son Joel sprung like a young tiger, and seized Jerry's gun, and jumped into the middle of the floor and stood up by the side of Sargent Johnson, and shouldered his gun with so much eagerness, and looked so fierce and determined, although

nothing but a striplin' of a boy, that the whole company burst out in three tremendous cheers for Joel Downing. The Captain asked me if I was willing he should go. I was never so tried in my life. For my own part, bein' the boy was so brave and wanted to go so much, I should a said yes. But then I knew it would almost kill his mother. So, what to do I didn't know. But I found the boy had got his mind so fixed upon going, that if he didn't go it would about kill him. So, on the whole, I told the Captain yes, he might put his name down.

Then we went on with the drafting again and got all through without any more trouble, and got ready to go home about three o'clock. The Captain told them that was drafted that they must all be ready to march at eight o'clock in the morning, and they must be front of the tavern at that hour, and start together for Banjor. My son Joel and I then went home, and made up a fire and routed the folks all out, and told 'em Joel was listed, and got to start at eight o'clock, to fight for our disputed territory. Sich an outcry as there was for about a half an hour I guess you never heard. My wife couldn't a cried harder if Joel had been shot dead there before her feet, though she didn't make much noise about it, for she always cries to herself. The older gals, they cried considerable louder; and some of the younger children, that didn't hardly understand what the trouble was about, sot in and screamed as loud as they could bawl.

At last says I, "There's no use in this noise and fuss; the boy's got to go, and he's got to be off at eight o'clock tu, and the sooner we set ourselves to work to get him ready the better." That seemed to wake 'em up a little. My wife went to work and picked up his clothes, and she and the gals sot down and mended his shirts and stockins, and fried up a

parcel of doughnuts for him to put in his knapsack, and got him all fixed up and breakfast ready about six o'clock. We hadn't waked up old father in the night, bein' he's so old; but in the morning we let him know about it, and he wanted my son Joel to come in and see him before he went; so we went into the old gentleman's room.

"Now, Joel, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I feel proud to hear sich a good report of you. You'd a made a good soldier in the days of the Revolution. 'Twas such boys as you that drove the British from Lexington, and mowed 'em down on Bunker Hill, and went through the fatigue of Burgoine. You'll feel a little queer at first, when you see the enemy coming up to you with their guns pinte right at you; and, brave as you are, you'll feel a little streaked. But you mus'n't mind it; as soon as they've fired once, you won't feel any more of it, and won't keer any more about 'em than you would about a flock of sheep. But don't be in a hurry to fire—mind that—don't be in a hurry to fire; they told us at Bunker Hill not to fire till the enemy got up so near we could see the whites of their eyes. And 'twas a good rule; for by that means we let 'em get up so near, that when we did fire, we mowed 'em down like a field of clover, I can tell you. Be a good boy, Joel, and don't quit our disputed territory as long as there is any dispute about it."

By this time we see 'em begin to gather in the road up by the tavern, and I told Joel it was time to be off; so he took his gun, and his knapsack, which was pretty well stuffed, for each of the children had put in a doughnut or an apple, or a piece of cake, after their mother had crammed in as much as she thought he could carry, and then he marched away like a soldier up to the tavern. When they started they had to come down again by our

house and go up over a rise of land t'other way about half a mile, before they got out of sight. So we all stood out in a row along by the side of the road to see 'em as they went by. Father got out as fur as the doorstep and stood leaning on his staff, and mother stood behind him with her specs on, looking over his shoulder; and the rest of us, with the children, and cousin Debby, and all, went clear out to the side of the road. Pretty soon they come along by, my son Joel at the head, and the rest marching two and two. When they got along against us, little Sally run up and tucked another great apple into Joel's pocket, and my wife called out to him, "Now do pray be careful, Joel, and not get shot."

Then grandfather raised his trembling voice, and says he:

"Now Joel, my boy, remember and don't be in a hurry to fire."

And the children called out all together, "good-by, Joel, good-by, Joel," each repeating it over three or four times. Joel looked round and nodded once, when his mother called out to him, but the rest of the time he held his head up straight and marched like a soldier. We stood and watched 'em till they got clear to the top of the hill and was jest a going out of sight, when all to once Joel stepped out one side, where we could see him, and let his old gun blaze away into the air, and in a minute more they were out of sight.

"Ah," said old father, "that sounds like Bunker Hill; that boy'll do the business for them New Brumzickers, if they don't let our disputed territory alone."

The company had not been gone more than half an hour when my neffu, Captain Jack Downing, arrived with his commission in his pocket. Jack hadn't been in Downingville before for two years, and if

there wasn't a time of it among our folks I'll never guess agin. Nabby, she hopped right up and down, like a mouse treed in a flour barrel. Ephraim snapped his thumb and finger, and spit on his hands, as though he had a cord of wood to chop. Aunt Keziah, (that's my wife) she put her apron up to her eyes and cried as much as half an hour, as hard as she could cry. I found I was rather choky, but I took down my pipe and rolled out a few whifs, and so made out to smoke it off. As soon as Jack had a chance to shake hands all round and get a little breakfast, he started off like a streak of chalk to overtake the company and take command.

So I remain your true friend and fellow-laborer in the Republikan cause.

JOSHUA DOWNING.

* * *

MAJOR DOWNING GIVES HIS OPINION ABOUT
NULLIFICATION AND ILLUSTRATES IT WITH
A LUCID EXAMPLE

Washington City, Jan. 17, 1833.

*To the Editor of the Portland Courier, in the
Mariners' Church Building, second story, eastern
end, Fore street, away Down East, in the State
of Maine.*

My Kind and Dear Old Friend:—The President's message to Congress makes cracking work here. Mr. Calhoun shows his teeth like a lion. Mr. McDuffie is cool as a cucumber, though they say he's got a terrible teinpest inside of him, that he'll let out before long. For my part, I think the President's message is about right. I was setting with the President in the east room last night, chatting about one thing and another, and the President says he, "Major

Downing, have you read my message that I sent to Congress to-day." I told him I hadn't. "Well," says he, "I should like to have you read it and give me your opinion upon it." So he handed it to me, and I sot down and read it through.

And when I got through, "Now," says I, "Gineral, I'll tell you jest what I think of this ere business. When I was a youngster, some of us Downingville boys used to go down to Sebago Pond every spring and hire out a month or two rafting logs across the pond. And one time I and Cousin Ephraim, and Joel, and Bill Johnson, and two or three more of us had each a whopping great log to carry across the pond. It was rather a windy day, and the waves kept the logs bobbing up and down pretty considerable bad, so we agreed to bring 'em along side-and-side and lash 'em together and drive some thole-pins in the outermost logs and row 'em over together. We went along two or three miles pretty well. But by and by Bill Johnson begun to complain. He was always an uneasy, harum-scarum sort of a chap. Always thought everybody else had an easier time than he had, and, when he was a boy, always used to be complaining that the other boys had more butter on their bread than he had. Well, Bill was rowing on the leward side, and he begun to fret and said his side went the hardest, and he wouldn't give us any peace till one of us changed sides with him.

"Well, Bill hadn't rowed but a little ways on the winward side before he began to fret again, and declared that side went harder than t'other, and he wouldn't touch to row on that side any longer. We told him he had his choice, and he shouldn't keep changing so. But he only fretted the more, and begun to get mad. At last he declared if we didn't change with him in five minutes, he'd cut the lashings and take his log and paddle off alone. And before

we had hardly time to turn round, he declared the five minutes were out, and up hatched and cut the lashings, and away went Bill on his own log, bobbing and rolling about, and dancing like a monkey, to try to keep on the upper side. The rest of us scrabbled to as well as we could, and fastened our logs together again, though we had a tough match for it, the wind blew so hard. Bill hadn't gone but a little ways before his log begun to roll more and more, and by and by in he went splash, head and ears. He came up puffing and blowing, and got hold of the log and tried to climb up on to it, but the more he tried the more the log rolled; and finding it would be gone goose with him pretty soon if he staid there, he begun to sing out like a loon for us to come and take him. We asked him which side he would row if we would take his log into the raft again. 'Oh,' says Bill, 'I'll row on either or both sides if you want me to, if you'll only come and help me before I sink.' "

"But," said the President, "I hope you didn't help the foolish rascal out till he got a pretty good soaking." "He got soaked enough before we got to him," says I, "for he was just ready to sink for the last time, and our logs come pesky near getting scattered, and if they had, we should all gone to the bottom together. And now, Ginerol, this is jest what I think: if you let South Carolina cut the lashings you'll see such a log-rolling in this country as you never see yet." The old Ginerol started up and marched across the floor like a boy. Says he, "Major Downing, she shan't cut the lashings while my name is Andrew Jackson. Tell Sargent Joel to have his company sleep on their arms every night." I told him they should be ready at a moment's warning.

I wish you would jest give Cousin Ephraim, up to Augusta, a jog to know why he don't write to me

and let me know how the Legislater is getting along.

I remain your loving friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

* * *

COUSIN NABBY DESCRIBES THE UNUTTERABLE DIS-
APPOINTMENT AT DOWNINGVILLE BECAUSE THE
PRESIDENT DIDN'T COME, AND TELLS WHAT A
TERRIBLE PUCKER ANT KEZIAH WAS IN
ABOUT IT—GREAT UPROAR IN
DOWNINGVILLE

Downingville, July 8, 1833.

To the Editor of the Portland Courier.

Respectable Sir:—As Cousin Jack is always so mity budge in writing letters to you, and as he and the President showed us a most provoking trick, and run off like a stream of chalk, back to Washington, without coming here, after they had promised over and over again that they would come, and we had got all slicked up and our clean gownds on, and more good victuals cooked than there ever was in all Downingville before—I say, Mr. Editor, I declare it's too bad; we are all as mad as blazes about it, and I mean to write and tell you all about it, if I live; and if Cousin Jack don't like it, he may lump it; so there now.

Ye see Cousin Jack writ to us that he and the President and some more gentlemen should be here the 4th of July, and we must spring to it and brush up and see how smart we could look, and how many fine things we could show to the President. This was a Saturday before the 4th of July come a Thursday. The letter was to Uncle Joshua, the Post-master. Most all the folks in Dowingville were at

the Post-Office waiting when the mail come in, for we expected to hear from Jack.

Uncle Joshua put on his spettacles and opened the mail, and hauled out the papers and letters in a bunch. In a minute I see one to Uncle Joshua with the President's name on the outside; so I knew it was from Jack, for the President always put his name on Jack's letters. We all cried out to Uncle Joshua to open it, and let us know what was in it. But he's such a provoking old man, he wouldn't touch it 'till he got every one of the papers and letters sorted and put up in their places. And then he took it and set down in his armchair, and took out his tobacker box and took a chaw of tobacker, and then he broke open the seal and sot and chewed and read to himself. We all stood tiptoe, with our hearts in our mouths, and he must needs read it over to himself three times, chawing his old quid, and once in a while giving us a knowing wink, before he would tell us what was in it. And he wouldn't tell us arter all, but, says he, "You must all be ready to put the best side out Thursday morning; there'll be business to attend to, such as Downingville never see before."

At that we all turned and run, and such a hubbub as we were in from that time 'till Thursday morning, I guess you never see. Such a washing and scrubbing, and making new clothes and mending old ones, and baking and cooking. Every thing seemed to be in a clutter all over the neighborhood. Sargent Joel flew round like a ravin' distracted rooster. He called out his company every morning before sunrise, and marched 'em up and down the road three hours every day. He sent to the store and got a whole new set of buttons, and had 'em sowed on to his regimental coat, and had a new piece of red put round the collar. And had his trowses washed and

his boots greased, and looked as though he might take the shine off of most anything. But the greatest rumpus was at Uncle Joshua's; for they said the President must stay there all night. And Ant Keziah was in such a pucker to have everything nice, I didn't know but she would fly off the handle.

She had every part of the house washed from garret to cellar, and the floors all sanded, and a bunch of green bushes put into all the fire places. And she baked three ovens full of dried punkin pies, besides a few dried huckleberry pies, and cake and a great pot of pork and beans. But the worst trouble was to fix up the bed so as to look nice; for Ant Keziah declared the President should have as good a night's lodging in her house as he had in New York or Boston. So she put on two feather beds on top the straw bed, and a bran-new calico quilt that she made the first summer after she was married, and never put it on a bed before. And to make it look as nice as the New York beds, she took her red silk gown and ripped it up and made a blanket to spread over the top. And then she hung up some sheets all round the bedroom, and the gals brought in a whole handful of roses and pinks, and pinned 'em up round as thick as flies in August.

After we got things pretty much fixed, Uncle Joshua started off to meet Cousin Jack and the President, and left Sargent Joel to put matters to rights, and told us we must all be ready and be paraded in the road by nine o'clock Thursday morning. Well, Thursday morning come, and we all mustered as soon as it was daylight and dressed up. The children were all washed, and had their clean aprons on and their heads combed, and were put under the care of the schoolmarm, to be paraded along with her scholars.

About eight o'clock, all the village got together

down the road as fur as Uncle Joshua's new barn; and Sargent Joel told us how to stand, as he said, in military order. He placed Bill Johnson and Cousin Ephraim out a little ways in front, with each of 'em a great long fowling piece with a smart charge in to fire a salute, and told 'em as soon as the President hove in sight to let drive, only to be careful and pint their guns up, so as not to hurt anybody. Then come Sargent Joel and his company; and then come the schoolmarm and the children; and then come all the women and galls over sixteen with Ant Keziah at their head; and then come all the men in town that owned horses riding on horse-back; and all the boys that Sargent Joel didn't think was large enough to walk in the procession got up and sot on the fences along by the side of the road.

There we stood 'till about nine o'clock, when, sure enough, we saw somebody come riding out of the woods down the hill. The boys all screamed, ready to split their throats, "Hoorah for Jackson," and Bill Johnson fired off his gun. Cousin Ephraim, who ain't so easily fluttered, held on to his and didn't fire, for he couldn't see anybody but Uncle Joshua on his old gray horse. Along come Uncle Joshua, on a slow trot, and we looked and looked, and couldn't see anybody coming behind him.

Then they all begun to look at one another as wild as hawks, and turn all manner of colors. When Uncle Joshua got up so we could see him pretty plain, he looked as cross as a thunder-cloud. He rid up to Sargent Joel, and says he, "You may all go home about your business, for Jack and the President are half way to Washington by this time."

My stars! what a time there was then. I never see so many folks boiling over mad before. Bill Johnson threw his gun over into the field as much as ten rods, and hopped up and down, and struck

his fists together like all possessed. Sargent Joel marched back and forth across the road two or three times, growing redder and redder, till at last he drew out his sword and fetched a blow across a hemlock stump, and snapped it off like a pipe-stem. Ant Keziah fell down in a conniption fit; and it was an hour before we could bring her tu and get her into the house. And when she come to go round the house and see the victuals she had cooked up, and go into the bedroom, and see her gown all cut up, she went into conniption fits again. But she's better to-day, and has gone to work to try to patch up her gown again.

I thought I would jest let you know about these things, and if you are a mind to send word on to Cousin Jack and the President, I'm willing. You may tell 'em there ain't five folks in Downingville that would hoorah for Jackson now, and hardly one that would vote for him, unless 'tis Uncle Joshua, and he wouldn't if he wasn't afraid of losing the Post-Office.

Your respected friend,

NABBY DOWNING.

* * *

MAJOR DOWNING TELLS ABOUT GOING TO CAM-
BRIDGE AND MAKING THE PRESIDENT
A DOCTOR OF LAWS

On Board the Steamboat
Going from Providence to York, July 2, 1833.

*To my old friend, the Editor of the Portland Courier,
in the Mariners' Church Building, second story,
eastern end, Fore street, away Down East, in the
State of Maine.*

My dear Friend:—We are driving back again full chisel, as fast as we come on when we were on the railroad between Washington and Baltimore. And we've been drivin' so fast on a round turn in all the places we've been, and have had so much shaking hands, and eating and one thing another to do, that I couldn't get time to write to you at half the places where I wanted to, so I thought I'd set down now, while the President's laid down to rest him awhile, and tell you something about Cambridge and Lowell. Ye see when we were at Boston they sent word to us to come out to Cambridge, for they wanted to make the President a doctor of laws. What upon airth a doctor of laws was, or why they wanted to make the President one, I couldn't think. So when we come to go up to bed I asked the Ginerall about it. And says I, "Ginerall, what is it they want to do to you out to Cambridge?" Says he, "They want to make a doctor of laws of me." "Well," says I, "but what good will that do?" "Why," says he, "you know, Major Downing, there's a pesky many of them are laws passed by Congress, that are rickety things. Some of 'em have very poor constitutions, and some of 'em haven't no constitution at all. So that it is necessary to have somebody there to doctor 'em up a little and not let 'em go out into the world, where they would stand a chance to catch cold and be sick, without they had good constitutions to bear it. You know," says he, "I've had to doctor the laws considerable ever since I've been at Washington, although I wasn't a regular bred doctor. And I made out so well about it, that these Cambridge folks think I better be made into a regular doctor at once, and then there'll be no grumbling and disputing about my practice." Says he, "Major, what do you think of it?" I told him I thought it an excellent plan; and asked him if he didn't think

they would be willing, bein' I'd been round in the military business considerable for a year or two past, to make me a doctor of war. He said he didn't know, but he thought it would be no harm to try 'em. "But," says he, "Major, I feel a little kind of streaked about it, after all; for they say they will go to talking to me in Latin, and although I studied it a little once, I don't know any more about it now than the man in the moon. And how I can get along in that case, I don't know." I told him my way, when anybody talked to me in a lingo that I didn't understand, was jest to say nothing, but look as knowing as any of 'em, and then they ginerally thought I knew a pesky sight more than any of 'em. At that the Ginerall fetched me a slap on my shoulder, and haw-hawed right out. Says he, "Major Downing, you are the boy for me; I don't know how I should get along in this world if it wasn't for you."

So when we got ready we went right to Cambridge as bold as could be. And that are Cambridge is a real pretty place; it seems to me I should like to live in them colleges as well as any place I've seen. We went into the libry, and I guess I stared a little, for I didn't think before there was half so many books in the world. I should think there was half so many books in the world. I should think there was near about enough to fill a meetin'-house. I don't believe they was ever all read, or ever will be to all ages.

When we come to go in to be made doctors of, there was a terrible crowding around; but they give us a good place, and sure enough, they did begin to talk in Latin or some other gibberish; but whether they were talking to the Ginerall, or who 'twas, I couldn't tell. I guess the Ginerall was a little puzzled. But he never said a word, only once in a while bowed a little. And I s'pose he happened sometimes to

put the bows in the wrong place, for I could see some of the sassy students look up one side once in a while, and snicker out of one corner of their mouths. Howsomever, the Ginerall stood it out like a hero, and got through very well. And when 'twas over, I stept up to Mr. Quincy and asked him if he wouldn't be so good as to make me a doctor of war, and hinted to him a little about my services down to Madawaska and mong the nullifiers. At that he made me a very polite bow, and says he, "Major Downing, we should be very happy to oblige you if we could, but we never give any degrees of war here; all our degrees are degrees of peace." So I find I shall have to practice war in the natural way—let nullification or what will come. After 'twas all over, we went to Mr. Quincy's and had a capital dinner. And, on the whole, had about as good a visit to Cambridge as most anywhere.

I meant to a told you considerable about Lowell, but the steamboat goes so fast I shan't have time to. We went all over the factories, and there!—I won't try to say one word about 'em, for I've been filled with such a wonderment ever since that my ideas are all as big as hay-stacks, and if I should try to get one of 'em out of my head, it would tear it all to pieces. It beat all that ever I heard of before, and the Ginerall said it beat all that ever he heard of. But what made the Ginerall hold his head up, and feel more like a soldier than he had before since he was at New Orleans, was when we marched along the street by them are five thousand gals, all dressed up, and looking as pretty as a million of butterflies. The Ginerall marched along as light as a boy, and seems to me I never see his eyes shine so bright afore. After we got along to about the middle of 'em, he whispered to me, and says he, "Major Downing, is your Cousin Nabby here among 'em?"

If she is, I must be introduced to her." I told him she was not; as they were expecting us to come to Downingville, she staid to home to help get ready. "Well," says he, "if any thing should happen that we can't go to Downingville, you must send for your Cousin Nabby and Uncle Joshua to come on to Washington to see me. I will bear all the expenses, if they will only come," says he. "These Northern gals are as much afore our Southern and Western gals as can be, and I've thought of your Cousin Nabby a great deal lately." He looked as though he was going to say something more, but Mr. Van Buren and the rest of 'em crowded along up so near that it broke it off, and we had to go along.

I see you've got most to York, and shall have to go ashore in a few minutes, so I can't write any more now, but remain

Your sincere and loving friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

* * *

SHOWING HOW THE MAJOR PERSUADED UNCLE JOSHUA TO TAKE HOLD AND HELP ELECT GENERAL PIERCE TO THE PRESIDENCY, AND HOW DOWNINGVILLE RATIFIED THE NOMINATION

Downingville, Away Down East
In the State of Maine, July 20, 1852.

Mr. Gales and Seaton —

My dear old Friends:—We've made out to ratify at last; but it was about as hard a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't ain't over yet; for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me, in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, "Between you and me, Major,

the 'lection will be a harder job still." I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelins. He's a regular political weather-glass, and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head, I naterally look out for a tough spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the Intelligencer, didn't you?" And says he, "Yes."

"Well, didn't we do that business up well?" says I.

"I don't know about that," said Uncle Joshua; "I have my doubts about it."

"Why, don't you think," says I, "the nomination of Ginerol Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizical, and says he, "It *has* gin the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected." And then he sot as much as two minutes drumming his fingers on the table, and didn't say nothin'.

And then he looked up again, and says he, "Major, *who is Ginerol Pierce?*" It ain't a *fictious* name, is it?"

"Why, Uncle Joshua," says I, "how you talk! It is Ginerol Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"Ginerol Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?" says he. "Well, now, Major, are you sure there is such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?"

"Yes," says I. "Uncle, I'm sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it and no mistake, I come through New Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they said he lived, and inquired all about it. The neighbors there all knew him perfectly well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should a seen him myself, and should got

his promise to keep the Downingville Post-Office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it, for I sent a telegraph to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to keep it for you."

Here I see by the looks of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he begun to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact, then, is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?"

"Upon my word and honor," says I, "there isn't a particle of joke about it—it was all done in real earnest."

"Well, then, if you've really got a candidate," says Uncle Joshua, "I should like to know something about him. Does he belong to the Old Fogy class or Young America class?"

"I guess about half and half," says I, "and he'll be all the stronger for that, because he can draw votes on both sides."

"After all," says he, "I'm afraid it's a bad nomination. Them old pillars of the Democratic party, General Cass, and the rest, will feel so insulted and mortified at being pushed aside for strangers to take the lead, that they'll all be agin the nomination, and their friends, too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of fish."

"Don't you never fear that, Uncle Joshua," says I; "them old pillars that you speak of are all very much tickled with the nomination. Ye see, it broke the nose of Young America, and they was delighted with it. As soon as the nomination was out of the mould, before it had time to cool, they all telegraphed right to Baltimore that nothin' in the world could have happened to suit 'em better; it was a most excellent nomination, and they felt under everlasting obligations to the Baltimore Convention. You needn't have no fears that they'll feel any coldness

towards the nomination. They'll turn to and work for it like beavers."

"Well, how is it," said Uncle Joshua, "about that boy candidate for the Presidency that they call Young America? If his nose is knocked out of joint he'll of course oppose the nomination, tooth and nail."

"There's where you are mistaken again, Uncle Joshua," says I. "On the contrary, he goes for it hotter than any of 'em; and he telegraphed back to Baltimore, as quick as lightning could carry it, that the nomination was jest the thing; it couldn't be no better. Ye see, he looks upon it in the light that it chokes off all the Old Fogies, and leaves the field clear for him next time. He thinks so highly of the nomination, and feels so patriotic about it, they say he is going to stump it through all the States, and make speeches in favor of General Pierce's election. You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua, we've got a very strong nomination—one that'll carry all afore it—and everybody is delighted with it, and everybody's going to go for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a moment. I thought you would have things all cut and dried for a rousin' ratification meeting by the time I got home."

"Well, you know, Major," said Uncle Joshua, "I always follow Colonel Crockett's rule, and never go ahead till I know I'm right. How foolish we should look to call a ratification meeting here in Downingville, and be voted right plump down. You know the Free-Soilers are very strong among us; they are strong in all the Northern States. And you know the Baltimore Convention fixed up a platform to stand on, that's all in favor of the Compromise and the Fugitive law, and is dead set agin the Free-Soilers. Now, Major, you must have more understanding than to think the Free-Soilers will ever

swallow that platform; and if they don't, we are dished."

"You are wrong again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "for the biggest Free-Soiler in all America swallowed it right down, and didn't make a wry face about it."

"Who do you mean?" says I.

"But you don't mean," says Uncle Joshua, "that Mr. John Van Buren accepts this platform, and is willing to stand on it."

"Yes I do, exactly so," says I, "for he got right up in Tammany Hall and made a speech about it; and he said he would go the nomination, and he'd stand the platform; at all events, he'd stand the platform for *this election*, anyhow. You needn't be at all afraid of the Free-Soilers, Uncle; they ain't so stiff as you think for, and they are as anxious to get the offices as anybody, and will work as hard for 'em. Now let us go to work and get up our ratification, and blow it out straight. The Democracy of the country expects Downingville to do its duty."

"Well, Major," says Uncle Joshua, "you've made out a better case than I thought you could. I'm willing to take hold and see what we can do. But I declare I can't help laughing when I think it's General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, that we've got to ratify. I wish we knew something about him; something that we could make a little flusteration about, and wake up the Democracy."

"Good gracious, Uncle Joshua," says I, "have you been Postmaster of Downingville this twenty years, and always reading the papers, and don't know that General Pierce was one of the heroes of the Mexican war?"

At that, Uncle Joshua hopped out of his chair like a boy, and says he, "Major, is that a fact?"

"Yes," says I, "'tis a fact. You know Mr. Polk sent me out there as a private ambassador to look after Gíneral Scott and Mr. Trist. And Gíneral Pierce *was* out there; I knew all about it, and about his getting wounded."

"Good!" says Uncle Joshua, snapping his fingers; "that's lucky, then we've got something to go upon; something that the boys can hoorah about. And if we don't have too strong a team agin us we may carry the day yet. Who do you think the other party will put up?"

"Well," says I, "it's pretty likely to be Mr. Webster or Mr. Fillmore, and they can't either of 'em hold a candle to Gíneral Pierce."

"Of course not," says Uncle Joshua, "if he was the hero of the Mexican war. I s'pose it was Gíneral Scott's part of the war that he was in, because that's where you was. Which of the battles did he fight the bravest in, and mow down most of the Mexicans? Did he help storm that Gíbralta castle at Vera Cruz?"

"No," says I, "that little matter was all over before Gíneral Pierce got to Mexico."

"Well, the great battle of Cerro Gordo come next," said Uncle Joshua; "I dare say Gíneral Pierce was foremost in marching up that bloody Bunker Hill and driving off Santa Anna and his fifteen thousand troops."

"I'm sure he would a been foremost, if he'd been there," says I, "but he hadn't got into the country yet, and Gíneral Scott wouldn't wait for him. It seems as if Gíneral Scott is always in a hurry when there is any fightin' to do, and won't wait for nobody."

"Well, the next great battle, if I remember the newspapers right," said Uncle Joshua, "was Contre-ras; and after that came the bloody and hot times of

Cherubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chepultepec, and marching into the City of Mexico. These was the battles, I s'pose, where General Pierce fit like a lion, and became the hero of the Mexican war. But which battle did he shine the brightest in, and cut down most of the enemy?"

"The truth is," says I, "he got wounded at Contreras, and so wasn't able to take part in them bloody affairs of Cherubusco, King's Mill, and Chepultepec."

"Then he *was* in the battle of Contreras," said Uncle Joshua, "and that can't be disputed?"

"O yes," says I, "he certainly was in the first part of it, when they was getting the battle ready, for there's where he got wounded."

"Good," said Uncle Joshua, "he was in one battle, and got wounded; that's enough to mak a handle of, anyhow. Whereabouts was his wound?"

"Well, he had several hurts," said I; "I believe in his foot and ankle, and other parts."

"Rifle balls?" asked Uncle Joshua, very earnest.

"O no, nothing of that kind," says I.

"What then; sword cuts? Or did the Mexicans stick their bayonets into him?"

"No, no; nothin' of that kind, nother," says I.

"Then it must be grape or bombshells," said Uncle Joshua, "how was it?"

"No, no; 'twasn't none of them things," says I. "The fact was, when they was skirmishing round getting ready for the battle, his horse fell down with him and lamed him very bad."

Uncle Joshua colored a little, and sot and thought. At last he put on one of his knowing looks, and says he, "Well, Major, a wound is a wound, and we can make a handle of it without being such fools as to go into all the particulars of how he came by it. I says let's go ahead and ratify General

Pierce, and who knows but what we can make something out of this Mexican business?"

Well, Mr. Gales and Seaton, the thing was done. We ratified on the 21st of June, in the evening, and it was a tall piece of business. When I begun, I meant to give you a full account of it, with some of the speeches and resolutions; but I've made my preamble so long that I can't do it in this letter. We *had a torch-light procession*. Cousin Ephraim took his cart and oxen, and went into the woods and got a whole load of birch-bark and pitch-pine knots, and all the boys in Downingville turned out and carried torches. The schoolhouse was illuminated with fifty candles. Uncle Joshua presided, as usual. Banners were hung round the room, with large letters, giving the names of all the great battles in Mexico; and the enthusiasm was immense. When we'd got about through, and was just winding up with three tremendous cheers for the "Hero of Mexico," a message came up to Uncle Joshua from the Post-Office, stating that the telegraph had just brought news that the Whig Convention at Baltimore had nominated General Scott for President. It gin the whole Convention the cold shuggers in a minute. Uncle Joshua looked very serious, and says he, "Feller-Democrats, to prevent any mistakes, I think you had better give them three cheers over again, and put in the name of *General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Hero of Mexico.*"

Downingville is wide awake, and will do her duty in November.

So I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON (MAJOR JOSEPH JONES)

[William Tappan Thompson was born at Ravenna, Ohio, in 1812, of a Virginia father and an Irish mother. Of his boyhood little is known. It is said that at the age of eleven he was working on the *Philadelphia Chronicle*. Some time later he studied law with Dr. James Wescott and accompanied him as secretary to Florida. Wescott was a professional politician, and it is possible that Thompson had a little political experience at this time. In the early thirties he settled at Augusta, Georgia, where he practiced law and was associated with Judge Longstreet on the *State Rights Sentinel* at the time the sketches which were later to make up *Georgia Scenes* were coming out in that paper. During the Seminole War Thompson served in one of the Georgia regiments. After the war he married Caroline Carrie, gave up the practice of law, and established the *Augusta Mirror*, said to be the first purely literary journal in Georgia. The *Mirror* led a precarious existence for a few years, but was eventually merged with the *Macon Family Companion* into the *Family Companion and Ladies' Mirror*. This magazine of ponderous name had a very short life. After its failure Thompson became editor of the *Southern Miscellany* (usually referred to as the *Miscellany*) of Madison, in which appeared most of the sketches that were to make up *Major Jones's Courtship*.¹ From 1845 to 1850 Thompson was co-editor with Park Benjamin of the *Western Continent* of Baltimore. In 1850 he returned to Georgia and founded the *Savannah Morning News*, of which he was the editor until his death in 1882. During the war Thompson served on the staff of Governor Brown of Georgia.

In Major Jones there is nothing of the rascal and little of the adventurer. He is neither dishonest nor self-seeking; his only vice is tobacco chewing. Jones is the simple, good-natured country lad who refuses to take a serious view of

¹ The date of the first edition is always given as 1840, but the dates on the letters themselves would indicate that it was published in 1843. See *Major Jones's Courtship*, N. Y., 1872, p. III. Quotations are usually taken from the illustrated edition published in Philadelphia in 1844.

life. He was probably intended to be representative of the middle-class farmer, the owner of a small plantation and a few slaves. Of all our heroes the Major is the most domestic. He tells us of his courtship, marriage, children, relatives, and everyday activities. He drills his company of militia but does not take it to war. He goes on a coon hunt and attends the commencement ceremonies at Athens. When he leaves Pineville to see the country it is in company with his wife and children, and his adventures are those of an ordinary respectable traveller. It is more than likely that *Georgia Scenes* was the inspiration of Thompson's work. He wished to give a picture of Middle Georgia as Longstreet had done of Western Georgia. The idea of portraying this life by means of letters from a character of the district probably came from Jack Downing.

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The selections used in this text are taken from *Major Jones's Courtship*, New York, 1872.]

SELECTIONS FROM MAJOR JONES

Pineville, May 28, 1842.

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—Ever sense you was down to Pineville, it's been on my mind to write you a letter, but the boys lowed I'd better not, cause you mought take me off about my spellin and dictionary. But something happened to me tother night, so monstrous provoking, that I can't help tellin you about it, so you can put other young chaps on ther

gard. It all come of chawing so much tobacker, and I reckon I've wished ther was no such plagy stuff, more'n five hundred times sense it happened.

You know the Stallinses lives on the plantation in the summer and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gall in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin and huckleberryin with us, with nothin but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever seed. Well, I always used to have a sort of sneakin notion after Mary Stallins, and so when she came, I brushed up, and was 'terminated to have a right serious talk with her about old matters; not knowin but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellers.

So, shure enough, off I started, unbeknowin to anybody, and rode right over to the plantation—(you know ours is right jinin the widder Stallinses.) Well, when I got thar, I felt a little sort o' sheepish; but I soon got over that, when Miss Carline said, (but she didn't mean me to hear her,) "There, Pinny, (that's Miss Mary's nick-name, you know,) there's your bow come."

Miss Mary looked might sort o' redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy; and she made a sort of stoop over and a dodge back, like the little galls does to the school-marm, and said "Good evenin, Mr. Jones," (she used to always call me jest Joe.)

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Carline; and we sot down in the parlor, and I begun talkin to Miss Mary about Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weather, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in a mighty good humor and laughed a heap. I told her I never seed sich a change in anybody. Nor I never did. Why, she didn't look like the same gall. Good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—jest like some of them pictures what they have in Appletons' Journal—with her hair all komed down longside of her face, as slick and shiny as a mahogany burow. When she laughed she didn't open her mouth like she used to; and she sot up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, about how she liked Macon, and the Female College, and so forth; and she told me a heap about 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, and all of 'em, kep all the time interruptin us, axin about mother—if she was well, and if she was gwine to the Spring church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all sich stuff—and I do believe I told the old woman more'n twenty times that mother's old turkey-hen was settin on fourteen eggs.

Well, I wasn't to be backed out that-a-way—so I kep it a goin the best I could, till bimeby old Miss Stallins let her knitin drap three or four times, and then begun to nod.

I seed the galls lookin at one another and pinchin one another's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondered what time it was, and said the College disciplines, or something like that, didn't low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine—but howsumever, I kep talkin to her like a cotton gin in packin time, as hard as I could clip it, till bimeby the old lady went to bed, and after a bit the galls all cleared, and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she sot on one side of the fire-place, and I sot on tother, so I could spit on the hath, whar ther

was nothin but a lighterd chunk burnin to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I'm very interested in any thing, or git bother'd about anything, I can't help chawin a heap of tobacker, and then I spits uncontionable, specially if I'm talkin. Well, we sot thar and talked, and the way I spit, was larmin to the crickets! I axed Miss Mary if she had any bows down to Macon.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Matthew Matix, Nat Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she'd been keepin company with most all her time.

"Well," ses I, "I spose they're mazin poplar with you, ain't they, Miss Mary"—for I felt mighty on-easy, and begun to spit a good deal worse.

"Yes," ses she, "they're the most interestin companions I ever had and I am anxious to resume their pleasant society."

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I spit right slap on the chunk and made it "flicker and flare" like the mischief. It was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginny squash.

I turned my tobacker round in my mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kep up a most bominable fryin.

"Then I spose your gwine to forgit old acquaintances," ses I, "sense you's been to Macon, among them lawyers and doctors is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does of anybody else, I spose."

"Oh," ses she, "I am devoted to them—I think of them day and night!"

That was *too* much—it shot me right up, and I sot as still as could be for more'n a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life.

Thunder! how my blood did bile up all over me, and I felt like I could knock Matthew Matix into a greas-spot, if he'd only been thar.

Miss Mary sot with her handercher up to her face, and I looked straight into the fire-place. The blue blazes was runnin round over the old chunk, ketchin hold here and lettin go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin up a little. I couldn't speak—I was makin up my mind for tellin her the sitewation of my hart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was chock full of to-backer, so I had to spit—and slap it went, right on the lightwood chunk, and out *it* went, spang!

I swar, I never did feel so tuck aback in all my born days. I didn't know what to do.

"My lord, Miss Mary," ses I, "I didn't go to do it.—Jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I'll go and git a light."

But she never said nothin, so I sot down agin, thinkin she'd gone to git one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot thar and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come; so I begun to think maybe she wasn't gone. I couldn't hear nothin, nor I couldn't see nothing; so bimeby ses I, very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family—ses I,

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" But nobody answered.

Thinks I, what's to be done? I tried agin.

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" ses I. But it was no use.

Then I heard the galls snickerin and laughin in the next room, and I begun to see how it was; Miss Mary was gone and left me thar alone.

"Whar's my hat?" ses I, pretty loud, so somebody mought tell me. But they only laughed worse.

I begun to feel about the room, and the first thing

I know'd, spang! goes my head, agin the edge of the pantry dore what was standin open. The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swar a little. "D—n the dore," ses I—"whar's my hat?" But nobody said nothin, and I went gropin about in the dark, feelin round to find some way out, when I put my hand on the dore knob. All right, thinks I, as I pushed the dore open quick.—Ther was a scream! heads popped under the bed kiver quicker'n lightnin—something white fluttered by the burow, and out went the candle. I was in the galls room! But there was no time for apologism, even if they could stopped squealin long enough to hear me. I crawled out of that place monstrous quick, you may depend. Hadn't I went and gone and done it sure enough! I know'd my cake was all dough then, and I jest determined to git out of them digins soon as possible, and never mind about my hat.

Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin my shins three or four times agin the chairs and was feelin along through the entry for the front dore; but somehow I was so flustrated that I tuck the wrong way, and bimeby kerslash I went, right over old Miss Sallinses spinnin-wheel, onto the floor! I hurt myself a good deal; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded galls a gigglin and laughin at me.

"Oh," said one of 'em, (it was Miss Kesiah, for I knowed her voice,) "there goes mother's wheel! my lord!"

I tried to set the cussed thing up agin, but it seemed to have more'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no how.—Maybe it was broke. I went out of the dore, but I hadn't more'n got down the steps, when bow! wow! comes four or five infernal grate big coon-dogs, rite at me. "Git out! git out! hellow, Cato! call off your dogs!" ses I, as loud as I could.

But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't a run back into the hall, and got out the front way as quick as I could, them devils would chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my hoss, I felt like a feller jest out of a hornet's nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest.

Next mornin old Miss Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger; but I haint seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you see what comes of chawin tobacker! No more from

Your friend, till death,

Jos. Jones.

P. S.—I blieve Miss Mary's gone to the Female College agin. If you see her, I wish you would say a good word to her for me, and tell her I forgives her all, and I hope she will do the same by me. Don't you think I better write her a letter, and explain matters to her?

Notabemy.—This letter was writ to my pertickeler frend Mr. Thompson, when he was editen the Family Companion magazine, down in Macon. I had no notion of turnin author then; but when it come out with my name to it, and ther wasn't no use of denyin it, and specially as he writ me a letter beggin I would go on and write for the Miscellany, I felt a obligation restin on me to continue my correspondence to that paper. All my other letters was writ to Mr. Thompson, in Madison. J. J.

* * *

Pineville, *August 29, 1842.*

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—Jest as I expected, only a thunderin sight wurse! You know I said in my last that we was gwine to have a betallion

muster in Pineville. Well, the muster has tuck place, and I reckon sich other doins you never hearn of afore.

I come in town the night before, with my regimentals in a bundle, so they couldn't be siled by ridin, and as soon as I got my breckfast, I begun rigin out for the muster. I had a bran new pair of boots, made jest a purpose, with long legs to 'em, and a cocked hat like a half moon, with one of the tallest kind of red fethers init, a blue cloth regimental coat, all titivated off with gold and buttons, and a pair of yaller britches of the finest kind. Well, when I went to put 'em on, I couldn't help but cuss all the tailors and shoomakers in Georgia. In the fust place, my britches like to busted and wouldn't reach more'n half way to my jacket, then it tuck two niggers and a pint of soap to git my boots on; and my coat had tail enough for a bed-quilt, and stood straight out behind like a fan-tail pidgin.—It wouldn't hang right no how you could pull it. I never was so dratted mad, specially when ther was no time to fix things, for the fellers wer comin in town in gangs and beginnin to call for me to come out and take the command. Expectation was ris considerable high, cause I was pledged to quip myself in uniformity to the law, if I was 'lected Majer.

Well, bimeby I went to the dore and told Bill Skinner and Tom Cullers to fix ther companys, and have 'em all ready when I made my 'pearance. Then the fuss commenced. Thar wasn't but one drum for *his* company, cause it belonged to that beat; and Tom Cullers swore the nigger should drum for his company, cause he belonged to his crowd. Thar was the old harry to pay, and it was gittin wurse. I didn't know what to do, for they was all comin to me about it, and cussin and shin and disputin so I couldn't hardly hear one from tother. Thinks I,

I must show my authority in this bisness; so says I, "In the name of the State of Georgia, I command the drum to drum for me. I's Majer of this betal-ion and I's commander of the musick too!" The thing tuck fust rate; there was no more rumpus about it, and I sot the niggers a drummin and ffin as hard as they could split right afore the tavern dore.

It was monstrous diffikilt to git the men to fall in. Ther haint ben none of them reformed drunkerds down here yit, and the way the fellers does love peach and hunny is mazin.

Bimeby Bill Skinner tuck a stick and made a long straight streak in the sand, and then hollered out, "Oh, yes! oh, yes! all you as belongs to Coon-holler beat is to git in a straight line on this trail!" Tom Cullers made a streak for his beat, and the fellers begun to string themselves along in a line, and in about a quarter of a ower they wer all settled like bees on a bean-pole, pretty considerable straight.

After a while they sent word to me that they was all ready, and I had my hoss fotched up to tother side of the tavern; but when I cum to him the bominable fool didn't know me sumhow, and begun kickin and prancin, and cavortin about like mad. I made the niggers hold him till I got on, then I sent word round to the drummer to drum like blazes as soon as he seed me turn the corner, and to the men to be ready to salute. My sword kep rattlin agin the side of my hoss, and the fool was skeered so he didn't know which eend he stood on, and kep dancin about and squattin and rarein, so I couldn't hardly hold on to him.

The nigger went and told the men what I sed; and when I thought they was all ready, round I went in a canter, with my sash and regimentals a flyin and my red fether a wavin as graceful as a corn

tossel in a whirlwind; but jest as I got to the corner ther was a fuss like heaven and yeath was comin together. Rattlebang, wher-r-r-r-r! went the drum, and the nigger blowed the fife right out straight, till his eyes was sot in his head—"harra! hey-y-y! hurra!" went all the niggers and everybody else—my hoss wheelin and pitchin worse than ever, right up to the muster—and, before I could draw my breth, bang! bang! bang de bang! bang! bang! went every gun in the crowd, and all I knowed was, I was whirlin, and pitchin, and swingin about in the smoke and fire till I cum full length right smack on the ground, "in all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," as Mr. Shakspear ses.

Lucky enough I didn't git hurt; but my cote was split clean up to the coller, my yaller britches busted all to flinders, and my cocked hat and fether all nocked into a perfect mush. Thunder and lightnin! thinks I, what must be a man's feelins in a rale battle, whar they're shootin bullets in good yearnest!

Cum to find out, it was all a mistake; the men didn't know nothing about military ticktacks, and thought I meant a regular fourth of July salute.

I had to lay by my regimentals.—But I know'd my caracter was at stake as a officer, and I termined to go on with the muster. So I told Skinner and Cullers to git the men straight agin, and when they was all in a line I sorted 'em out. The fellers what had guns I put in front, them what had sticks in the rare, and them what had no shoes down to the bottom by themselves, so nobody couldn't tramp on ther toes. A good many of 'em begun to forgit which was ther right hand and which was ther left; and some of 'em begun to be very diffikilt to manage, so I termined to march 'em out to a old field, whar they couldn't git no more licker, specially sense I was blegged to wear my tother clothes.

Well, after I got 'em all fixed, ses I, "Music! quick time! by the right flank, file left, march!" They stood for about a minit lookin at me. "By flank mar-r-r-ch!" ses I, as loud as I could holler. Then they begun lookin at oneanother and hunchin oneanother with ther elbows, and the fust thing I know'd they was all twisted up in a snarl, goin both ways at both eends, and all marchin through other in the middle, in all sorts of helter skelter fashion. "Halt!" ses I, "halt! Whar upon yeath is you all gwine!"—And thar they was, all in a huddle. They know'd better but jest wanted to bother me, I do believe.

"Never mind," ses I, "gentlemen, we'll try that revolution over agin." So when I got 'em all in line agin, I splained it to 'em and gin 'em the word so they could understand it. "Forward march!" ses I—and away they went, not all together, but two by two, every feller waitin till his turn cum to step, so before the barefoot ones got started, I couldn't hardly see to tother eend of the betallion. I let 'em go ahead till we got to the old field, and then I tried to stop 'em; but I had 'em in gangs all over the field in less than no time. "Close up" ses I, as loud as I could holler; but they only stood and looked at me like they didn't know what I meant. "Git into a straight line agin," ses I. That brung 'em all together, and I told 'em to rest a while, before I put 'em through the manuel.

But this time out comes a whole heap of fellers with sum candidates, what was runnin for the Legislater, and wanted I should let 'em address the betallion. I told 'em I didn't care so long as they didn't kick up no row.

Well, the men wer all high up for hearin the speeches of the candidates, and got round 'em thick as flies around a fat gourd. Ben Ansley—he's the

poplarest candidate down here—begun the show by gittin on a stump, and takin his hat off right in the brilin hot sun.

“Feller-citizens,” ses he, “I spose you all know as how my friends is fotched me out to represent this county in the next Legislater, and I want to tell you what my principles is. I am posed to counterfit money and shinplasters; I am posed to abolition and free niggers, to the morus multicaulis and the Florida war, and all manner of shecoonery whatsumever! If I’s lected your respectable representation, I shall go in for good money, twenty cents for cotton, and no taxes, and shall go for bolishin prisonment for debt and the Central Bank. I hope you’ll all cum up to the poles of the lection, and vote like a patriot for your very humble servant—Amen.”

Then he jumped down and went around shakin hands. “Hurra for Ben Ansley! Ansley for ever!” shouted every feller. “Down with the cussed bank—devil take the shinplasters and all the rale-roads!” ses Captain Skinner. “Silence for a speech from Squire Pettybone!” “Hurra for Pettybone!”

Squire Pettybone was a little short fat man, what had run afore, and knowed how to to talk to the boys.

“Friends and feller-citizens,” ses he, “I’s once more a candidate for your sufferins, and I want to splain my sentiments to you. You’ve jest hearn a grate deal about the Central Bank. I aint no bank man—I’m posed to all banks—but I is a friend to the pore man, and is always ready to stand up for his constitutional rights. When the Central Bank put out its money it was good, and rich men got it and made use of it when it was good; but now they want to buy it in for less nor what it’s worth to pay ther dets to the bank, and they is tryin to put it

down, and make the pore man lose by it. What does they want to put the bank down for it, if it aint to cheat the pore man who's got sum of it? If I's lected, I shall go for makin the banks redeem ther bills in silver and gold, or put every devil of 'em in the penitentiary to makin nigger shoes. I's a hard money man and in favor of the vetos. I goes for the pore man agin the rich, and if you lect me that's what I mean to do."

Then *he* begun shakin hands all round.

"Hurra for Squire Pettybone! hurra for the bank and the veto!" shouted some of the men—"Hurra for Ansley! d—n the bank!" "Silence for Mr. Johnson's speech!" "Hurra for Harrison!" "Hurra for the vetos!" "Hurra for Jackson! I can lick any veto on the ground!" "Silence!" "Hurra for Ansley, d—n the bank!" "Whar's them vetos what's agin Ansley—let me at 'em!" "Fight! fight! make a ring! make a ring!"—"Whoop!" hollered Bill Sweeny, "I'm the blossom—go it shirt-tail!" "Hit 'em Sweeny!"—

"'Tention, betallion!" ses I; but it wasn't no use—they was at it right in the middle and all round the edges, and I know'd the quicker I got out of that crowd the better for my wholesome.

Thar they was, up and down, five or six in a heap, rollin over and crawlin out from under, bitin and scratchin, gougin and strikin, kickin and cussin, head and heels, all through other, none of 'em knowin who they hurt or who hurt them—all the same whether they hit Ansley or veto, the blossom or Pettybone. The candidates was runnin about pullin and haulin, and tryin their best to stop it; but you couldn't hear nothin but cussin, and "bank" and "veto," and "let me at 'em," "I'm your boy," "let go my eyse!" and sich talk for moren twenty

minits, and then they only kep 'em apart by holdin 'em off like dogs till they got done pantin.

It wasn't no use to try to git 'em into line agin. Some of 'em had got manuel exercise enough, and was knocked and twisted out of all caracter, and it would be no use to try to put 'em through the manuel in that situation. Lots 'em had ther eyes bunged up so they couldn't "eyes right!" to save 'em. The whole betallion was completely demoralized—so I turned 'em over to ther captains, accordin to law, and aint 'sponsible for nothin that tuck place after I left. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I meant to tell you all about my visit to Macon in this letter, but I've been so flustrated about this blamed muster, that I haint had no time to think of nothing else. I'll give you that in my next. Miss Mary most fainted when she heard about my hoss throwin me. Don't you think that's a good sign?

* * *

Pineville, *November 5, 1842.*

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—Sense I writ you that last letter we've all been as busy as yaller jackets in a cotton blossom, movin over to town. It wasn't no great ways to haul things, but then you know it's sich a plagy job. I never thout ther was so much plunder about our house till we come to move. But it's jest so every year. Mother's always got more old washin-tubs, and fat-gourds, and spinnin-wheels, and quiltin frames, and sich fixins than would fill Noar's ark, big as it was; and she's got to have 'em all moved, lock, stock, and barrel, for she ses she can't trust nothin with niggers when she aint on the

plantation. This movin into town every winter and out in the summer is all a fool quality notion any way, and I'm gittin right sick of it, and if it hadn't a been that the Stallinses was gone to town when I got back I blieve I'd coaxed the old woman out of it this time.

Well, now I've got a fair swing at Miss Mary, for she's so close I can jest call in any time; but 'tween you and me, I'm fraid I'm gwine to have some trouble about this matter yit. Ther's a lot of fellers scootin round her that I don't more'n half like no how. One chap's jest come from the north, rigged out like a show monkey, with a little tag of hair hangin down under his chin jest like our old billy goat, that's a leetle too smart for this latitude, I think. He's got more brass in his face than ther is in mother's preservin kittle, and more gab than Mr. Montgomery and our preacher together. He's a music teacher and I don't know what all, and makes himself jest as popler bout town as if he'd lived here all his life. All the town galls is gwine to take lessons from him on the pianer, 'cept Miss Mary, and old Miss Stallins ses she aint gwine to the expense of buyin a pianer these hard times, no how. She ses she's gwine to larn her galls to make good housekeepers and good wives and when they git married, if their husbands like musick, they can buy sich things for 'em if they've a mind to.

"Yes, madam, but though, you know"—ses the imperent cuss, the very fust time he was interduced into the house by cousin Pete, who is jest as thick with him as two fools could be—"you know 'complishments is the best riches a young lady can have—'complishments last for ever, but riches don't."

"But nobody can't live on 'complishments," ses old Miss Stallins, "not these times they can't."

"Yes, but Miss Stallins," ses he, "You's rich

enough to give your butiful daughters every gratification in the world. Now you hadn't ought to be so stingy with sich charmin daughters as you've got."

Well, cuss your imperence, thought I, for a stranger, right afore ther faces too; and I never wanted to settle my foot agin the seat of a feller's trowses so bad afore in my life. Old Miss Stallins didn't say much. I was settin pretty near Miss Mary, and when he begun to run on so, I sot in talkin with her, so she couldn't hear the dratted fool, but the fust think I knowed Mr. Crotchett come and sot right down between us.

"Don't you think we can 'swade the old woman into it, Miss Mary, if we lay our heads together."

I gin Mary a look as much as to say, I think he's in a mighty grate hurry to lay your heds together; but she jest smiled, and put her hankercher up to her face and sed she didn't know.

"I say, Jones," ses he, "won't you be a spoke in my wheel, old feller? I'm dyin in love with this butiful young lady, and I can't bear to see her *opportunties* neglected."

I looked at the feller rite in the face, and I jest had it on the end of my tongue to tell him cuss his insurance. But Miss Mary was thar and her mother, and I tried to turn it off the best way I could, without lettin my temper rise.

"I ain't no wagon-maker, Crotchett," ses I, "but I've got a nigger feller that kin put a spoke in your wheel mighty quick, if that's all you want."

Miss Mary crammed her hankercher in her mouth.

"Oh," ses he, "you don't take—you don't take, Jones; I mean, can't you help me to court Miss Mary, here, and her mother."

I begun to feel sort 'o warm behind the ears, but I thought I'd jest give him a sort of a hint.

"I reckon you won't need no help," ses I, "you seem to git along pretty fast for a stranger."

"I think so too, Joseph," sed old Miss Stallins.

"Then you will give your consent, I spose, madam," ses he.

I didn't breath for more'n a minit, and tried to look at 'em all three at the same time.

"What, sir," axed the old woman, openin her eyes as wide as she could and drapin her ball of nittin yarn on the floor at the same time.

"You'll buy one, won't you?"

"Whew!" ses I, right out loud, for I felt so relieved.

Miss Mary laughed more'n I ever heard her afore in company.

"That's what I won't," ses old Miss Stallins, jerk-in at the ball till she like to onwinded it all, tryin to pull it to her, "not these times, I'll assshore you, sir."

I jumped up and got the ball and wound all the yarn on it and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Joseph," ses she, "thank you, my son."

I kind o' cleared my throte, and my face burnt like fire when she sed that.

"Oh, ho!" ses he, lookin round to me, "I see how the wind blows, Jones, but you might as well give up the chase, for I don't think you can shine. I'm smitten myself. What say you, Miss Mary? The Majer haint got no morgage, has he?"

"Oh no, sir," said Miss Mary—"none at all."

"Any claim, Jones, eh?"

I tried to say something, but couldn't git a word in edge-ways, and every time I looked at Miss Mary she kep laughin.

"Ther aint no morgage on nary nigger nor foot of ground, thank the Lord, these hard times," sed

the old woman. She was drappin to sleep, and didn't know what she was talkin about.

It was Saturday night and time to go—but I wasn't gwine till Crotchett went, and he didn't seem like he was gwine at all.

"Wonder what time it is?" sed Miss Mary.

"Oh, taint late," ses he. "Is ther gwine to be any preachin here to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," ses Miss Mary.

"Are you gwine?" axed Crotchett.

"I blieve mother intends to go."

"Very glad," ses he, "I'll be very much obliged to attend you."

"Mother is gwine, I blieve."

"But won't you go too—I'm certain to come after you—come, you must say—"

"It's most ten," ses I; but he didn't pay no tention to that.

"Shall I have the pleasure, Miss—"

"It's ten o'clock," ses I, agin, "and I'm a gwine"—and I looked at the feller and then shook my head at Miss Mary.

"I'll call for you, Miss Mary," sed Crotchett, pick-in up his hat.

Miss Mary didn't say nothin, but kind o' smiled, I thought.

"Good evenin, Miss Mary, ses I.

"—That I won't, not these hard times"—ses old Miss Stallins, jest wakin up.

"Good evenin, ladies," ses Crotchett.

Well, next mornin don't you think Miss Mary went to meetin with that imperent cuss, and I had to take old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline, and Cousin Pete tuck Miss Kesiah. Thar he was, shore enough, and nobody couldn't git to say a word to Miss Mary, and before the galls was out of the dore he had her arm in his. I never felt jest zactly

so cheap afore in my life, to see that journeyman fiddler, what nobody didn't know nothing about, walkin with Miss Mary to church, and stickin his big carroty whiskers right down under her bonnet, and talkin to her and grinnin like a baked possum. And what made me feel worse, was, she seemed to take it all so mighty fine.

Miss Carline ses I mustn't mind it, cause Miss Mary couldn't help herself. But I mean to find out all about it, and if she is big enough fool to be tuck in by sich small taters as he is, I'll jest drap the whole bisness at once, for ther aint nothin in creation I hates wors'n a coquet. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I don't want you to think I'm jealous, caus I aint, not by no means. I don't zacrlly like the 'pearance of things—but I aint jealous of Crotchett. Only if Miss Mary Stallins goes to meetin any more with him, she don't never go thar with Joseph Jones—that's all.

* * *

Pineville, *December 27, 1842.*

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—Crismus is over, and the thing is done did! You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk on Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious bisness. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come right out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and

kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothin about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a pretty gall, and to people that aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed right out.

"There! there!" ses they, "I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zactly to the pint! so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins—"

"Why mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins right before—"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highly-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous 'finement to be shore! I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gettin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its right name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The galls kep laughin and blushin.

"Neber mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean *that*," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

—"Montrous 'finement now-a-days—old people don't know nothin about perlitenees," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her lap.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enough to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin'."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.

"You'll be shore to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin'."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till mid-night, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stallinses old-cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin.

The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had ager. It

seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be supprised in the morning, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bomitable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know what abouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coixin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his everlastin whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she.

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come running out on the porch.

"My goodness! what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah, "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and lets see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and

let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as beautiful as a morning-glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fix'd at all, but the way she looked pretty was real distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her sweet face, as she stood thar lookin down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would have fotch'd me to. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and sot by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I dont believe a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in ther families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about ther dead husbands, cause they wasnt alive to see ther children married.

Its all settled now, cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I mustn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good

deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

N. B. I like to forgot to tell you about Cousin Pete. He got snap on egnog when he heard of my ingagement, and he's been as meller as hoss-apple ever sense.

* * *

Pineville, *February 2*, 1843.

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—Ever sense I writ my last letter to you, things is gone on jest as straight as a shingle, and the only thing what troubles me is, I'm afraid it's all too good to last. It's always been the way with me ever sense I can remember, whenever I'm the happiest some cussed thing seems to turn up jest to upset all my calculations; and now, though the day is sot for the weddin, and the Stallinses is gettin every thing ready as fast as they can, I wouldn't be supprised much if some bominable thing was to happen, some yeathquake or something, jest to bust it all up agin, though I should hate it monstrous.

Old Miss Stallins read that piece in the Miscellany about the mistake in parson Miller's figers, and I do blieve she's as glad about it as if she was shore she would live a whole thousand years more herself. She ses she hain't got no objections to the weddin now, for me and Mary'll have plenty of time to make a fortin for our children and rais 'em up as they ought to be. She ses she always wondered

how Mr. Miller could cifer the thing out so straight, to the very day, without a single mistake, but now he's made sich a terrible blunder of a whole thousand years, she ses she knows he aint no smarter nor other people, if he was raised at the north.

It's really surprisin how mazin poplar it does make a body to be engaged to be married to a butiful young lady. Sense the thing's leaked out, everybody's my pertickeler friend, and I can't meet nobody wherever I go, but what wants to congratulate me on my good fortin, 'cept Cousin Pete and two or three other fellers, who look sort o' like they wanted to laugh and couldn't. Almost every night Mary and me is invited to a party. Tother night we went to one to old Squire Rogerses, whar I got my dander up a little the worst I've had it for some time. I don't blieve you have ever hearn of jest sich a dingd fool trick as they played on me. Ther was a good many young people thar, and as the Squire don't allow dancin, they all played games and tricks, and sich foolishness to pass away the time, which to my notion is a bomitable sight worse than dancin.

Cousin Pete was thar splurgin about in the biggest, with his dandy-cut trowsers and big whiskers, and tried to take the shine off everybody else, jest as he always does. Well, bimeby he ses,

"Spose we play brother Bob—lets play brother Bob."

"Yes, lets play that," ses all of 'em, "won't you be brother Bob, Majer?"

"Who's brother Bob?" ses I—for I didn't know nothin about it, and that's the way I come to be so bomitably tuck in.

"I'll tell you," ses he, "you and somebody else must set down in the chairs and be blindfolded, and the rest must all walk round and round you, and

keep tappin you on the head with something till you guess who bob'd you."

"But how bob me?" ses I.

"Why," ses he, "when any one taps you, you must say, 'Brother, I'm bob'd' and then they'll ax, 'Who bob'd you?' and if you guess the right one, then they must take your place and be bob'd till they guess who bob'd 'em. If you'll be blindfolded I will," ses he, "jest for fun."

"Well," ses I, "any thing for fun."

Cousin Pete sot out two chairs into the middle of the room, back to back, and we sot down, and they tied a hankercher round my eyes tite as the mischief, so I couldn't see to guess no more'n if I had no eyes at all. Then the boys and galls commenced walkin round us in a circle all giglin and laughin.

I hadn't sot thar no time before cawhalux! some one tuck me right side of the head with a dratted big book. The fire flew out o' my eyes in big live coals, and I like to keeled over out of the chair. I felt my blood risin like a mill-tail, but they all laughed mightily at the fun, and after a while ses I,

"Brother, I'm bob'd."

"Who bob'd you?" ses they.

I guessed the biggest feller in the room, but it wasn't him.

"No, no!" they all hollered, and round they went agin a rompin and laughin and enjoyin the fun all to themselves while my head was singin like a tea kettle.

The next minit, spang went the book agin cousin Pete's head.

"Whew!" ses he, "brother, I'm bob'd?"

"Who bob'd you?" ses they.

But cousin Pete didn't guess right nother, and the fust thing I know'd, whang they tuck me agin.

I was dredful anxious to guess right, but it was no use, I missed it every time, and so did cousin Pete, and the harder they hit me the louder they laughed. One time they hit me a great deal softlier than the rest.

"Brother, I'm bob'd!" ses I.

"Who bob'd you?" ses they.

"Miss Mary Stallins," ses I.

"No, I never," ses she, and they all roared out worse than ever.

I begun to git monstrous tired of sich fun, which seemed so much like the boys and the frogs in the spellin book—for if it was fun to them it was death to me—and I don't know what I would done if Mary hadn't come up and untied the hankercher.

"Let's play something else," ses she, and her face was as red as fire, and she looked sort o' mad out of her eyes.

I seed ther was something wrong in a minit.

Well, they all went on playin "pawns," and "'pon honor," and "Here we go round the goose-berry bush," and "Oh, sister Feby, how merry we be," and sich tom fooleries till they played all they knowed, and while they was playin Mary told me all about the trick cousin Pete played on me.

It was the most oudacious take in I ever heard of. Do you think the cuss didn't set right down behind me, and never blindfolded himself at all, and hit me every lick himself, now and then hittin his knee with the book, to make me blieve he was bob'd too! My head was a buzzin with the licks when she told me how he done me, and I do blieve if it hadn't been for her I'd gin cousin Pete sich a lickin right thar in that room as he never had before in his born days. Blazes! but I was mad at fust.

But Mary begged me not to raise no fuss about it, and now it was all over, and she would fix him for his smartness. I hadn't no sort of a idee how she gwine to do it, but I know'd she was a match for cousin Pete any time, so I jest let her go ahead.

Well, she tuck the bominable fool off to one side and whispered to him like she was gwine to let him into a grate secret. She told him about a new play what she learned down to Macon when she was at the college, called "Interduction to the King and Queen," what she sed was a grate deal funnier than "Brother Bob," and got him to help to git 'em all to play it.

After she and him made it all up, cousin Pete put out three chairs close together in a row for a throne, and Mary she put a sheet over 'em to make 'em look a little grand. Bill Byers was to be King and Mary was to be Queen.

"Now, you must all come in tother room," ses cousin Pete, "only them what belongs to the court, and then you must come in and be interduced, one at a time."

"I aint gwine," ses Tom Stallins, "for ther's some trick in it."

"No ther aint," ses cousin Pete, "I'll give you my word ther aint no trick—only a little fun."

"Well," ses I, "I's had fun enough for one night."

Mary looked at me and kind o' winked, and ses she, "you're one of the court you know, Majer; but jest go out till the court is summonsed before the throne."

Well, we all went out, and bimeby Bill Byers called out the names of all the lords and ladys what belonged to the court, and we all went in and tuck chairs on both sides of the throne.

Cousin Pete was to be the fust one interduced, and Sam Rogers was to be the usher, the feller what

interduced the company. Well, bimeby the door opened and in come cousin Pete, bowin and scrapin, and twistin and rigglein and puttin on more dandy airs than a French dancin master—he beat Crotchett all to smash. The King sot on one side of the throne and the Queen on tother, leavin room in the middle for some one else. Sam was so full of laugh at cousin Pete's anticks that he couldn't hardly speak.

"Doctor Peter Jones," ses he, "I interduce you to ther Majestys the King and Queen."

Cousin Pete scraped about a while and then drapt on one knee, right before 'em.

"Rise, gallant knight," ses Bill Byers, "rise, we dud you knight of the royal bath."

Cousin Pete got up and bowed and scraped a few more times, and went to set down between 'em, but they ris up jest as he went to set down, and the fust thing he knowed, kerslosh he went, rite into a big tub mor'n half full of cold water, with nothing but his head and heels stickin out.

He tried to kiss Mary as he was takin his seat, and if you could jest seed him as he went into that tub with his arms reached out to her, and his mouth sot for a kiss, I do believe you'd laughed more'n you ever did before in your life. The fellers was all so 'spicious that some trick was gwine to be played, that they left the dore open, and when the thing tuck place they all run in shoutin and laughin like they would bust ther sides.

Pete got out as quick as he could, and I never seed a feller so wilted down in all my life. He was mad as a hornet, and sed it was a d—d mean trick to sarve enny body so, specially in cold weather. And he went right off home by himself to dry.

Mary made the niggers take out the middle chair what was covered by the sheet, and put the tub of water in its place when we was all in tother room.

Pete didn't have no suspicion that the trick was gwine to turn out that way. He thought the queen was gwine to sentence every feller what didn't kiss her as he sot down, to do something that would make fun for the rest, and he was jest gwine to open the game.

I felt perfectly satisfied after that, and I don't think cousin Pete will be quite so fond of funny tricks the next time.

But I like to forgot to tell you, my weddin is to take place—perviden ther aint no more yeathquakes nor unaccountable things to prevent—on the 22d of this month, which you know is a famous day what ought to be celebrated by every genewine patriot in the world. I shall look for you to come, and I hope you will be shore to be thar, for I know you wouldn't grudge the ride jest to see Miss Mary Jones what is to be. We's gwine to have a considerable getherin, jest to please the old folks, and old Miss Stallins ses she's gwine to give us a real Georgia weddin of the old time fashion. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I went over tother night to see 'em all, and they was as bisy as bees in a tar-barrel sowin and makin up finery. Mary was sowin something mighty fine and white, with ruffles and jigamarees all round it. "What kind of a thing is that?" ses I. The galls looked at one another and laughed like they would die, and my poor little Mary (bless her soul) kep getherin it up in a heap and blushin dredful. "Tell him, sis," ses Miss Carline. But Mary looked right down and didn't say nothin. "I'll tell him," ses Miss Kesiah—"I'ts a —" "No, you shant now—stop, stop," ses Mary, and she put her pretty little

hand right on Miss Kesiah's mouth, and looked like she'd cry for a little. I felt so sorry for her, I told 'em I didn't want to know, and they put the things away, and bimeby I went home, but I kep thinkin all the way what upon yeath it could be. I spose I'll find out some day.

Pineville, *February* 24, 1843.

To Mr. Thompson:—*Dear Sir*—I am too happy and no mistake—the twenty-second of February is over, and the “consumation so devotedly to be wished for” is tuck place. In other words, I's a married man!!

I aint in no situation to tell you all how the thing tuck place, not by no means, and if it wasn't for my promis, I don't blieve I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. Bless her little heart, I didn't think I loved her half so good as I do; but to tell you the real truth, I do blieve I've been almost out of my senses every sense night before last. But I must be short this time while the galls is plaguein Mary in tother room. They is so full of ther mischief.

I had the license got mor'n a week ago, and old Mr. Eastman brung home my weddin suit jest in time. Mother would make me let cousin Pete wait on me, and Miss Kesiah was bride's maid. Mother and old Miss Stallins had every thing ranged in fust rate style long before the time ariv, and nothing was wantin but your company to make every thing complete.

Well, about sundown cousin Pete come round to my room whar we rigged out for the weddin, and I don't blieve I ever seed him look so good; but if he'd jest tuck off them bominable grate big sorrel whiskers of his, he'd looked a monstrous sight better.

I put on my fawn-colored britches and blue cloth cote and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we druv round to old Squire Rogerses and tuck him into the carriage and away we went out to Miss Stallinses plantation. When we got to the house ther was a most everlastin getherin thar waitin to see the ceremony before they eat ther supper. Everybody looked glad, and old Miss Stallins was flying round like she didn't know which end she stood on.

"Come in, Joseph," ses she, "the galls is in the other room."

But I couldn't begin to git in tother room for the fellers all pullin and haulin and shakin the life out of me to tell me how glad they was.

"Howdy, Majer, howdy," ses old Mr. Byers, "I give you joy," ses he—"yer gwine to marry the flower of the county, as I always sed. She's a monstrous nice gall, Majer."

"That's a fact," ses old Mr. Skinner, "that's a fact, and I hope you'll be a good husband to her, Joseph, and that you'll have good luck with your little—"

"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen—come along, cousin Pete," ses I, as quick as I could git away from 'em.

The dore to tother room was opened and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap. Thar sot Mary with three or four more galls, butiful as a angel and blushin like a rose. When she seed me she kind o' looked down and sort o' smiled, and sed "good even, Joseph."

I couldn't say a word for my life, for more'n a minit. Thar she sot, the dear gall of my heart—and I couldn't help but think to myself what a infernel cuss a man must be that could marry her and then make her unhappy by treatin her mean; and I

determined in my sole, to stand between her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy, as long as I lived. If you could jest seen her as she was dressed then, and you wasn't a married man, you couldn't help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I've had to git her. She was dressed jest to my likin, in a fine white muslin frock, with short sleeves, and white satin slippers, with her hair all hangin over her snow-white neck and shoulders in butiful curls, without a single breast-pin or any kind of jewelry or ornament, 'cept a little white satin bow on the side of her head. Bimeby Miss Carline come in the room.

"Come, sis, they's all ready," ses she, and ther was grate big tears in her eyes, and she went and gave Mary a kiss right in her mouth, and hugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstrous, and I felt sort o' fainty myself, but I didn't feel nothin like cryin.

When we got in the room whar the company was, old Squire Rogers stopt us right in the middle of the floor and axed us for the license. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him and he read 'em out loud to the people, who was all as still as death. After talkin a little he went on—

"If enny body's got enny thing to say why this couple shouldn't be united in the holy bands of wedlock," ses he, "let 'em now speak or always afterwards hold ther peace—"

"Oh, my lord! oh, my darlin daughter! oh, dear laws a massy!" ses old Miss Stallins as loud as she could squall—a clappin her hands and cryin and shoutin like she was at a camp meetin.

Thunder and lightnin! thinks I, here's another yeathquake. But I held on to Mary, and was ter-

mined that nothin short of a real bust up of all creation should git her away from me.

"Go ahead, Squire," ses cousin Pete. "It aint nothin."

Mary blushed dredful, and seemed like she would drap on the floor.

Miss Carline come and whispered something to her, and mother and two or three more old wimmin got old Miss Stallins to go in tother room.

The Squire went through the rest of the bisness in a hurry, and me and Mary was made flesh of one bone and bone of one flesh before the old woman got over her highstericks. When she got better she come to me and hugged and kissed me as hard as she could right afore 'em all, while all the old codgers in the room was salutin the bride as they called it. I didn't like that part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change with 'em monstrous bad; but I reckon I've made up for it sense.

After the marryin was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Miss Stallinses table was kivered over with good things was uncommon. After playin and frolickin till bout ten o'clock, the bride's cake was cut, and sich a cake was never baked in Georgia before. The Stallinses bein Washingtonians, ther wasn't no wine, but the cake wasn't bad to take jest dry so. About twelve o'clock the company begun to leave for home, all of 'em jest as sober as when they come.

I had to shake hands again with 'em all, and tell 'em all good night.

"Good night, cousin Mary," ses Pete—"good night, Majer," ses he, "I spose you aint gwine back to town to-night," and then bust right out in a big laugh, and away he went.

That's jest the way with Pete; he's a good feller enough, but he aint got no better sense.

Mary ses she's sorry she couldn't send you no more cake, but Mr. Montgomery's saddlebags wouldn't hold half she wraped up for you. Don't forgit to put our marriage in the Miscellany. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

JOHNSON JONES HOOPER (SIMON SUGGS)

[Johnson Jones Hooper was born in North Carolina in 1815 of an excellent family; his mother is said to have descended from Jeremy Taylor. His formal education was scanty; and like so many American authors outside of New England, he received more schooling in newspaper offices than in school rooms. As a boy Hooper moved to Alabama, where he spent most of his life. A large part of his time was occupied with journalism and politics. He edited several papers, one of which, the *Montgomery Mail*, had a high reputation. He held two public offices, and was defeated just before his death for Secretary of the Confederacy. There can be no doubt that Hooper considered his literary work of little importance when compared with his other activities. He was annoyed that people remembered Simon Suggs and forgot Johnson Jones Hooper. That he was generally regarded as a humorist and not a statesman was a bitter thing to him. Hooper's first humorous article, "Taking the Census," was published in 1840 in his newspaper, the *East Alabamian*. The tales of Suggs soon followed. In 1846 these sketches were collected and published as *Simon Suggs' Adventures*. Colonel Henry Watterson¹ calls Hooper a "most genial and entertaining person," and speaks highly of his wit and conversational ability. William Garrett, a pious biographer, gives a dark picture of the man:

The convivial habits which had been growing on him for years, increased no doubt by his defeat, terminated his life in 1863, while he was comparatively in the vigor of his days. . . . The associations of Mr. Hooper and his great fund of wit and humor, which made his society much sought after and enjoyed by the lovers of fun, had never tended to a very moral course in life, and the subject of religion had never entered his thoughts, or at least never had any perceptible influence."²

¹ *Oddities of Southern Life*, p. 96.

² *Public Men in Alabama*, p. 526.

The character of Simon Suggs owes something to Longstreets's toughs, something to Smith's shrewd Jack Downing, and something to the author's observation of the life about him. Simon is an out-and-out rascal; his adventures are all of a low order. The political and social satire in Hooper's book are incidental to the farce. Hooper is much less serious than Smith, and, it must be admitted, more amusing. Simon, earnestly but futilely directed in the right paths by a preacher father, tricks his father into betting, wins a horse, and escapes from home to live a life of cheating and gambling. He becomes a "hero" in the Creek war, and decides to run for sheriff on his war record; accordingly, he must have a campaign biography. At the end of this biography the narrator says:

Men of Tallapoosa we have done! Suggs is before you. We have endeavored to give the prominent events of his life with accuracy and impartiality. If you deem that he has "Done the state some service," remember that he seeks the Sherifffality of your county. He waxes old. He needs an office, the emoluments of which shall be sufficient to enable him to relax his mental efforts. His military service; his numerous family; his long residence among you; his grey hairs—all plead for him. Remember him at the polls!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

There is no important account of Johnson J. Hooper. The best sketches of him are those found in Jenette Tandy's *Crackerbox Philosophers*, Colonel Watterson's *Oddities of Southern Life*, and William Garrett's *Public Men in Alabama*.

Many editions of Hooper's works were published in the middle of the nineteenth century. There are no contemporary editions. The original editions are:

Some Adventures of Simon Suggs, Late of the Tallapoosa Volunteers by a Country Editor, Philadelphia, 1846.

The Widow Rugby's Husband, Philadelphia, 1851.

The selections used in this text are taken from the first edition.]

SELECTIONS FROM SIMON SUGGS

SIMON GETS A "SOFT SNAP" OUT OF HIS DADDY

IT MUST not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon's mind was either

inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments toward his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account, "making game" of old Jed'diah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about, in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case; much after the manner in which puss—when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for pantry robbed or bed defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors and windows—attempts all sorts of impossible exits, to come down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenceless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion and the "mulberry" about the same time, he stood with a dogged look awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing up Bill—a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if endeavouring to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when at last Bill was swung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It's a devil—it's hell," said Simon to himself. "to take such a wailoppin' as that. Why the old

man looks like he wants to git to the holler, if he could—rot his old picter! It's wuth, at the least, fifty cents—je-e-miny how that hurt!—yes, it's wuth three-quarters of a dollar to take that 'ere lickin'! Wonder if I'm "predestinated," as old Jed'diah says, to git the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he'd bust wide open, the durned old deer-face! If 'twa'n't for Ben helpin' him, I b'lieve I'd give the old dog a tussel when it comes to my turn. It couldn't make the thing no wuss, if it didn't make it no better. 'D rot it! what do boys have daddies for, anyhow? 'Taint for nuthin' but jist to beat 'em and work 'em.—There's some use in mammies—I kin poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar, and if I say it aint thar, she'll say so too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If 'twa'n't so fur, I'd holler for her, any how. How she would cling to the old fellow's coat tail!"

Mr. Jeddediah Suggs let down Bill and untied him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off, "Come, Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands; I'm gwine to correct you."

"It aint no use, daddy," said Simon.

"Why so, Simon?"

"Jist bekase it aint. I'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I'm gwine to make my livin' by it. So what's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he, "you're a poor ignunt creetur. You don't know nuthin', and you've never bin no whars. If I was to turn you off, you'd starve in a week—"

"I wish you'd try me," said Simon, "and jist see. I'd win more money in a week than you can make in a year. There ain't nobody round here kin make

seed corn off o' me at cards. I'm rale smart," he added with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players, and chicken-fighters, and horse-racers go to hell? You crack-brained creetur. And don't you know that them that play cards always loses their money, and—"

"Who wins it all then, daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jawed dog. Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words that way. I knowed a young man once, when I lived in Ogletharp, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars worth of cotton for his daddy, and some o' them gambollers got him to drinkin', and the *very first* night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They couldn't get my money in a *week*," said Simon. "Any body can git these here green feller's money; them's the sort I'm a-gwine to watch for myself. Here's what kin fix the papers jist about as nice as any body."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jed'diah; "What saith the Scriptur'? 'He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence, Simon, you're a poor, misubble fool—so cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy; I tell you I'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about it? I'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith says them Augusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The reverend Mr. Sugg had once in his life gone to Augusta; an extent of travel which on those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbours was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popu-

lar inference, that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untravelled neighbours, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs then, very naturally, felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen any collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith, should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or anything else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *ultima Thule* of back-woods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs—the one was, that a man who had never been at Augusta, could not know any thing about that city, or any place, or any thing else; the other, that one who *had* been there must, of necessity, be not only well informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was, therefore, in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

“*Bob Smith* says, does he? And who’s *Bob Smith*? Much does *Bob Smith* know about Augusta! he’s *been thar*, I reckon! Slipped off yerly some mornin’, when nobody warn’t noticin’, and got back afore night! It’s *only* a hundred and fifty mile. Oh, yes, *Bob Smith* knows *all* about it! I don’t know nothin’ about it! I a’n’t never been to Augusty—I couldn’t find the road thar, I reckon—ha! ha. *Bob—Smi—th!* The eternal stink! if he was only to see one o’ them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broad-cloth, and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a-shinin’ like silver, he’d take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin’. Bob Smith! that’s whar all your devilment comes from, Simon.”

“Bob Smith’s as good as any body else, I judge;

and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut Jack," continued Simon, "and that's more nor some people can do, if they *have* been to Augusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it's reasonable to s'pose that old Jed'diah Suggs won't be bothered *bad*. Is it any ways similyar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty much, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket, to explain. "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we calls the Jacks. Well, now the idee is, if you'll take the pack and mix 'em all up together, I'll take off a passel from top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix 'em fust?" said old Jed'diah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"More alike nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It's agin nater, Simon; thar a'n't a man in Augusty, nor on top of the yeath that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "ef you'll bet me—"

"What!" thundered old Mr. Suggs. "*Bet*, did you say?" and he came down with a *scorer* across Simon's shoulders—"me, Jed'diah Suggs, that's been in the Lord's sarvice these twenty years—*me*, bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin' ugly—"

"I didn't go to say *that* daddy; that warn't what I meant adzactly. I went to say that ef you'd let me off from this here maulin' you owe me, and *give me* 'Bunch,' ef I cut Jack; I'd give you all this here silver, ef I didn't—that's all. To be sure, I allers knowed *you* wouldn't *bet*."

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver, which his son handed him in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence corner, the first and only time she ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavoured to analyse the character of the transaction proposed by Simon. "It sartinly *can't* be nothin' but *givin'*, no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I *know* he can't do it, so there's no resk. What makes bettin'? The resk. It's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, and that'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the whippin won't do you no good, and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land; and this here money—it's jist eleven dollars, lacking of twenty-five cents—will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef any thing's said about this, hereafter, remember, you *give* me the money."

"Very well, daddy; and ef the thing works up

instid o' down, I s'pose we'll say you give *me* Bunch—eh?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch; the thing's agin nater, and can't be done. What old Jed'diah Suggs knows, he knows as good as any body. Give me them fixments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, who, dropping the plough-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *mixing*. He then sat down, and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive *kings* and *queens* jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally a sprightly *knave* would insist on *facing* his neighbour; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then skip away. But Elder Jed'diah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu* "stock," which would place the chances of Simon, already sufficiently slim, in the old man's opinion, without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to cull out all the picter ones, so as to be certain to include the Jacks, and place them at the bottom; with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled

as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "narry one of us aint got to look at the cards, while I'm a cuttin'; if we do, it'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing—you've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy—will you?"

"To be sure—to be sure!" said Mr. Suggs, "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the pack. Old Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a-breakin'! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half a dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps with uplifted eyes and hands!

"Marciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy haint! well, how in the round creation of the—! Ben, did you ever? to be sure and sartin, Satan has power on this yeath!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in very bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in *Augusty*, did ye, daddy?" asked Simon, with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon, how *did* you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it daddy? Do it? 'Taint nothin'. I done it jist as easy as—shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of Elder Jed'diah Suggs, cannot, after the lapse of time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact, that in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the state of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable pony, "Bunch."

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But it minds me mightily of the way mammy *give* old Trailler the side of bacon, last week. She a-sweepin' up the hath; the meat on the table—old Trailler jumps up, gethers the bacon and darts—mammy arter him with the broom-stick, as fur as the door—but seein' the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him and hollers, 'You sassy, aig-sukkin', roguish, gnatty, flop-eared varmint! take it along! take it along!' I only wish 'twas full of a'snic, and ox-vomit, and blue vitrul, so as 'twould cut your interls unto chitlins!' That's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

"Oh, shuh! Ben," remarked Simon, "I wouldn't run on that way; daddy couldn't help it, it was *pre-destinated*—'whom he hath, he will,' you know;" and the rascal pulled down the under lid of his left eye at his brother. Then addressing his father, he asked, "Warn't it, daddy?"

"To be sure—to be sure—all fixed aforehand," was old Mr. Suggs' reply.

"Didn't I tell you so, Ben?" said Simon—"I knowed it was all fixed aforehand;" and he laughed until he was purple in the face.

"What's in ye? What are ye laughin' about?" asked the old man wrothily.

"Oh, it's so funny that it could all a' been *fixed aforehand!*" said Simon, and laughed louder than before.

The obtusity of the Reverend Mr. Suggs, however, prevented his making any discoveries. He fell into a brown study, and no further allusion was made to the matter.

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night, curried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear that he was the "fastest piece of horse-flesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yeath;" and he busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

* * *

THE "TALLAPOOSY VOLLANTARES" MEET THE ENEMY

Captain Suggs, with the troops under his command, remained, we believe, during the entire continuance of the "war," in garrison at the Fort. The reason for this was obvious. The object of our hero was to protect that portion of the country which had the strongest claims upon his affection—his own neighbourhood. It was beyond human knowledge to foretell how soon the wily savage might raise the tomahawk and scalping knife in the immediate vicinity of Fort Suggs. Why then should any body ever have expected, or desired the Captain to leave that important post and the circumjacent country in a state of absolute defencelessness? Suggs was too prudent for that: he remained snug enough at the Fort, subsisting comfortably upon the contributions which he almost daily levied from wagons passing

with flour, bacon, and whiskey, from Wetumpka eastward. In his own energetic language, "he had tuk his persition, and d—d ef he didn't keep it as long as he had yeath enough to stand upon!"

In spite of the excitement of frequent *sorties* upon ox-wagons; of dollar-pitching, and an endless series of games of "old sledge;" as well as the occasional exhibition of a chuck-a-luck table, at which the Captain himself presided; time at last began to hang heavily upon the hands of the inmates of Fort Suggs. At length, however, an event occurred which dispelled the *ennui* of the "Vollantares," for a season at least. An Indian *ball-play* was announced to "come off" within a few days, at the ball-ground near the river, and only three miles from the fort, though on the opposite side of the Tallapoosa. It was decided that Captain Suggs and his company should attend and witness the sport; and as both the towns engaged in the game were reputed to be "friendly," not the slightest danger was anticipated. Had there been, from our knowledge of the prudence of Captain Suggs, we do not hesitate to say, that he would never had jeopardized his own invaluable life, not to speak of those of his comparatively insignificant soldiers, by appearing on the ball-ground. Tire-some as was the monotony of Fort Suggs, he would have remained there indefinitely, ere he had done his country such wrong!

Early on the day appointed for the trial of skill between the copper-coloured sportsmen of the towns of Upper and Lower Oakfuskee, the "Vollantares" and their illustrious Captain had crossed the river at the ferry which lay between the fort and the ball-ground, and soon they had reached the long, straight pine ridge upon which the game was to be played. Already two or three hundred Indians had assembled, and the Captain also found there some ten or a

dozen white men. A stake was set up close to the goal which was nearest the river, and from its top hung a huge shot-bag of crimson cloth, covered with beautiful bead-work, and filled with the silver money which was bet on the result of the game. At the foot of the stake, on the ground, were blankets, shawls, guns, bolts of cotton goods, and all sorts of trumpery; all of which was also bet on the result. The "odds" were in favour of the Lower Oakfuskees, among whom were some of the best players in the "nation," and Captain Suggs quickly backed them to the amount of ten dollars, and the money was added to that already in the shot-pouch.

The Indian game of ball is a very exciting one, and the Creeks gamble furiously at it. To play it, a level piece of ground, some two or three hundred yards long, is selected, and the centre ascertained. Goals are designated at each end, and the ball—very like that used in games among the whites, but not so elastic—is thrown up at the centre. One side endeavours to get it to one "base," while their antagonists strive to carry it to the other. The players are armed with two short sticks, each of which is bent and tied at one end, so as to form a sort of spoon; and when these ends are placed together they make an oval cup in which the ball is caught, and then hurled to a surprising distance. Every time the ball is carried to a goal, it counts one for the side who take it there. No idea of the furious excitement into which the players are worked, can be conceived by one who has never witnessed a scene of the kind. They run over and trample upon each other; knock down their antagonists with their ball-sticks; trip them as they are running at full speed; and, in short, employ all kinds of force and foul playing to win the game. Generally there are two or three hundred—often five—engaged in

the sport at once; all naked except the "flap," and in most instances the affair ends in a terrible *melee*, in which the squaws on each side supply their male friends with missiles, such as rocks and light-wood knots. The betting is often high; the main bet between, not uncommonly, five hundred dollars.

On the present occasion the game was "twenty-one up." The playing commenced, and the woods resounded with the fierce yells of the naked savages. The first run was gained by the upper town, but the next, and the next, and the next, were won with ease by the lower. The Captain was exultant, and whooped loudly at every winning.

At length, when it was seen that the upper town must lose, one of the white men whom Captain Suggs found on the ground when he arrived—and who was the heaviest better against the lower town—approached our hero, and informed him that he had discovered the astounding fact, that both parties of Indians were determined to make a sudden attack upon all the white men present, and kill them to a man. He stated farther, that he had overheard a conversation between Coher-Emartee, the Chief of the upper town, and Nocose Harjo, the principal man of the lower, in which it was agreed between them, that the signal for attack should be the throwing of the ball straight up into the air. In view of these facts, he advised the Captain to leave at once, whenever he should see the signal given.

Captain Suggs is human, and "*as sich*" is liable to err, but it isn't *often* that he can be "throwed" by ordinary men. He "saw through the trap" that was set for him in a minute. He did not doubt that an attack would be made, he knew that a *feigned* one would be made by Cocher-Emartee's Indians, and he was well convinced that its only object would be to frighten the "Vollantares" from the ground,

and give the upper town an opportunity, with the assistance of their white confederates, to beat the lower town Indians and seize the stakes. He determined therefore to "watch out," and keep himself "whole" in a pecuniary point of view if possible. Calling his trusty lieutenant to his side, he discovered to him the machinations against them, and directing him to keep the company—most of whom were a-foot—in the neighbourhood of a number of ponies that were hitched near the upper end of the ball-ground; he himself walked to the lower end, and bringing his pony close to the post from which the shot-pouch was suspended, he hitched him and sat down.

Suddenly, when most of the Indians were collected near the centre of the ground, the ball was seen to ascend high into the air. Simon was watching for it, and before it had risen twenty feet, had loosed his pony, flung the reins over his neck, cracked him smartly across the rump, and so started him home by himself. The next moment he was mounted on a fine blood bay, belonging to Cocher-Emartee, which wheeling under the post, he took off the shot-bag containing the stakes with the mizzle of his rifle, and in less time than we have taken to describe his movements, was thundering at full speed through the woods towards the ferry, the silver in the pouch giving a responsive jingle to every bound of the gallant bay.

At the same moment that Captain Suggs mounted and dashed off, most of the "Vollantares," under the lead of Snipes, jumped upon the ponies of the upper Oakfuskees and made for the river. A volley of rifle shots was discharged over their heads, and with furious yells the Indians pursued. Only a few, however, could muster ponies; and such was the promptness with which the Captain's orders were

executed, that the "Vollantares" arrived at the ferry full five minutes in advance of their pursuers. Here a difficulty presented itself. The flat would not carry across more than a fourth of the company at once. Time was precious—the enemy was rushing onward, now fully determined to recover their ponies or die in the attempt. Suggs, equal to any emergency, cut loose the flat and started it down the river. Then holding his gun aloft, he dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks and plunged into the stream, and his men followed. As they ascended the opposite bank, Cocher-Emartee, foaming and furious, rode up on the side they had just left. He was mounted on a borrowed horse, and now loudly howled forth his demand for the restoration of his gallant bay and the shot-bag of silver; protesting that the whole affair was a joke on his part to try the spunk of the "Vollantares"—that he was "good friends" to the white people, and didn't wish to injure any of them.

"Go to h-ll! you d—d old bandy-hanked redskin!" shouted back Simon; "I know the inemies of my country better'n that!"

Cocher danced, shouted, raved, bellowed, and snorted in his boundless rage! Finally, he urged his pony into the water with the intention of swimming across.

"Kumpny form!" shouted Simon—"blaze away at the d—d old *hostile*!" A volley was fired, and when the smoke cleared away, the pony was seen struggling in the river, but there was no Indians in sight.

Captain Suggs never recovered the pony which he turned loose in the woods; and notwithstanding this loss was incurred while in the discharge of his duties as one of the defenders of his country, the state legislature has *thrice* refused to grant him any re-

muneration whatsoever. Truly "republics *are* ungrateful!"

* * *

THE CAPTAIN ATTENDS A CAMP-MEETING

Captain Suggs found himself as poor at the conclusion of the Creek war, as he had been at its commencement. Although no "arbitrary," "despotic," "corrupt," and "unprincipled" judge had fined him a thousand dollars for his proclamation of martial law at Fort Suggs, or the enforcement of its rules in the case of Mrs. Haycock; yet somehow—the thing is alike inexplicable to him and to us—the money which he had contrived, by various shifts to obtain, melted away and was gone for ever. To a man like the Captain, of intense domestic affections, this state of destitution was most distressing. "He could stand it himself—didn't care a d—n for it, no way," he observed, "but the old woman and the children; *that* bothered him!"

As he sat one day, ruminating upon the unpleasant condition of his "financial concerns," Mrs. Suggs informed him that "the sugar and coffee was nigh about out," and that there were not "a dozen j'int's and middlins, *all put together*, in the smoke-house." Suggs bounced up on the instant, exclaiming, "D—n it! *somebody* must suffer!" But whether this remark was intended to convey the idea that he and his family were about to experience the want of the necessaries of life; or that some other, and as yet unknown individual should "suffer" to prevent that prospective exigency, must be left to the commentators, if perchance any of that ingenious class of persons should hereafter see proper to write notes for this history. It is enough for us that we give all the facts in this connection, so that ignorance of

the subsequent conduct of Captain Suggs may not lead to an erroneous judgment in respect to his words.

Having uttered the exclamation we have repeated—and, perhaps, hurriedly walked once or twice across the room—Captain Suggs drew on his famous old green-blanket overcoat, and ordered his horse, and within five minutes was on his way to a camp-meeting, then in full blast on Sandy creek, twenty miles distant, where he hoped to find amusement, at least. When he arrived there, he found the hollow square of the encampment filled with people, listening to the mid-day sermon and its dozen accompanying “exhortations.” A half-dozen preachers were dispensing the word; the one in the pulpit, a meek-faced old man, of great simplicity and benevolence. His voice was weak and cracked, notwithstanding which, however, he contrived to make himself heard occasionally, above the din of the exhorting, the singing, and the shouting which were going on around him. The rest were walking to and fro, (engaged in the other exercises we have indicated,) among the “mourners”—a host of whom occupied the seat set apart for their especial use—or made personal appeals to the mere spectators. The excitement was intense. Men and women rolled about on the ground, or lay sobbing or shouting in promiscuous heaps. More than all, the negroes sang and screamed and prayed. Several, under the influence of what is technically called “the jerks,” were plunging and pitching about with convulsive energy. The great object of all seemed to be, to see who could make the greatest noise—

“And each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would try his own expressive power.”

“Bless my poor old soul!” screamed the preacher

in the pulpit; "ef yonder aint a squad in that corner that we aint got one ouden yet! It'll never do," raising his voice—"you must come ouden that! Brother Fant, fetch up that youngster in the blue coat! I see the Lord's a-workin' upon him! Fetch him along—glory—yes!—hold to him!"

"Keep the thing warm!" roared a sensual seeming man, of stout mould and florid countenance, who was exhorting among a bevy of young women, upon whom he was lavishing caresses. "Keep the thing warm, breethring!—come to the Lord, honey!" he added, as he vigorously hugged one of the damsels he sought to save.

"Oh, I've got him!" said another in exulting tones, as he led up a gawky youth among the mourners—"I've got him—he tried to git off, but—ha! Lord!"—shaking his head as much as to say, it took a smart fellow to escape him—"ha! Lord!"—and he wiped the perspiration from his face with one hand, and with the other, patted his neophyte on the shoulder—"he couldn't do it! No! Then he tried to argy wi' me—but bless the Lord!—he couldn't do that nother! Ha! Lord! I tuk him, fust in the Old Testament—bless the Lord!—and I argyed him all thro' Kings—and I throwed him into Proverbs—and from that, here we had it up and down, kleeer down to the New Testament, and then I begun to see it work him!—then we got into Matthy, and from Matthy right straight along to Acts; and *thar* I throwed him! Y-e-s L-o-r-d!"—assuming the nasal twang and high pitch which are in some parts, considered the perfection of rhetorical art—"Y-e-s L-o-r-d! and h-e-r-e he is! Now g-i-t down *thar*," addressing the subject, "and s-e-e ef the L-o-r-d won't do somethin' f-o-r you!" Having thus deposited his charge among the mourners, he started out, summarily to convert another soul!

"Gl-o-ree!" yelled a huge, greasy negro woman, as in a fit of the jerks, she threw herself convulsively from her feet, and fell "like a thousand of brick," across a diminutive old man in a little round hat, who was squeaking consolation to one of the mourners.

"Good Lord, have mercy!" ejaculated the little man earnestly and unaffectedly, as he strove to crawl from under the sable mass which was crushing him.

In another part of the square a dozen old women were singing. They were in a state of absolute ecstasy, as their shrill pipes gave forth,

"I rode on the sky
Quite ondestified I,
And the moon it was under my feet!"

Near these last, stood a delicate woman in that hysterical condition in which the nerves are uncontrollable, and which is vulgarly—and almost blasphemously—termed the "holy laugh." A hideous grin distorted her mouth, and was accompanied with a maniac's chuckle; while every muscle and nerve of her face twitched and jerked in horrible spasms.*

Amid all this confusion and excitement Suggs stood unmoved. He viewed the whole affair as a grand deception—a sort of "opposition line" running against his own, and looked on with a sort of professional jealousy. Sometimes he would mutter running comments upon what passed before him.

"Well, now," said he, as he observed the full-

* The reader is requested to bear in mind, that the scenes described in this chapter are not now to be witnessed. Eight or ten years ago, in classes of population of the Creek country were very different from what they are now. Of course, no disrespect is intended to any denomination of Christians. We believe that camp-meetings are not peculiar to any church, though most usual in the Methodist—a denomination whose respectability in Alabama is attested by the fact, that very many of its worthy clergymen and lay members, hold honourable and profitable offices in the gift of the state legislature; of which, indeed, almost a controlling portion are themselves Methodists.

headed brother who was "officiating" among the women, "that ere feller takes *my* eye!—that he's been this half-hour, a-figurin amongst them galls, and's never said the fust word to nobody else. Wonder what's the reason these here preachers never hugs up the old, ugly women? Never seed one do it in my life—the sperrit never moves 'em that way! It's nater tho'; and the women *they* never flocks round one o' the old dried-up breethring—bet two to one old splinter-legs thar,"—nodding at one of the ministers—won't git a chance to say turkey to a good-lookin gall to-day! Well! who blames 'em? Nater will be nater, all the world over; and I judge ef I was a preacher, I should save the purtiest souls fust, myself!"

While the Captain was in the middle of this conversation with himself, he caught the attention of the preacher in the pulpit, who inferring from an indescribable something about his appearance that he was a person of some consequence, immediately determined to add him at once to the church if it could be done; and to that end began a vigorous, direct personal attack.

"Breethring," he exclaimed, "I see yonder a man that's a sinner; *I know* he's a sinner! Thar he stands," pointing at Simon, "a missubble old crittur, with his head a-blossomin for the grave! A few more short years, and d-o-w-n he'll go to perdition, lessen the Lord have mer-cy on him! Come up here, you old hoary-headed sinner, a-n-d git down upon your knees, a-n-d put up your cry for the Lord to snatch you from the bottomless pit! You're ripe for the devil—you're b-o-u-n-d for hell, and the Lord only knows what'll become of you!"

"D—n it," thought Suggs, "*ef* I only had you down in the krick swamp for a minit or so, *I'd* show you who's *old*! *I'd* alter your tune *mighty* sudden,

you sassy, 'saitful old rascal!" But he judiciously held his tongue and gave no utterance to the thought.

The attention of many having been directed to the Captain by the preacher's remarks, he was soon surrounded by numerous well-meaning, and doubtless very pious persons, each one of whom seemed bent on the application of his own particular recipe for the salvation of souls. For a long time the Captain stood silent, or answered the incessant stream of exhortation only with a sneer; but at length, his countenance began to give token of inward emotion. For his eye-lids twitched—then his upper lip quivered—next a transparent drop formed on one of his eye-lashes, and a similar one on the tip of his nose—and, at last, a sudden bursting of air from nose and mouth, told that Captain Suggs was overpowered by his emotions. At the moment of the explosion, he made a feint as if to rush from the crowd, but he was in experienced hands, who well knew that the battle was more than half won.

"Hold to him!" said one—"it's a-workin' in him as strong as a Dick horse!"

"Pour it into him," said another, "it'll all come right directly!"

"That's the way I love to see 'em do," observed a third; "when you begin to draw the water from their eyes, taint gwine to be long afore you'll have 'em on their knees!"

And so they clung to the Captain manfully, and half dragged, half led him to the mourner's bench; by which he threw himself down, altogether unmanned, and bathed in tears. Great was the rejoicing of the brethren, as they sang, shouted, and prayed around him—for by this time it had come to be generally known that the "convicted" old man was Captain Simon Suggs, the very "chief of sinners" in all that region.

The Captain remained grovelling in the dust during the usual time, and gave vent to even more than the requisite number of sobs, and groans, and heart-piercing cries. At length, when the proper time had arrived, he bounced up, and with a face radiant with joy, commenced a series of vaultings and tumblings, which "laid in the shade" all previous performances of the sort of that camp-meeting. The brethren were in ecstasies at this demonstrative evidence of completion of the work; and whenever Suggs shouted "Gloree!" at the top of his lungs, every one of them shouted it back, until the woods rang with echoes.

The effervescence having partially subsided, Suggs was put upon his pins to relate his experience, which he did somewhat in this style—first brushing the tear-drops from his eyes, and giving the end of his nose a preparatory wring with his fingers, to free it of the superabundant moisture:

"Friends," he said, "it don't take long to curry a short horse, accordin' to the old sayin', and I'll give you the perticklers of the way I was 'brought to a knowledge'"—here the Captain wiped his eyes, brushed the tip of his nose and sniffled a little—"in less'n no time."

"Praise the Lord!" ejaculated a bystander.

"You see I come here full o' romancin' and devilment, and jist to make game of all the purceedins. Well, sure enough, I done so for some time, and was a-thinkin how I should play some trick—"

"Dear soul alive! *don't* he talk sweet!" cried an old lady in black silk—"Whar's John Dobbs? You Sukey!" screaming at a negro woman on the other side of the square—"ef you don't hunt up your mas' John in a minute, and have him here to listen to his 'sperience, I'll tuck you up when I git home and give you a hundred and fifty lashes, madam!—see

ef I don't! Blessed Lord!"—referring again to the Captain's relation—"aint it a *precious* 'source!"

"I was jist a-thinkin' how I should play some trick to turn it all into redecule, when they began to come round me and talk. Long at fust, I didn't mind it, but arter a little that brother"—pointing to the reverend gentleman who had so successfully carried the unbeliever through the Old and New Testaments, and who Simon was convinced was the "big dog of the tanyard"—"that brother spoke a word that struck me kleen to the heart, and run all over me, like fire in dry grass—"

"I-I-I can bring 'em!" cried the preacher alluded to, in a tone of exultation—"Lord thee knows ef thy servant can't stir 'em up, nobody else needn't try—but the glory aint mine! I'm a poor worrum of the dust" he added, with ill-managed affectation.

"And so from that I felt somethin' a-pullin' me inside—"

"Grace! grace! nothin' but grace!" exclaimed one; meaning that "grace" had been operating in the Captain's gastric region.

"And then," continued Suggs, "I wanted to git off, but they hilt me, and bimeby I felt so missuble, I had to go yonder"—pointing to the mourners' seat—"and when I lay down thar it got wuss and wuss, and 'peared like somethin' was a-mashin' down on my back—"

"That was his load o' sin," said one of the brethren—"never mind, it'll tumble off presently, see ef it don't!" and he shook his head professionally and knowingly.

"And it kept a-gittin heavier and heavier, ontwell it looked like it might be a four year old steer, or a big pine log, or somethin' of that sort—"

"Glory to my soul," shouted Mrs. Dobbs, "It's the sweetest talk I *ever* hearn! You Sukey! aint

you got John yit? never mind, my lady, I'll settle wi' you!" Sukey quailed before the finger which her mistress shook at her.

"And arter awhile," Suggs went on, "'peared like I fell into a trance, like, and I seed—"

"Now we'll git the good on it!" cried one of the sanctified.

"And I seed the biggest, longest, rip-roarenest, blackest, scaliest"—Captain Suggs paused, wiped his brow, and ejaculated "Ah, L-o-r-d!" so as to give full time for curiosity to become impatience to know what he saw.

"*Sarpent!* warn't it?" asked one of the preachers.

"No, not a sarpent," replied Suggs, blowing his nose.

"Do tell us *what* it war, soul alive!—whar is John?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Allegator!" said the Captain.

"Allegator!" repeated every woman present, and screamed for very life.

Mrs. Dobbs' nerves were so shaken by the announcement, that after repeating the horrible word, she screamed to Sukey, "You Sukey, I say, you Su-u-ke-e-y! ef you let John come a-nigh this way, whar the dreadful alliga—shaw! what am I thinkin' 'bout? 'Twarn't nothin' but a vishin!"

"Well," said the Captain in continuation, "the allegator kept a-comin and a-comin' to'ards me, with his great long jaws a-gapin' open like a ten-foot pair o' tailors' shears—"

"Oh! oh! oh! Lord! gracious above!" cried the women.

"SATAN!" was the laconic ejaculation of the oldest preacher present, who thus informed the congregation that it was the devil which had attacked Suggs in the shape of an alligator.

"And then I concluded the jig was up, 'thout I

could block his game some way; for I seed his idee was to snap off my head—”

The women screamed again.

“So I fixed myself jist like I was purfectly willin’ for him to take my head, and rather he’d do it as not”—here the women shuddered perceptibly—“and so I hilt my head straight out”—the Captain illustrated by elongating his neck—“and when he come up and was a gwine to *shet down* on it, I jist pitched in a big rock which chocked him to death, and that minit I felt the weight slide off, and I had the best feelins—sorter like you’ll have from *good* speerits—any body ever had!”

“Didn’t I *tell* you so? Didn’t I *tell* you so?” asked the brother who had predicted the off-tumbling of the load of sin. “Ha, Lord! fool *who*! I’ve been *all* along thar!—yes, *all along thar*! and I know every inch of the way jist as good as I do the road home!”—and then he turned round and round, and looked at all, to receive a silent tribute to his superior penetration.

Captain Suggs was now the “lion of the day.” Nobody could pray so well, or exhort so movingly, as “brother Suggs.” Nor did his natural modesty prevent the proper performance of appropriate exercises. With the reverend Bela Bugg (him to whom, under providence, he ascribed his conversion,) he was a most especial favourite. They walked, sang, and prayed together for hours.

“Come, come up; thar’s room for all!” cried Brother Bugg, in his evening exhortation. “Come to the ‘seat,’ and ef you won’t pray yourselves, let *me* pray for you!”

“Yes!” said Simon, by way of assisting his friend; “it’s a game that all can win at! Ante up! ante up, boys—friends I mean—don’t back out!”

“Thar aint a sinner here,” said Bugg, “no matter

ef his soul's black as a nigger, but what thar's room for him!"

"No matter what sort of a hand you've got," added Simon in the fulness of his benevolence; "take stock! Here am I, the wickedest and blindest of sinners—has spent my whole life in the sarvice of the devil—has now come in on *narry pair* and won a *pile*!" and the Captain's face beamed with holy pleasure.

"D-o-n't be afeard!" cried the preacher; "come along! the meanest won't be turned away! humble yourselves and come!"

"No!" said Simon, still indulging in his favourite style of metaphor; "the bluff game aint played here! No runnin' of a body off! Every body holds four aces, and when you bet, you win!"

And thus the Captain continued, until the services were concluded, to assist in adding to the number at the mourners' seat; and up to the hour of retiring, he exhibited such enthusiasm in the cause, that he was unanimously voted to be the most efficient addition the church had made during that meeting.

The next morning, when the preacher of the day first entered the pulpit, he announced that "brother Simon Suggs," mourning over his past iniquities, and desirous of going to work in the cause as speedily as possible, would take up a collection to found a church in his own neighbourhood, at which he hoped to make himself useful as soon as he could prepare himself for the ministry, which the preacher didn't doubt, would be in a very few weeks, as brother Suggs was "a man of mighty good *judgement*, and of a *great discourse*." The funds were to be collected by "brother Suggs," and held in trust by brother Bela Bugg, who was the financial officer

of the circuit, until some arrangement could be made to build a suitable house.

"Yes, breethring," said the Captain, rising to his feet; "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I want you all to help. I'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you—don't leave breethring"—observing that several of the well-to-do were about to go off—"don't leave; ef you aint able to afford any thing, jist give us your blessin' and it'll be all the same!"

This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals reseated themselves.

"It's mighty little of this world's goods I've got," resumed Suggs, pulling off his hat and holding it before him; "but I'll bury *that* in the cause any how," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat.

There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly.

Suggs now commenced collecting, and very prudently attacked first the gentlemen who had shown a disposition to escape. These, to exculpate themselves from any thing like poverty, contributed handsomely.

"Look here, breethring," said the Captain, displaying the bank-notes thus received, "brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and brother Snodgrass a ten! In course 'taint expected that you *that aint as well off as them*, will give *as much*; let every one give *accordin'* to ther means."

This was another chain-shot that raked as it went! "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass?

"Here's all the *small* money I've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs, over the heads of a half dozen, a ten-dollar bill.

"That's what I call maganimus!" exclaimed the Captain; "that's the way *every* rich man ought to do!"

These examples were followed, more or less closely, by almost all present, for Simon had excited the pride of purse of the congregation, and a very handsome sum was collected in a very short time.

The reverend Mr. Bugg, as soon as he observed that our hero had obtained all that was to be had at that time, went to him and inquired that it was still uncounted, but that it couldn't be much under a hundred.

"Well, brother Suggs, you'd better count it and turn it over to me now. I'm goin' to leave presently."

"No!" said Suggs—"can't do it!"

"Why?—what's the matter?" inquired Bugg.

"It's got to be *prayed over*, fust!" said Simon, a heavenly smile illuminating his whole face.

"Well," replied Bugg, "less go on one side and do it!"

"No!" said Simon solemnly.

Mr. Bugg gave a look of inquiry.

"You see that krick swamp?" asked Suggs—"I'm gwine down in thar, and I'm gwine to lay this money down, so"—showing how he would place it on the ground—"and I'm gwine to git on these here knees"—slapping the right one—"and I'm *n-e-v-e-r* gwine to quit the grit ontwell I feel it's got the blessin'! And nobody aint got to be thar but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and bidding him God-speed, turned off.

Captain Suggs "struck for" the swamp sure enough, where his horse was already hitched. "Ef em fellers aint done to a cracklin," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "I'll never bet on two pair agin! They're peart at the snap game, themselves;

but they're badly lewed this hitch! Well! Live and let live is a good old motter, and it's my sentiments adzactly!" And giving the spur to his horse, off he cantered.

* * *

THE CAPTAIN IS ARRAIGNED BEFORE "A JURY OF HIS COUNTRY"

For a year or two after the Captain's conversion at the camp-meeting, the memoranda at our command furnish no information concerning him. We next find him, at the spring term 1838, arraigned in the circuit court for the county of Tallapoosa, charged in a bill of indictment with gambling—"playing at a certain game of cards, commonly called *Poker*, for money, contrary to the form of the statute, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Alabama."

"Humph!" said the Captain to himself, as Mr. Solicitor Belcher read the bill; "*that's* as derved a lie as ever Jim Belcher writ! Thar never were a *peaceabler* or more *gentlemanlier* game o' short cards played in Datesville—which thar's a dozen men here is knowin' it!"

Captain Suggs had no particular defence with which to meet the prosecution. It was pretty generally understood that the state would make out a pretty clear case against him; and a considerable fine—or imprisonment in default of its payment—was the certainly expected result. Yet Simon had employed—though he had not actually *feed*—counsel, and had some slight hope that luck, the goddess of his especial adoration, would not desert him at the pinch. He instructed his lawyer, therefore, to stave off the case if possible; or at any rate, to protract it.

"The State against Simon Suggs and Andrew alias Andy, Owens. Card-playing. Hadenskeldt for the defence. Are the defendants in court?" said the judge.

Simon's counsel intimated that *he* was.

"Take an *alias* writ as to Owens—ready for trial as to Suggs," said the solicitor.

The Captain whispered to his lawyer, and urged him to put him on the stand, and make a showing for a continuance; but being advised by that gentleman that it would be useless, got him to obtain leave for him to go out of court for five minutes. Permission obtained, he went out and soon after returned.

"Is Wat Craddock in court?" asked the solicitor.

"Here!" said Wat.

"Take the stand, Mr. Craddock!" and Wat obeyed and was sworn.

"Proceed, Mr. Craddock, and tell the court and jury all you know about Captain Suggs' playing cards," said Mr. Belcher.

"Stop!" interposed Simon's counsel; "do you believe in the revelations of Scripture, Mr. Craddock?"

"No!" said the witness.

"I object then to his testifying," said Mr. Hadenskeldt.

"He doesn't *understand the question*," said the solicitor; "you believe the Bible to be true, don't you?" addressing the witness.

"If the court please—stop! *stop!* Mr. Craddock—I'll ask him another question before he answers that"—said Mr. Hadenskeldt hastily—"did you ever *read* the Bible, Mr. Craddock?"

"No," said Craddock; "not's I know on."

"Then I object to his testifying, of course; he can't believe what he knows nothing about."

"He has *heard* it read, I presume," said Mr. Belcher; "have you not, Mr. Craddock?"

"I mought," said Wat, "but I don't know."

"*Don't know!* Why, don't you hear it every Sunday at church?"

"Ah, but you see," replied Mr. Craddock, with the air of a man about to solve a difficulty to every body's satisfaction—"You see, I don't never go to meetin'!"

"Your honor will perceive—" began Mr. Haden-skeldt.

"Why—what—how do you spend your time on Sunday, Mr. Craddock?" asked the solicitor.

"Sometimes I goes a-fishin on the krick, and sometimes I plays marvels," replied Wat, gaping extensively as he spoke.

"Any thing else?"

"Sometimes I lays in the sun, back o' Andy Owenses grocery."

"Mr. Belcher," asked the court, "is this the only witness for the state?"

"We have a half-dozen more who can prove all the facts."

"Well then, discharge this man—he's drunk."

Mr. Craddock was accordingly discharged, and William Sentell was put upon the stand. Just as he had kissed the book, a man, looking hot and worried, was seen leaning over the railing which shuts out the spectators from the business part of the court-room, beckoning to the Captain.

Simon having obtained leave to see the person, went to him, and took a note which the other held in his hand, and after a few words of conversation, turned off to read it. As he slowly deciphered the words, his countenance changed and he began to weep. The solicitor, who knew a thing or two about

the Captain, laughed; and so did Mr. Hadenskeldt, although he tried to suppress it.

"My boys is a-dyin!" said Suggs; and he threw himself upon the steps leading to the judge's seat, and sobbed bitterly.

"Come, come, Captain," said the solicitor; "you *are* a great tactician, but permit me to say that I know you. Come, no shamming; let's proceed with the trial."

"It don't make no odds to me now, what you do about it—John and Ben will be in their graves before I git home;" and the poor fellow groaned heartbreakingly.

"Captain," said Mr. Hadenskeldt, vainly endeavouring to control his risbles, "let us attend to the trial now: may be it isn't as bad as you suppose."

"No," said Suggs, "let 'em find me guilty. I'm a poor missible old man! The Lord's a-punishin my gray hairs for my wickedness!"

Mr. Hadenskeldt took from the Captain's hand the note containing the bad tidings, and to his great astonishment saw that it was from Dr. Jourdan, a gentlemen well known to him, and entirely above any suspicion of trickery. It set forth that the Captain's sons were at the point of death—one of them beyond hope; and urged the Captain to come home to his afflicted family. Knowing that Suggs was really an affectionate father, he was now at no loss to account for the naturalness of his grief, which he had before supposed to be simulated. He instantly read the note aloud, and remarked that he would throw himself upon the humanity of the state's counsel for a continuance.

Simon interposed—"Never mind," he sobbed, "'squire Hadenskeldt—never mind—let 'em try me. I'll plead guilty. The boys will be dead afore I

could git home any how! Let 'em send me to jail whar thar won't be any body to laugh at my misry!"

"Has this poor old man ever been indicted before?" asked the judge.

"Never," said the solicitor, who was affected almost to tears—"he has the reputation of being dissipated and tricky, but I think has never been in court, at the instance of the state, before."

"Ah, well then, Mr. Belcher," replied the judge, "I would '*nol. pros.*' the case, if I were you, and let this grief-stricken old man go home to his dying children. He is indicted only for a misdemeanour, and it would be absolute inhumanity to keep him here; perhaps that lenity might have a good effect, too."

This was all the solicitor wished for. He was already burning to strike the case off the docket, and send Simon home; for he was one of the men that could never look real grief in the fact, without a tear in his eye—albeit his manner was as rough as a Russian bear's.

So the solicitor entered his *nolle prosequi*, and the Captain was informed that he was at liberty.

"May it please your honor, judge," said he, picking up his hat, "and all you other kind gentlemen"—his case had excited universal commiseration among the lawyers—"that's taken pity on a poor broken-sperrited man—God bless you all for it—it's all I can say or do!" He then left the courthouse.

In the course of an hour or two, the solicitor had occasion to go to his room for a paper or book he had left there. On his way to the tavern, he observed Captain Suggs standing in front of a "grocery," in great glee, relating some laughable anecdote. He was astounded! He called to him, and the Captain came.

"Captain Suggs," said the solicitor, "how's this? Why are you not on the way home?" And the solicitor frowned like—as only *he can* frown.

"Why bless my soul, Jim," said Suggs familiarly, and with a wicked smile, "aint you *hearn* about it? These here boys in town"—here *Simon* himself frowned savagely—"I'll be d—d into an *orful* h—ll, ef I don't knock daylight outen some of 'em—*a-sportin wi' my feelins*, that way! They'd better mind—jokin's jokin, but I've known men most hellatiously *kicked* for jist sich jokes!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Belcher, who more than suspected that he had been "sold"—"how was it?"

"You see," quoth Simon, "it was this here way, adzactly—that note I got in the court-house, was one Dr. Jourdan sent me last summer, when the boys *was* sick, and I was on a spree over to Sockapatoy—only I didn't know 'twas the same. It must 'a drapped outen my pocket here, somehow, and some of these cussed town boys picked it up, tore off the date at the bottom, and sent it to me up thar—which, my feelins was never hurt as bad before, in the round world. But they'd *better mind* who they poke thar fun at! *No-o* man aint got to sport wi' *my* feelins that way, and let me find him out!—Won't you take some sperrits, Jim?"

The solicitor turned off wrathfully, and walked away. Simon watched him as he went. "Thar," said he, "goes as clever a feller as ever toted a ugly head. He's *smart* too—*d—d* smart; but thar's *some* people he can't qu-u-i-te, ad-zact-ly—" and without finishing the sentence, Captain Suggs pulled down the lower lid of his left eye, with the forefinger of his right hand; and having thus impliedly complimented himself, he walked back to the grocery.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS (SUT LOVINGOOD)

[George Washington Harris was born in Pennsylvania in 1814. When a small boy he moved with his parents to East Tennessee, where he lived during the rest of his life except for short periods in Alabama and Georgia. His early years were spent in playing along the river at Knoxville, building boats, learning the silversmith's trade, and probably, though there is no mention of it anywhere, attending school. Just when he began to "follow the river" is not known, but at the surprisingly early age of nineteen he became captain of a steamboat. For many years he was in command of river boats in the east part of Tennessee, a man much liked and respected. The year before the Civil War Harris was appointed postmaster at Knoxville, where he was connected in many ways with the city's social and business life. Harris began his career as an author with political sketches written for the Knoxville *Argus* during the Harrison campaign. In 1845 he was sending humorous sketches signed "Sugar tail," sometimes abbreviated to "S---L", to the *Spirit of the Times*. The first Sut Lovingood yarn was printed in this journal in 1854. The others came out in the Nashville *Union and American* between 1858 and 1861. These were collected and published in 1867. Harris died in 1869.

According to popular legend the character of Sut Lovingood was suggested to Harris by one of his assistants, a tall, uncouth mountaineer who was constantly telling Harris all sorts of tall tales. Certainly Sut seems to depend very little on other literary creations although there are suggestions of Ned Brace in *Georgia Scenes* and of the early career of Simon Suggs. Sut is the natural, uneducated tough boy. He loves two things: corn whiskey and a joke. And he can appreciate a joke on himself as well as anyone else. He plays all manner of rough pranks, some of which are in the worst possible taste. The language in which he tells of his adventures is exactly what one would expect from such a fellow. Unfortunately, he has always been in bad repute with the critics of American humor. They all apologize for

him and wish he were not so coarse. Miss Tandy¹ is embarrassed at the story of his bloody shirt, and rather obviously refrains from quoting selections from his book. This whole attitude is curious. Certainly Sut is not bad; he is never mean or self-seeking. Compared with Simon Suggs he is goodness itself. And one should notice that there is always a rough sort of justice in his pranks. His special enemies are the hypocritical and the self-righteous. Sut's humor is possibly the nearest thing to the undiluted oral humor of the Middle West that has found its way into print. Probably the unprintable tales which legend attributes to Lincoln were not very different from Sut's. Some of the Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer adventures are but parlor versions of Sut's pranks. The exaggeration, the emphasis on physical catastrophes, the general crudeness of the tales are easily seen. These need no explanation other than that they belong to the life Sut exemplifies. Had the yarns been more refined, had the language been toned down, the effect would have been less artistic. As they stand the tales are perfect examples of natural unrestrained humor of one of the most interesting, if not the most cultured, periods of American life.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The facts for this sketch were kindly given to me by Franklin Meine of Chicago, who is at present working on a full length account of Harris and Sut.

Harris published but the one volume, *Sut Lovingood's Yarns Spun by a "Natural Born durn'd fool", Warped and Wove for Public Wear*, New York, 1867. This has been many times republished, there being at least one twentieth century edition.]

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS

SICILY BURNS'S WEDDING

"HEY Ge-orge!" rang among the mountain slopes; and looking up to my left, I saw "Sut," tearing along down a steep point, heading me off, in a long kangaroo lope, holding his flask high above his head, and

¹ Crackerbox Philosophers, p. 93.

hat in hand. He brought up near me, banteringly shaking the half-full "tickler," within an inch of my face.

"Whar am yu gwine? take a suck, hoss? This yere truck's *ole*. I kotch hit myse'f, hot this mornin frum the still wum. Nara durn'd bit ove strike-nine in hit—I put that ar piece ove burnt dried peach in myse'f tu gin hit color—better nur *ole Bullen's* plan: he puts in tan ooze, in what he sells, an' when that haint handy, he uses the red warter outen a pon' jis' below his barn;—makes a pow'ful natral color, but don't help the taste much. Then he cor-recks that wif red pepper; hits an orful mixtry, that whiskey *ole Bullen* makes; no wonder he seed 'Hell-sarpints.' He's pisent ni ontu three quarters ove the b'levin parts ove his congregashun wif hit, an' tuther quarter he's sot intu ruff stealin an' cussin. Ef his still-'ouse don't burn down, ur he peg out hisse'f, the neighborhood am ruined a-pas' *sal-vashum*. Haint he the durndes' sampil ove a passun yu ever seed enyhow?

"Say George, du yu see these yere well-poles what I uses fur laigs? Yu sez yu sees 'em, dus yu?"

"Yes."

"Very well; I passed 'em a-pas' each uther tuther day, right peart. I put one out a-head jis' so, an' then tuther 'bout nine feet a-head ove hit agin jis' so, an' then kep on a-duin hit. I'll jis' gin yu leave tu go tu the devil ha'f hamon, ef I didn't make fewer tracks tu the mile, an' more tu the minit, than ver ever made by eny human man body, since *Bark Wilson* beat the sawlog frum the top ove the *Frog Mountin* intu the *Oconee River*, an' dove, an' dodged hit at las'. I hes allers look'd ontu that perform-ince ove *Bark's* as onekel'd in histery, allers givin way tu dad's ho'net race, however.

"George, every livin thing hes hits pint, a pint

ove sum sort. Ole Bullen's pint is a durn'ed fust rate, three bladed, dubbil barril'd, water-proof, hypockracy, an' a never-tirein appertite fur bal'-face. Sicily Burns's pint am tu drive men folks plum crazy, an' then bring em too agin. Gin em a rale Orleans fever in five minits, an' then in five minits more, gin them a Floridy ager. Durn her, she's down on her heels flat-footed now. Dad's pint is tu be king ove all durn'd fools, ever since the day ove that feller what cribb'd up so much co'n down in Yegipt, long time ago, (he run outen his coat yu minds.) The Bibil tells us hu wer the stronges' man—hu wer the bes' man—hu wer the meekis' man, an' hu the wises' man, but leaves yu tu guess hu wer the bigges' fool.

"Well, eny man what cudent guess arter readin that ar scrimmage wif an 'oman 'bout the coat, haint sense enuf tu run intu the hous', ef hit wer rainin ded cats, that's all. Mam's pint am in kitchen insex, bakin hoecake, bilin greens, an' runnin bar laiged. My pint am in takin abroad big skeers, an' then beatin enybody's hoss, ur skared dorg, a-runnin frum onder em agin. I used tu think my pint an' dad's wer jis' the same, sulky, unmix'd king durn'd fool; but when he acted hoss, an' mistook hossflies fur ho'nets, I los' heart. Never mine, when I gits his 'sperence, I may be king fool, but yet great golly, he gets frum bad tu wus, monstrus fas'.

"Now ef a feller happens tu known what his pint am, he kin allers git along, sumhow, purvided he don't swar away his liberty tu a temprins s'ciety, live tu fur frum a still-'ouse, an' too ni a chu'ch ur a jail. Them's my sentimints on 'pints,'—an' yere's my sentimints ontu folks: Men wer made a-purpus jis' tu eat, drink, and' fur stayin awake in the early part ove the nites: an' wimen were made tu cook the vittils, mix the sperits, an' help the men du the

stayin awake. That's all, an' nuthin more, onless hits fur the wimen tu raise the devil atwix meals, an' knit socks atwix drams, an' the men tu play short kerds, swap hosses wif fools, an' fite fur exercise, at odd spells.

"George, yu don't onderstan life yet scarcely at all, got a heap tu larn, a heap. But 'bout my swap-pin my laigs so fas'—these yere very par ove laigs. I hed got about a fox squirril skin full ove biled co'n juice packed onder my shut, an' onder my hide too, I mout es well add, an' wer aimin fur Bill Carr's on foot. When I got in sight ove ole man Burns's, I seed ni onto fifty hosses an' muels hitch'd tu the fence. Durnashun! I jis' then tho't ove hit, 'twer Sicily's wedding day. She married ole Clapshaw, the suckit rider. The very feller hu's faith gin out when he met me sendin sody all over creashun. Suckit-riders am surjestif things tu me. They preaches agin me, an' I hes no chance tu preach back at them. Ef I cud I'd make the institushun behav hitsef better nur hit dus. They hes sum wonderful pints, George. Thar am two things nobody never seed: wun am a dead muel, an' tuther is a suckit-rider's grave. Kaze why, the he muels all turn intu old field school-masters, an' the she ones intu strong minded wimen, an' then when thar time cums, they dies sorter like uther folks. An' the suckit-riders ride ontill they marry; ef they marrys money, they turns intu store-keepers, swaps hosses, an' stays away ove colleckshun Sundays. Them what marrys an' by sum orful mistake *misses the money*, jis' turns intu polertishuns, sells 'ile well stock,' an' dies sorter in the human way too.

"But 'bout the wedding. Ole Burns hed a big black an' white bull, wif a ring in his snout, an' the rope tied up roun his ho'ns. They rid 'im tu mill, an' sich like wif a saddil made outen two dorgwood

forks, an' two clapboards, kivered wif a ole piece ove carpet, rope girth, an' rope stirrups wif a loop in hit fur the foot. Ole Sock,' es they call'd the bull, hed jis' got back frum mill, an' wer turn'd intu the yard, saddil an' all, tu solace hissef a-pickin grass. I wer slungin roun the outside ove the hous', fur they hedn't hed the manners tu ax me in, when they sot down tu dinner. I wer pow'fully hurt 'bout hit, an' happen'd tu think of sody. So I got in a-watchin fur a chance tu du sumthin. I fus' tho't I'd shave ole Clapshaw's hoss's tal, go tu the stabil an' shave Sicily's mare's tal, an' ketch ole Burns out, an' shave his tail too. While I were a-studyin 'bout this, ole Sock wer a-nosin 'roun, an' cum up ontu a big baskit what hilt a littil shattered co'n; he dipp'd in his head tu git hit, an' I slipp'd up an' jerked the handil over his ho'ns.

"Now, George, ef yu knows the nater ove a cow brute, they is the durndes' fools amung all the beastes, ('cept the Lovingoods;) when they gits intu tribulashun, they knows nuffin but tu shot thar eyes, beller, an' back, an' keep a-backin. Well, when ole Sock raised his head an' foun hissef in darkness, he jis' twisted up his tail, snorted the shatter'd co'n outen the baskit, an' made a tremenjus lunge agin the hous'. I hearn the picters a-hangin agin the wall on the inside a-fallin. He fotch a deep loud rusty beller, mout been heran a mile, an' then sot intu a onendin sistem ove backin. A big craw-fish wif a hungry coon a-reachin fur him, wer jis' nowhar. Fust agin one thing, then over anuther, an' at las' agin the bee-bainch, knockin hit an' a dozen stan ove bees heads over heels, an' then stompin back-wards thru the mess. Hit haint much wuf while tu tell what the bees did, ur how soon they sot intu duin hit. They am pow'ful quick-tempered littil critters, enyhow. The air wer dark wif 'em, an'

Sock wer kivered all over, frum snout tu tail, so clost yu cudent a-sot down a grain ove wheat fur bees, an' they wer a-fitin one anuther in the air, fur a place on the bull. The hous' stood on sidelin groun, an' the back door wer even wif hit. So Sock happen tu hit hit plum, jis' backed intu the hous' onder 'bout two hundred an' fifty pouns ove steam, bawlin orful, an' every snort he fotch he snorted away a quart ove bees ofen his sweaty snout. He wer the leader ove the bigges' an' the madest army ove bees in the worild. Thar wer at leas' five solid bushels ove 'em. They hed filled the basket, an' hed loged ontu his tail, ten deep, ontill hit were es thick es a waggin tung. He hed hit stuck strait up in the air, an' hit looked adzackly like a dead pine kivered wif ively. I think he wer the hottes' and wuz hurtin bull then livin; his temper, too, seemed tu be pow'fully frustrated. Ove *all* the durn't times an' kerryins on yu *ever* hearn tell on wer thar an' thar abouts. He cum tail fust agin the ole two story Dutch clock, an' fotch hit, bustin hits runnin geer outen hit, the littil wheels a-trundlin over the floor, an' the bees even chasin them. Nex pass, he fotch up agin the foot ove a big dubbil injine bedstead, rarin hit on aind, an' punchin one ove the posts thru a glass winder. The nex tail fus' experdishun wer made agin the caticorner'd cupboard, outen which he made a perfeck momox. Fus' he upsot hit, smashin in the glass doors, an' then jis' sot in an' stomp'd everything on the shelves intu giblits, a-tryin tu bak further in that direckshun, an' tu git the bees ofen his laigs.

"Pickil crocks, perserves jars, vinegar jugs, seed bags, yarb bunches, paragorick bottils, aig baskits, an' delf war—all mix'd dam permiskusly, an' not worth the sortin, by a duller an' a 'alf. Nex he got a far back acrost the room agin the board pertishun;

he went thru hit like hit hed been paper, takin wif him 'bout six foot squar ove hit in splinters, an' broken boards, intu the nex room, whar they wer eatin dinner, an' rite yere the fitin becum ginerál, an' the dancin, squawkin, cussin, an' dodgin begun.

"Clapshaw's ole mam were es deaf es a dogiron, an sot at the aind ove the tabil, nex tu whar ole Sock busted thru the wall; til fus' he cum agin her cheer, a-histin her an' hit ontu the tabil. Now, the smashin ove delf, an' the mixin ove vittils begun. They hed sot severil tabils tugether tu make hit long enuf. So he jis' rolled 'em up a-top ove one anuther, an' thar sot ole Misses Clapshaw, a-straddil ove the top ove the pile, a-fitin bees like a wind-mill, wif her calliker cap in one han, fur a wepun, an' a cract frame in tuther, an' a-kickin, an' a-spurrin like she wer ridin a lazy hoss arter the doctor, an' a-screamin rape, fire, an' murder, es fas' es she cud name 'em over.

"Taters, cabbige, meat, soup, beans, sop, dump-lins, an' the truck that yu wallers 'em in; milk, plates, pies, puddins, an' every durn fixin yu ud think ove in a week, wer thar, mix'd an' mashed, like hit had been thru a thrashin-meesheen. Old Sock still kep a-backin, and' backed the hole pile, old 'oman an' all, also sum cheers, outen the frunt door, an' down seven steps intu the lane, an' then by golly, turn'd a fifteen hundred poun summerset hissef arter 'em, lit a-top ove the mix'd up mess, flat ove his back, an' then kicked hissels ontu his feet agin. About the time he ris, ole man Burns—you know how fat, an' stumpy, an' cross-grained he is, anyhow—made a vigrus mad snatch at the baskit, an' got a savin holt ontu hit, but cudent *let go quick enuf*; fur ole Sock jis snorted, bawled, and' histed the ole cuss heels fust up intu the air, an' he lit on the bull's back, an' hed the baskit in his han.

"Jis' es soon es ole Blackey got the use ove his

eyes, he tore off down the lane tu out-run the bees, so durn'd fas' that ole Burns was feard tu try tu git off. So he jis' socked his feet intu the rope loops, an' then cummenc'd the durndes' bull-ride ever mortal man ondertuck. Sock run atwix the hitched critters an' the rail-fence, old Burns fust fitin him over the head wif the baskit tu stop him, an' then fitin the bees wif hit. I'll jis' be durn'd ef I didn't think he hed four ur five baskits, hit wer in so menny places at onst. Well, Burns, baskit, an' bull, an' bees, skared every durn'd hoss an' muel loose frum that fence—bees ontu all ove 'em, bees, by golly, everywhar. Mos' on 'em, too, tuck a fence rail along, fas' tu the bridil reins. Now I'll jis' gin yu leave tu kiss my sister Sall till she squalls, ef ever sich a sight wer seed ur sich nises hearn, es filled up that long lane. A heavy cloud ove dus', like a harycane hed been blowin, hid all the hosses, an' away abuv hit yu cud see tails, an' ainds ove fence-rails a-flyin about; now an' then a par ove bright hine shoes wud flash in the sun like two sparks, an' away ahead wer the baskit a-sirklin roun an' about at randum. Brayin, nickerin, the bellerin ove the bull, clatterin ove runnin hoofs, an' a mons'ous rushin soun, made up the noise. Lively times in that lane jis' then, warnt thar?

“I swar ole Burns kin beat eny man on top ove the yeath a-fitin bees wif a baskit. Jis' set 'im a-straddil ove a mad bull, an' let thar be bees enuf tu exhite the ole man, an' the man what beats him kin break me. Hosses an' muels wer tuck up all over the county, an' sum wer forever los'. Yu cudent go eny course, in a cirkil ove a mile, an' not find buckils, stirrups, straps, saddil blankits, ur somethin belongin tu a saddil hoss. Now don't forgit that about that hous' thar wer a good time bein had ginerally. Fellers an' gals loped outen windows,

they rolled outen the doors in bunches, they clomb the chimleys, they darted onder the house jis' tu dart out agin, they tuck tu the thicket, they rolled in the wheat field, lay down in the krick, did everything but stan still. Sum made a strait run fur home, an' sum es strait a run *frum* home; livelyest folks I ever did see. Clapshaw crawled onder a straw pile in the barn, an sot intu prayin—you cud a-hearn him a mile—sumthin 'bout the plagues ove Yegipt, an' the pains ove the secon death. I tell yu now he lumbered.

"Sicily, she squatted in the cold spring, up tu her years, an' turn'd a milk crock over her head, while she wer a drownin a mess ove bees onder her coats. I went tu her, an' sez I, 'Yu hes got anuther new sensashun haint you?' Sez she—

"'Shet yer mouth, yu cussed fool!'

"Sez I, 'Power'ful sarchin feelin bees gins a body, don't they?'

"'Oh, lordy, lordy, Sut, these yere 'bominabil insex is jis' burnin me up!'

"'Gin 'em a mess ove sody,' sez I, 'that'll cool 'em off, an' skeer the las' durn'd one ofen the place.'

"She lifted the crock, so she cud flash her eyes at me, an' sed, 'Yu go tu hell!' *jis es plain*. I thought, takin all things together, that p'raps I mout as well put the mountain atwix me an' that plantashun; an' I did hit.

"Thar warnt an' 'oman, ur a gal at that weddin, but what thar frocks, an' stockins were too tite fur a week. Bees am wus on wimen than men, enyhow. They hev a farer chance at 'em. Nex day I passed old Hawley's, an' his gal Betts wer sittin in the porch, wif a white hankercchef tied roun her jaws; her face wer es red es a beet, an' her eye-brows hung 'way over heavy. Sez I, 'Hed a fine time at the weddin, didn't yu?' 'You mus' be a

durn'd fool,' wer every word she sed. I hadent gone a hundred yards, ontill I met Misses Brady, her hans fat, an' her ankils swelled ontill they shined. Sez she,—

“ ‘Whar you gwine, Sut?’

“ ‘Bee huntin,’ sez I.

“ ‘Yu jis’ say bees agin, yu infunel gallinipper, an’ I’ll scab yer head wif a rock.’

“Now haint hit strange how tetchus they am, on the subjick ove bees?

“Ove all the durn’d misfortinit weddins ever since ole Adam married that heifer, what wer so fon’ ove talkin tu snaix, an’ eatin appils, down ontill now, that one ove Sicily’s an’ Clapshaw’s wer the worst one fur noise, disappointment, skeer, breakin things, hurtin, trubbil, vexashun ove spirrit, an’ ginal swellen. Why, George, her an’ him cudent sleep together fur ni ontu a week, on account ove the doins ove them are hot-footed, ’vengeful, ’bominabil littil insex. They never will gee together, got tu bad a start, mine what I tell yu. Yu haint time now tu hear how ole Burns finished his bull-ride, an’ how I cum tu du that lofty, topliftical speciment ove fas’ runnin. I’ll tell yu all that, sum uther time. Ef eny ove ’em axes after me, tell ’em that I’m over in Fannin, on my way tu Dahlonga. They is huntin me tu kill me, I is fear’d.

“Hit am an orful thing, George, tu be a natral born durn’d fool. Yu’s never ’sperienched hit pussonally, hev yu? Hits made pow’fully again our famerly, and all owin tu dad. I orter bust my head open agin a bluff ove rocks, an’ jis’ wud du hit, ef I warnt a cussed coward. All my yeathly ’pendence is in these yere laigs—d’ve see ’em? Ef they don’t fail, I may turn human sum day, that is sorter human, enuf tu be a Squire or school cummisiner. Ef I wer jis’ es smart es I am mean, an’ ornary, I’d

be President ove a Wild Cat Bank in less nor a week. Is sperrits plenty over wif yu?"

* * *

BART DAVIS'S DANCE

"Du yu know that bow-laiged boy on the fence thar?" said Sut.

"No; who is he?"

"That's Bart Davis's yungest son, name Obed. Jis' obsarve how his snout's skin'd an' his year slit an' so forth."

"Yes, I see; how did it happen?"

"Happen? hit didn't happen et all, hit wer dun a-pupus, permeditated a-pupus. Ther wer a dance et his dad's, las' Sat'day nite two weeks ago, what hed like tu bred a berryin ur two; the corpses were mos' redy, an' nuffin but acksidint kep em frum bein finished. I wer thar mysef, an' kin say an' swar that the chances run mity even, a-tween mirth an' mournin. Fur a spell hit wer the exhitenest time I ever seed on sich a ocashun, not tu hev no more whisky nur we hed. Thar warn't but 'bout half a barril when we begun, an' when we quit, we burnt the hoops an' staves tu dance the las' reel by.

"Everybody knows Bart is a durn'd no-count, jug-kerryin, slow-thinkin, flea-hurtin, herrin-eatin, Noth Calinian, plays a three-string fiddil wif a grasshopper jirk, while his wife totes the wood. He hes but two gifs wuf a durn: wun is, he'll vide his whisky wif yu down to the las' half pint; thar he stops, fur that's jis' a horn yu know; and' tuther is, he ain't feard ove enything a-livin, sept ole Peg. I don't wunder et that, fur hit mus' take a man wif a on-natrally big melt, not tu be fear'd ove his wife, on-less she's blind ur hes a sweethart. Peg (she's his

ole quilt, yu know) is a regular steel-trap ove an 'oman; she goes wif wun side ove her frock tucked up at the hips, her har down her back, an' a roasted hickory onder her arm tu scold the brats wif, an' tu skeer Bart. They's bof great on dancin ove Sat'-day nites et home, an' sumwhar else on tuther nites. Ef thar's a frolic enywhar in five mile, Bart is sure tu be thar, an' Peg, too, ef she's in travilin fix, which ain't more nur five months in the year. She goes fur two reasons: wun is, tu eat an' dance, an' tuther tu watch Bart. He hes two reasons also: wun is tu suck in all the whisky floatin roun, an' tu du a heap ove things what needs watchin. They giner'lly hes a dermestic discussun arter they gets home, in which, teeth, claws, an' beggin am the argumints, an' 'I won't du so no more,' the aind ove hit. They am a lively an' even yok'd par. Nobody else on the green yeath orter be tied tu either ove em.

"Well they mounted that par ove hames yu see on the fence thar, the boy name Obed ontu a muel, an' sent him tu the still-ouse, tu narrate hit that thar wud be a dance et home the next nite, an' fur every feller that warn't married tu fetch a gal, an' them what wer married tu fetch two. Now this rangement show'd Bart's good sence, fur he know'd that hit takes more gals tu du married fellers then single wuns. Caze people what hes but one kind ove vittils et home, hit allers takes more tu du em abroad.

"When the nite cum they wer all thar, a hous' plum full, an' amung em a lot ove counter-hoppers wif strip'd sugar candy in ther pockets, an' young lawyers wif cinamint ile ontu ther har; all on em frum town, an' jis' ole enuf tu begin tu strut an' gobble. Thunder and litnin, an' sun-flower patttrin calliker, mixed wif check an' stripe, homspun swept all about thar, wif one, jis' one black silk. They

laid off two reels, wun call'd the leather shoe reel, an' tuther, the barfoot reel. I danced in the wun I nam'd las'."

"Why did they divide that way, Sut?"

"Why, durn hit, don't yu know that the dancin wud turn intu fitin afore the fust set got ofen the flure, ef they mix'd em? The shoes wud scronch the bar toes in dancin, and' rite then an' thar they'd mix fur a fite. A hard-shell preacher wif his mouf mortised intu his face in shape like a muel's shoe, heels down, fotch hissef thar soon arter dark, an' made moshuns like he ment tu stay all nite. He got intu a corner, an' commenced a-tchunin up his sighin an' groanin aperatus, a-shakin ove his head, an' lookin like he hed the belly-ake. He cudn't hev look'd more solemncoly, ef his mam hed died that mornin a-owin him two dullars an' a 'alf. All these wimin an' luvely souns an' moshuns wer made on count ove the dancin, an' p'raps the cussin an' kissin. The whiskey part ove that inturtainment he'd nuffin against. I *know'd* that, fur every time he roll'd his eyes to'ards the barril, he'd lick his lips sorter sloppy like, jis' es ef he'd been dippin his bill intu a crock ove chicken gravy, an' wer tryin tu save the stray draps, what hung outside his face. Oh! he war jis' a-honin arter that ball-face whisky; He'd a jis' kiss'd hit es sweet, an' es long, es ef hit hed been a willin gal. I sorter aided up a-side him, an' sez I—

"'Mister, will yu hev a few draps ove campfire, ur laudamy? Yu seems tu be pow'ful ailin in yer innards. Yu hesent swallered a live rat, ur a mole, hes yu?"

"He shook his head, an' fotch a sigh, what ainded in a groan. Sez I—

"'Rats ur moles am onhelthy things tu swallow afore they'se departed this life.'

"He blow'd out a orful sigh, part outen his nose, but mos' ove hit out whar the toe ove the muel-shoe wer, an' sez he—

"'This am a wicked an' a parvarse generashun ove vipurs, yung man.'

"'An' gin up tu hardness over hart, an' deviltry, an' belevin thunderin lies,' said I; an' I puff'd out a big sigh, wif a little groan fur a tail. Sez he—

"'Thar am no-o-o-o dancin in hell,' and sot intu shakin ove his head, till I thot he'd keep on fur everlastin, an' ever more. Sez I—

"'Haint yu *slitely* mistaken'd in that las' re-mark ove yourn? Ef thar's es much hot truck, an' brimstone, an' cinders, an' hickory smoke, an' big hurtin, in hell es yu folks sez thar am, thar mus' be *sum* dancin, purtickelerly jigs an' quick-steps; they don't lack fur music, I reckon, fur I'se allers hearn hell wer full ove fiddles, an' thar's Yankees enuf thar tu invent fire-proof fiddils fur em, so they don't want fur tchunes. All on yeath that bothers me is the rosim.'

"'Ah, yung onregenerit man,' sez he, 'thar's more rosim in hell than thar's in all Noth Caliny.'

"'But hit ain't quite hard enuf tu rub ontu fiddil bows, is hit?' sez I.

"He groan'd an' shook his head, an' sent wun ove his eyes to'ards the whisky corner. I went an' fotch 'im a big slug intu a gourd. That shovel-shaped onder lip ove his'n jis fell out'ards like ontu the fallin door ove a stone coal stove, an' he upsot the gourd inside ove his teef. I seed the mark ove the truck gwine down his froat jis' like a snake travelin thru a wet sassidge gut. He smelt intu the gourd a good long smell, turned up his eyes, an' sed 'Barlm ove life.'

"Thinks I, ole Sock, I know what fotch yu tu this frolic besides yu're hoss an' our whisky. Bart now

cum up, an' Hardshell tole him he'd cum tu stay all nite, ef he suited all roun.

"'Sartinly, oh yas, an' welcum,' sed Bart.

"The ole Sock, never alterin the shape ove the hole tore in his face, sed, mity sneerin like, 'Yu is hospitabil.' I seed Bart sorter start, an' look at him, an' go off a-winkin at me tu foller him. We went outside the hous', intu a chimbly corner, an' thar wer two fellers, wun ove em a she, a-whisperin. We went tu tuther corner, an' thar wer two more; then we went tu the stabil, an' hearn whisperin thar; hit mout been rats a-runnin in straw. So Bart cud hold in no longer. Sez he—

"'Never mine, I don't keer a durn who hears me. I b'leve I'se been 'sulted in my own hous'; didn't that durn'd preachin mersheen call me a hoss?"

"'That's jis' what he sed. He call'd yu a hosspitabil,' sez I.

"'Pitabil, pitabil,' sez Bart, 'dam ef I don't b'leve that's wus nur the hoss.'

"'Sartinly,' sez I, 'pitabil is a sorter Latin tail stuck tu hit so yu moutn't onderstand; hit means pitiful hoss in Inglish, an' ef I wer yu, I'd see that his stummack wer spiled fur Peg's fried chicken an' biskit. I'd go rite in an' show him how a hoss ken kick an' sich like.' He jis' gritted his teef, like he wer a-chompin aigshells, ur paragorick phials, an' put fur the hous', a-rollin up his shut-sleeves es he went, plum up tu his arm-pit.

"The durn'd, hiperkritikil, groanin old Hardshell raskil hed dun got the dancin stop't; he'd tuck the fiddil away frum the nigger, an' wer a-holdin hit by the naik in wun han, an' a-makin gesters wif the bow in tuther. He wer mounted ontu a cheer, clost by the meal barril, an' wer exortin em orfully 'bout thar sins ove omishun an' cummishun, purtickerly the cummishun wuns, wif the dancin sins at the

head, warin sunflower caliker wuns nex'; an' then cum thar smaller sins, sich as ridin a-hine fellers on the same hoss, whisperin ouden doors, an' a-winkin a-hine fans, tuckey-tails an' hankechers, an' sed that black silk wer plenty in hell, that hit wer used fur mournin thar, an' not tu dance in. The *he* sins, ove the small sort, wer cumin frum town ove nites, a-warin store clothes, smellin ove cinamint ile, an' a-totin striped sugar candy in thar pockets, tu turn the minds ove the weak gals, instead ove a flash ove that good holesum ole truck, what they'se got in towns, name 'coniack.'

"The wimmen folks wer backed up in bunches, in the corners, an' agin the beds, wif thar fingers in thar moufs, an' wun ur two ove the safest ove em wer gettin up a quiet sort ove dry cryin.

"The he fellers all looked like they'd mos' es leave fite es not, ef they knew how tu start the thing, when in bounced Bart; he looked like a catamount; wun jump an' he stood a-top ove the meal barril, squar in frunt ove Hardshell, his har a-swayin about wif pure mad, like a patch ove ripe rye in a wind, an' his eyes wer es roun an' es red as a bull's when he's a-jinin in battil wif anuther bull from Bashan. He struck wun fistes away out a-hine, an' wif tuther reachin at arm's laingth, he cummenc'd borin, like he hed a gimblit in his shot fis', rite onder the snout ove the thunderin Hardshell, like he were tryin tu bore his mouf inter a better shape, an' a-narratin thru his teef these facs, in words what sounded like grittin hard co'n.

"*'Yu durn'd infunel, incumpassabil warter-dorg! you cuss'd hiperkritikal, ongrateful old mus-rat! yu h—ll fir'd, divin, splatterin, pond-makin, iron-jacket'd ole son ove a mudturtil, yu hes 'sulted me in my own hous', an' in Latin et that, an' then yu've tuck the imperdent liberty tu skare these yere children*

outen thar innersent mucement, (still borin away frum left tu right, wif that horny fis' ove his'n, an' the Hardshell's head gwine funder back every twist.) Call'd me a hoss—Git ofen that cheer!"

"Es he sed 'git,' he loaned the passun a mos' tremenjust contushun, rite in the bull curl. I seed his shoe-soles a-gwine up each side ove Bart's fis' afore he hed time tu muve hit, arter he struck. Hit wer a lick, George, that hed hit been a kick, a four year ole muel wud hev been pow'ful proud ove. I seed ni ontu a gallon ove sparks ove fire fly outen the passun's eyes myself (he mus hev seed a bushel) when hit reached his curl. He let the fiddil go when he wer in the highes part ove his backward summer-set, an' the nigger what hed been watchin up at hit all this time, wis'ful like, es a dorg watches a meat-skin when yu holds hit too high fur him tu grab, cotch his fiddil in bof hans afore hit toch the yeath.

"'Dar by golly, you no git tu smash dis fiddil, wid yu durn fool fitin an' preachin.'

"An' holdin it wavinly abuv his head, he dodged outen the surkil ove imejut danger. The old Shell lit ontu his fours, hit bein that much more nur a full summerset, an' *the* black silk lit a-stradil ove him. I know'd hit wer the black silk, bekase I seed the white stockins an' grey garters. Hev I mention'd that thar wer one hundred an' twenty-five pouns of live, black-eyed gal in under that black silk?"

"No, Sut."

"Well, thar wer, an' that she wer bof live an' willin, old Dipper wer soon redy tu swar. 'Black silk in hell is that,' scream'd she, a-hissin like ontu a cat, an' commenced a-pullin up by the roots his long har, like hit wer flax, wif bof hans, an' a-shakin the bunches ofen her fingers, an' then gwine fur more, the hissin gittin a littil louder every pull. George,

that wer the fust spessamin ove a smokin mad gal I've seed in a hen's age; she kerried out my idear ove a fust-rate flax-puller, pullin agin two, fur a bet. I think she gin the ole Shell the idear that sum strong man body wer a-holden his head ni ontu the saws ove a activ cotton gin.

"Now the boy name Obed, with the hame laigs, hevin a sorter jestis' ove the peace turn ove mine, run in tu pull her off, an' cudn't du hit afore she made a rake fur his har, an' got hit. She jis' mixed the hanful wif the pile on the flure, an' gin hersef back tu the job ove preparin the passun fur a wig. A hawk-billed, weazel-eyed, rat-mouthed feller, what hed been a-struttin roun Black Silk all nite, a-trailin wun wing, an' a-lickin his lips, seed the fool boy name Obed, a-tryin tu git her tu lite ofen the old Sock, so he jis' growl'd low, an' barked once, an' kiver'd him, an' afore his mam Peg, an' me, an' five uther gals, cud git him loose, he hed made her cub the speckterkil yu sees roostin on that ar fence, an' he's hed ni ontu three weeks tu mend his looks in, by Jew David's plarster, sweet ile, an' the keer ove his mam.

"The fitin now got tu be ginerall on mos' parts ove the field, an' es the cuppils cum in frum outen doors, lookin sorter sneakin, an' pale, (frum the nise ove the rumpus, I speck,) wun at leas', outen every par, got jump't on by sumbody. P'raps a gal wud kiver a cumin in gal, anuther gal wud go fur the har an' skin ove a cumin in he feller; then, agin, the fis' ove a he wud meet anuther cumin in he, right atween the eyes, an' so on till the thing got tu be durn'dably mix'd up an' lively. Peg boun up the boy name Obed's wouns, bruises, an' petrifyin sores, an' then went on wif supper cookin, like all wer quiet on the Pertomack.

"Es soon es ole Shell begun tu cum to, frum Bart's

dubbil distill'd thunder-bolt, the hurtin all over his head begun tu attrack his 'tenshun, an' soaked thru his skull, an' in thar tuck the shape ove an idear; the idear shaped hitsef intu spoken wurds, an' they wer, 'Gird up yer loins an *git*.' I seed the wurkin ove his mind, so I jis' shouted es loud es I cud beller, 'The Pherlistshuns be upon yu Sampsin.' He hearn hit, an' wer struck wif the force ove the remark, an' started fur the back door, still on his all fours, in a single foot rack. Es soon es Black Silk felt him movin, she cummenced spurrin him wif her heels; while she hilt tu his har wif wun han, she tuck a pin outen her collar wif tuther, an' made a cushion fur hit in the hill, ontu the north side ove the pint ove his back-bone; he kicked up an' snorted, an' changed the single foot rack intu a tarin pace, loped outen the door intu outer darkness, an' his heel-tops wer the last I see ove him. He stumbled an' fell down the log-steps, an' flung Black Silk like ontu a full balloon over his head, (I seed a heap ove white shinin es she went.) He felt his way in the dark, thru the woods, fur more pleasant places, an' she cum in larfin, 'Black silk in hell, hey?' wer every word she sed."

"Go on, Sut."

"That's all. I ain't like ole Glabbergab; when I'se spoke off what I knows, I stops talkin."

"Well, what became of Hardshell?"

"Oh! es tu that, he made his 'pearance las' Sunday, in the pulpit, es bald es a jug, wif a black spot aidged wif green an' yaller, 'bout the size ove a prickly par, on his forehead, an' preach't 'bout the orful konsekenses ove Absalom's hevin long har, human depravity, an' the Salt Lake; sed he wer gwine thar right off, an' *he'll du hit*."

FRUSTRATING A FUNERAL

"Hit mus' be a sorter vexin kine ove thing tu be buried alive, tu the feller what am in the box, don't yu think hit am, George?"

"Yes, horrible, Sut; what set you thinking about such a subject, with as much whisky as you have access to?"

"Oh, durn hit, I thinks at randum, jis' es I talk an' dus. I can't help hit, I'se got no steerin oar tu my brains. 'Sides that I thinks they'se *loose* 'bout the middil."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I thinks peopil's brains what hev souls, am like ontu a chain made outen gristil, forkid at wun aind; wun fork goes tu the eyes, an' tuther tu the years, an' tuther aind am welded tu the marrer in the backbone, an' hit works sorter so. Thar stans a hoss. Well, the eyes ketches his shape, jis' a shape, an' gins that idear tu the fust link ove the chain. He nickers, an' the years gins that tu tuther fork ove the chain, a soun, nuffin but a soun. Well, the two ruff idears start along the chain, an' every link is smarter nur the wun ahine hit, an' dergests em sorter like a paunch dus co'n, ur mash'd feed, an' by the time they gits tu the backbone, hit am a hoss an' you *knows* hit. Now, in my case, thar's a hook in the chain, an' hits mos' ove the time onhook'd, an' then my idears stop thar half made. Rite thar's whar dad failed in his 'speriment; puttin in that durn'd fool hook's what made me a natral born fool. The breed wer bad too, on dad's side; they all run tu durn'd fool an' laigs powerful strong."

"But what about burying alive, Sut?"

"Oh, yas; I wer a-thinkin ove a case what hap-pen'd on Hiwassee, what like tu started a new breed

ove durn'd fools, an' did skare plum away a hole neighborhood ove ole breed.

"Old Hunicutt hed a niggar name Cesar, they call'd 'im Seize fur short, an' he got sock full ove Wright's kill-devil whisky, an' tuck a noshun he'd spite ole Hunicutt by dyin, an' durned ef he didn't du hit. His marster got a coffin wif a hinge in the lid acrost the breas', fur tuther niggers tu take far-well ove Seize thru, an' see the orful consekenses ove drinkin kill-devil by the gallun at the same time. He ment tu gin em a temprance lecter when they went tu start tu the bone-yard, but durn me ef he staid thar hissef till funeral time. The niggers got Seize sot in the box mity nice, an' the led on. He wer in a empty room, 'sceptin a bed in wun aind ove a dubbil log nigger cabin, an' the niggers what sot up wif the corpse did hit in the tuther room. Thar wer lots ove em an' singin an' groanin wer plenty. Way in the night a nigger name 'Major' cum tu help du the sittin up, an' he wer drunk plum thru an' thru; so they fotch 'im intu whar Seize wer, an' laid him in the bed, whar he soon fell tu snorin, an' dreamin ove snakes, sky blue lizards, an' red hot reptiles.

"Now, a yung doctor what hed help'd Seize over the fence, twixt this an' kingdom cum, wanted his cackus tu chop up, an' bile, so he gits me tu git hit fur 'im arter hit wer onder the groun, an' I findin out how the land lay by slungin roun, fixed up a short-cut tu git hit wifout diggin. I slip't intu the room twixt midnite an' day, an' foun Maje sorter grumblin in his sleep, so I shuck him awake enuf tu *smell whisky*, an' hilt a tin cupful ove heart-burn, till the las' durn'd drap run down his froat, an' he sot intu sleepin agin an' then I *swap't niggers*.

"Arter I got Maje intu the coffin, an' hed cut sum air-holes, I sot in an' painted red an' white stripes,

time about, runnin out frum his eyes like ontu the spokes ove a wheel, an' cross-bar'd his upper lip wif white, ontill hit looked like boars' tushes, an' I fastened a cuppil ove yearlin's ho'ns ontu his head, an' platted a ded black-snake roun the roots ove em, an' durn my laigs ef I didn't cum ni ontu takin a runnin skeer mysef, fur he wer a purfeck dogratype ove the devil, tuck while he wer smokin mad 'bout sum raskil what hed been sellin shanghis, an' apedlin matchless sanative all his life, then jinin meetin on his deathbed, an' 'scapin.

"I now turn my 'tenshun tu Mister Seize. I'd got 'bout a tin cup full ove litnin bugs, an' cut off the lantern ove the las' durn't one; I smear'd em all over his face, har an' years, an' ontu the prongs ove a pitch-fork; I sot him up in the corner on aind, an' gin him the fork, prong aind up in his crossed arms. I then pried open his mouf, an' let his teef shet ontu the back ove a live bull-frog, an' I smeared hits paws an' belly wif sum ove my bug-mistry, an' pinned a littil live gartersnake by hits middil crosswise in his mouf, smeared like the frog plum to the pint ove his tail. The pin kep him pow'ful bizzy makin suckils an' uther crooked shapes in the air. Now, rite thar boys, in that corner, stood the dolefulest skeer makin mersheen, mortal man ever seed outen a ghost camp. I tell yu now, I b'leves strong in ghosts, an' in forewarnins too.

"I hearn sum one a-cumin, an' I backed on my all fours onder the bed. Hit wer 'Simon,' the ole preachin an' exhordin nigger ove the neighborhood. He hilt a lite made outen a rag an' sum fat, in a ole sasser, an' he cum sighin an' groanin wif his mouf pouched out, up tu the coffin wifout seein Seize in the corner at all, an' histed the led—drap't the sasser, an' los' the lite, an' sed 'Oh! Goramity massy on dis soul; de debil hesef on top ob brudder Seize!'

As he straitened tu run he seed Seize in the corner. Jis' then I moaned out in a orful doleful vise, '*Hiper-krit, cum tu hell, I hes a claim ontu yu fur holdin the bag while Seize stole co'n.*' (I seed em a-doin that job not long afore.) He jis' rar'd backwards, an' fell outen the door wif his hans locked, an' sed he in a weak, fever-ager sort ove vise, 'Please marster,' an' jis' fainted, he soon cum to a-runnin, fur I hearn the co'n crashin thru the big field like a in-gine wer runnin express thru hit. I haint seed 'Simon,' tu this day.

"Now, ole Hunicutt hed been pow'fully agrawated 'bout the co'n stealin business gwine on; in fact he fell frum grace about hit bad. So whenever he hearn eny soun outen doors ove a spishus kine, up he'd jump wif a shot-gun, an' take a scout roun the barn an' co'n-crib.

"Well, es soon es Simon cummenced runnin wif the fee bil hope ove beatin the devil, I shoulder'd Seize, an' toted him out tu the crib, an' sot him up agin the door, as hit wer thar the doctor were tu fine him, 'cordin tu 'greemint. You see I wanted tu break him frum suckin aigs. I thot when he tuck a good 'zamine ove Seize, an' his pitch-fork, an' bull-frog, an' fire-bugs' tails, hit wud take away his appertite fur grave-yards an' bil'd bones, till he got ole enuf tu practize wifout sich dirty doins, an' mout even make him jine meetins. I cudn't tell how much good hit mout du the onb'lever. I'd scarcely got Seize balanced so he'd stan good, when I hearn ole Hunicutt cummin; I hearn his gun cock, so I jis' betuck mysef onder the co'n-crib, wif my head clost tu Seize's laigs, an' hid ahine his windin-sheet, on-benowenst tu him, an' his durn'd ole shot-gun too. The ole thief-hunter sneak'd mons'ous kerful roun the corner in his shutail—cum wifin three feet ove the dead nigger, an' then seed him.

"In the same doleful souns I used ontu Simon, I sed: 'Hunicutt, yu'se fell frum grace; I'll take yu down home *now*, leas' yu mout git good, *an' die afore yu fell agin*.' Durn my picter ef I didn't cum mons'ous ni helpin the devil tu wun orful sinner, onexpected rite thar, in yearnist.

"He drap'd in a pile like ontu a wet bed quilt; as he struck, he sed, 'I haint fell frum gr—' Rite then an' thar, I reached out an' grabbed his shut, a savin holt wif bof hans, sot my cold sandy foot agin his bare back, an' leaned intu pullin pow'ful strong. Sez I, '*Yes yu am* fell frum grace, don't yu lie tu *me*; du yu know Missis Loftin? *Cum wif me*.' When I menshun'd Missis Loftin, he fotch a marster lunge. I hearn his collar-buttons snap, an' he went outen that shut like a dorg outen a badger-barril, an' he run, yas, by the great golly! he flew. I trumpeted arter him, 'Stop; I means tu take Missis Loftin *wif you*.' He wer a-runnin squar an' low till he hearn that, an' durn dad, ef he didn't rise now six foot in the air every lunge, an' he'd make two ur three runin moshuns afore he'd lite. I sent what wer in bog barrils ove his shot-gun arter him, but the shot never cotch up. I got a shot-gun and a shut fur mysef.

"I know'd the pill-roller wudn't venter clost now arter all the fuss, an' shootin, he'd lose his miss ove bil'd bones fus'. So I shouldered Seize, an' put over the hill tu his shop, takin a circumbendibus roun, so es not tu cum up wif him on the path. He warn't in, he sure enuf hed started, but the shot-gun hed made him hide hissef fus', an' arterwards go home.

"I ainded Seize up in his bed, back agin the wall, an' facin the door. Torrectly I hearn his tin pill-boxes, his squ't an' his pullicans rattlin in his pockets; he wer a-cumin. I jis' slid onder the bed, an' stuck

my head up atween hit an' the wall, an' ahine Seize. He step'd intu the dark room, an' by the help ove the fire-bug plaster he seed a heap, in fact more nur wer cumfortabil by about sixty-two an' a 'alf cents. Thar wer a 'luminated snake a-wavin roun, thar wer the shiny frog movin his laigs an' paws like he wer a-swimmin, then he'd gester wif his arms like he wer makin a stump-speech; thar were the pitch-fork wif hits hot prongs, (the doctor hearn them seiz,) an' more nur all thar were the orful corpse, wif hits face an' har all a-fire. To much hell-sign on that bed ever fur a bone-biler's narves. He jis' stop't short, froze tu the heart. I felt his shiverin cum tu me in the floor-planks.

"I tuck the same ole vise what hed sich a muvin effect onto Simon an' Hunicutt, an' sed: 'Yu wants sum bones tu bile, dus yu? Didn't raise eny tu-night, did yu? I'se in that bisness mysef—follered hit ni ontu thuty thousand years. I'se a-bilin Ike Green's, an' Polly Weaver's, an' ole Seize's what yu pizen'd fur me, *an' they sent me arter yu*; les's go, my bilin hous' is warm—you's cold—cum, sonny.'

"When I spoke ove ole Seize, he know'd I wer that orful ole king ove sorrer, an' that he were gwine tu ride ontu the prongs ove that ar pitch-fork, dripin now wif the burnin taller ofen Seize's ribs, strait tu whar all quacks go. Sez he, 'W-w-wait, sir, till I gits my phissick-box; I'se onwell, please.' An' outen the door he bulged. I hollered arter him, 'Bring yer diplomer, I wants tu 'zamin *hit*.' 'Ph, ye sir.' I hearn this away back ove the field. In thuty-one days frum that date, he wer tendin a grist-mill in Californy. Ef he tends hit on the plan he tended folks yere, he's got *hits* bones a-bilin afore now.

"I wish, George, sum smart man-body wud bile the bones ove a grist-mill, an' find the cause, an' p'raps the cure fur 'mill-sick.'"

"What in the name of the Prophet is 'mill-sick,' Su?"

"Why, hits a ailin what mills giner'lly hes, hits mity hurtin too, fur the peopil in the hole neighborhood kin *feel* the sufferin ove the misfortinit mill."

"How does it affect the mills?"

"Why, orfully; *they don't pass all they chaws*. Yu sumtimes sees sign ove hit on the miller an' his hogs; they looks like they hes the dropsy.

"Now durn jis' sich luck; yere I wer wif Seize's corpse on han, an' hit ni ontu daylite, no box, no spade, no hole, an' wus nur all, no whisky. Durn foolls don't allers hev sich luck es this wer; ef they did, how wud peopil ever git rich, ur tu Congriss. I made the bes' I cud outen a bad fix. I jis' toted the ole skare out intu the woods, an' hid him onder a log, an' went over tu Hunicutt's agin. I wer boun to go, fur my whisky wer hid thar.

"The niggers wer all in a huddle in the kitchin, an' the white folks all a-cryin, an' a-snufflin. Missis Hunicutt wer out, a-top the bars, a-callin ove him. 'Oh, Hunicuttee,' like callin cows, an' he warn't answerin. In fac' everybody wer skar'd durn ni outen thar wits. I told em the bes' thing they cud du, wer tu git the dirt a-top ove that nigger Seize es quick es spades an' 'hoes cud du hit; that I know'd sumfin wer wrong wif Seize; must hev been a orful hiperkrit afore he died. Passun Simon hed been spirited off wif a burnin sasser ove fat in his han; Maje warn't in the bed, an wer too drunk tu git away hissef, an' es I cum yere jis' afore day, I met Mr. Hunicutt way up in the air, ridin a-straddil ove a burnin ladder wif Missis Loftin ahine him, her petticoatail a-blazin, an' she a-singin, 'Farwell vain worl, I'se gwine home.'

"Hunnicutt's ole cook rolled up her eyes an' sed, smackin her hans: 'Dar, dats hit, I'se know dis tree

munf Misses Loftin fotch de debil heah afore she dun; goramity bress de worl, she dun du hit now!

"Missis Hunicutt look't at me keenly, an' axed me ef I wer shure hit wer Misses Loftin I seed on the ladder. I told her 'Yas; I'd swar hit; I know'd her kalliker.'

"Sez she: 'Now I kin bar my brevement.' An' she sot intu comin her har.

"Well, the niggers geard a par ove hosses tu a waggin, an' put the coffin in wifout scarcely sayin a word, ur even venterin tu take a farwell look ove the corpse; they wanted hit away frum thar, sure es yu are born. Jis' s'pose they hed open'd that led an' seed Maje dressed up es he wer. Oh, lordy! enuf niggers wud hev jis' turned inside out, an' then mortified, tu manured a forty-acre saige-field.

"Suckey—that's Seize's wife—sot on the head ove the coffin, an the balance ove hit were soon kivered wif she niggers; they jis' swarmed ontu the waggin, an' all roun hit, an' started. When they got intu the aidge ove town, ni ontu Wright's doggery, maje begun tu wake frum the joltin, an' sot intu buttin the led wif his hed, his ho'ns a-rattlin agin hit. Suckey felt sumthin onder her she didn't like. Butt rattil cum up Maje's head an' ho'ns harder nur before. Her eyes swelled tu the size an' looks ove hard-biled aigs, an' she ris hersef ofen the coffin a littil wif her hans. 'Butt, whosh!' sed Maje, an' the coffin lid cum up tu Suckey's starn like the hed been a loadstone spat.

"'Pete, yu Pete, jis' wo dem hosses, rite heah, an' leff me off of dis wagun.' Maje gin anuther subigrus butt, an' sed, a-chokin like, 'Dis am the debil!' Suckey lit in the road. 'I'se gwine tu my missus, I is,' sed Suckey, an' back she put, shakin her petticoats, an' pullin em roun so she cud see the hineparts whar the led had actid loadstone. 'De

debil hesef in dat box wif Seize, shuah, fur he say so. *I* tole yu dis Seize, *I* hes more time nor *I* hes har; now yu's gone an' dun hit, yu hes,' an' she struck a cow gallop fur home.

"Butt, cum Maje's head agin, an' thar being no Suckey wif her hundred an' fifty poun ove soap grease tu hole hit down, over cum the led slap. Maje rared up an aind. 'Whosh, dis am de debil,' he sed. Thuty screams mixed in one, clatterin ove shoes, an' scrachin ove toe-nails, an' thar warn't a nigger lef in site afore a stutterin man cus whistil.

"Now Maje know'd nuffin about how he look't, but he seed the coffin, an' the waggin. Sez he: 'Well by golly! dis am a go; gwine tu burry dis chile, an' neber ax 'im. Whar de mourners? Whar de passun? an' whar de corpsis? dats what *I* wants tu know. Sumfin wrong heah,' an' he bit his arm savidge es a dorg. 'Outch! *I* isn't ded, an' *I*'se a-cummin outen heah. Dus yu hear my h'on? *I* is dat. Datdurn 'saitful preachin Simon dun dis; he want Sally; *I* kill em bof, de coffin am redy. Mus' want tu bury sumbody pow'ful bad. Whar wer de white folks.' Yere he cummenced a mons'ous scufflin tu git out. The hosses look'd roun an seed 'im; ove course they instantly sot intu run away strong—hit a postes, an' pitched the black box up in the air whar hit look'd like a big grasshopper a-jumpin. Hit lit on aind, an' busted the led off; out bounced Maje, an' 'shakin hissef he tuck a drunk staggerin look at hit, an' sez he, a-moshunin the coffin away froum him wif bog hans, 'Sea heah, yu jis go long tu de boneyard, yu black debbil, whar yu b'longs, *I*'se not gwine wid yu; *I* sends Simon tu yu dis arternoon.' An' he started fur the doggerly.

"Wright hed cum tu the door, an' wer a-lookin an' a-wonderin at the upraised coffin, when Maje faced him an' started at him in a trot; he wanted

a ho'n bad. His head, ho'ns an' snake penertrated Wright's mind wif the idear that hit were the *devil*, an' knowin that the ole soot-maker hilt several notes ove han agin him, 'bout due, he fix'd it up that he wer gwine tu levy ontu him, an' he fotch a coffin tu tote him home in. So he jis' tried tu *dodge the lor*. He jump't the counter—out at the back door, an' cummenced a-litnin line fur the mountin.

'I wer ahine the doggery in the thicket, an' I bellered out, 'Stop, Wright, I owes yu fur a heap ove sinners; yu sent me Seize, yesterday, an' I'se cum tu settil fur em.'

"He wer the fust man I ever seed run frum a feller when he wanted tu pay a debt. Durn ole Hark, ef he warn't jis openin a waggin thru the pine thicket, thuty mile tu the hour. Yu cud see the limbs an' littil rocks a-flyin abuv the trees es he went, an' he sounded like a hurrycane, an' wer a-movin as fast.

"When I spoke them words, the limbs an' littil rocks farly darkened the air, an' the soun got louder ef hit were a heap funder off. He were es yearnist a man es ever run. I think he did the mos' onresistabil runnin I ever seed. Nuffin wer in his way; he jis' mow'd hit all down es he fled frum es jest a ritribushun as ever follered eny durn'd raskil since old Shockly chased Passun Bumpas wif a shot-gun ritribushun, fur onstantifyin his wife."

"Did Shockly catch Bumpas, Sut?"

"I dunno; He mus' a-run 'im pow'ful clost, fur he fotch back his hoss, hat, an' hyme book, an' bof caps on his gun wer busted, an' nobody name Bumpas hes been seed 'bout thar since, 'sceptin sum littil flax-headed fellers scattered thru the sarkit, wif no daddys, an' not much mamyns tu speak ove. Ef I'd a-secd the devil es plain es Wright did, the day they tried tu bury Seize, an' didn't, I'd a-ax'd

him; *he* knows whether Shockly cotch Bumpas, ur not.

"Well, Maje cum blowin mad untu the doggerly, an seein nobody, he jis' grabbed a bottil, an' tuck hissef a buckload ove popskull, an' slip'd the bottil intu his pocket. Es he raised his orful head frum duin this, he seed hissef fur the fust time in a big lookin-glass. He took hit tu be a winder, an' tho't what he seed were in tuther room, a-watchin him. 'Yu—yu jis' lef me lone; I'se not yourn; *I b'longs tu meetin,*' sed Maje, as he back'd hissef to'ards the door. As he back'd, so did the taryfyin picter. Maje seed that. 'Gwine tu take a runnin butt, is yu,' sed Maje, as he fell a back summerset intu the street; as he lit, I groaned out at him: "Major, my son, I'se cum fur the toll outen od Hunicutt's co'n. 'Simon dun got dat toll,' sed Maje, sorter sham'd like.

"He riz, showin a far sampil ove skared nigger runnin. 'Ho'ns an' buttin go tugether, an' dat am de debil in dar,' sed Maje tu hissef. I holler'd 'Leave Wright's bottil; yu don't want hit, *I'll gin yu hotter truck whur hit is;* I'se farly arter yu now.' I seed the bottil fly over Maje's shoulder, an' lite in the san. I got hit, I did.

"He made down street fur the river, an' clear'd the road ove every livin thing. Wimen went head-fust intu the houses, doors slam'd, sash fell, cats' tails swell'd es they treed onder stabils, Maje jis' a-tarin along, his ho'ny head throw'd back, an' his elbows a-workin like a par ove skeer'd saw-mills runnin empty. I seed him fling sumthin over his head. I tho't hit wer anuther bottil, an' went fur hit, but hit wer nuffin but a greasy testemint.

"Ole Dozier, the sheriff, what hed hung a nigger name Pomp, 'bout ten days afore, cum outen a cross street, 'jis' ahead ove Maje, a-totin his big belly, a

hanful ove papers, an' a quill in his mouf, in a deep study. He hearn the soun ove Maje's huffs, an' look'd roun. As he did, I shouted, 'Run, sheriff, that's Pomp, an' yere's his coffin,' a-pintin tu hit.

"George, my 'sperience is that sheriffs, an' lor officers giner'ly, onderstands the bisness ove runnin better nur mos' folks, enyhow, an' durn my shut ef old Dozier didn't jis' then sustain the kar-acter ove the tribe mons'ous well.

"He hes pow'ful presence ove mind too, fur I'd scarcely sed 'coffin,' afore he wer at the top ove his speed to'ards the river. Now Maje, like most durn'd white fools, b'leved the sheriff tu be greater nur enybody, an' hed the power tu du enything. So a idear got onder his ho'ns, an' ahine his eyes, that Dozier cud help him sumhow, tu gid rid ove the chasin devil, an' he holler'd 'Marster Dozier——' Dozier drap't his quill. 'Marster Sheriff——' Sheriff lef loose a cloud ove flyin papers in the wind. 'Stop dar, I hes a word wid yu.'

"Dozier run outen his hat an' specks wif a jerk, an' I seed his dinner tub a-swingin out each side ove him, like a bag wif a skared dorg intu hit, every lope he made. I galloped caticorner'd across lots, an' got in a paw-paw thicket on the bank ove the river, afore they got roun thar; as Dozier whizz'd by, the sweat flyin ofen his head in all direcshuns, like warter ofen a runnin grindstone. I spoke tu him in a mournful way: 'Sheriff, yu're time am cum, *he's got a rope.*'

"Durn ef he didn't sheer outen the road like a skeer'd hoss, an' went ofen the bluff, frog fashun, intu the river—an' dove. The waves washed up on tuther bank, three foot high; a steamboat cudn't hev dun hit better, an' es good a growin rain fell, fur five minnits, as wer ever prayed fur, an' not a cloud tu be seed that day. Yere cum Maje, his eyes an'

thar stripes like buggy wheels, wif red lamps in the hubs. Sez I, 'Yere I is, clost tu yu're starn; I *mus'* hev my toll co'n.' Durn ole Paddilford, ef he didn't play skeered hoss better nur Dozier did, fur he lit funder in the river, an' we hed anuther refreshin shower; but I swar, I tho't hit smelt ove whisky. Bof on em wer swimin fur tuther bank, like ole otters. The sheriff's hot head wer smokin like a tub ove bil'd shuts, an' Maje's look'd like black bull yearlin's, jis' a-bilin thru the warter. Es ole Dozier trotted drippin up the bank, I yell'd: 'Rise sheriff, he's a-reachin fur yu wif his rope, *an' hits got a runnin noose.*' He look'd over his shoulder an' seed the bull yearlin's head clost in shore, an' a-cummin. He jis rained san an' gravil intu the river, frum his heels, an' went outen site in the tall weeds. As Maje went up the bank, I call'd tu him, 'Major, my son, *whar's* Wright's bottil?' I seed him feel on his coat-tail; the durned nigger hed forgot flingin hit over his head, an' he tuck the sheriff's trail, like ontu a houn. I tuck a good holesum pull outen that bottil, an' tho't what a durn'd discumfortin thing a big skeer is.

"Penty peopil am redy tu swar that they seed the devil chasin Dozier, plum tu the mountin, an' one ole 'oman, a-givin in her sperience at meetin, sed she seed him ketch him, an' eat him plum up. She tole a durn'd lie, I speck.

"I performed two christshun jutys that night. I stole the coffin, an' buried Seize out in the woods whar I'd hid him, an' his rale grave stans open yet, the bes' frog-trap yu ever seed. See the orful consekenses ove bein skeery when a nigger dies. Huncutt gon; Seize's corpse los', *doctor* gone, *passun* gone, *sheriff* gone, an' tu cap the stack ove vexashus things, the *doggery keeper* gone. Why, the county's ruined, an' hits haunted yet wif all sorts

ove orful haunts; yu ken buy land thar fur a dime a acre, on tick at that."

"What became of Mrs. Hunicutt, and Mrs. Loftin, Sut?"

"Oh, es tu em, Missis Hunicutt is playin widder, in red ribbons, an' Missis Loftin's jin'd meetin.

"I'se furgot sumthin; what am hit? Oh, I minds now; 'twer that tuther christshun juty I performed. I minister'd ontu Wright's doggery, an' run hit till the grass burn't up, when hit went dry. I wish hit mout hev a calf soon."

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE (ARTEMUS WARD)

[Charles Farrar Browne was born in Maine in 1834. On the death of his father in 1847 he was forced to support himself, and sought work in the local printing office. In rather rapid succession he was employed on newspapers and journals in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. To one of these papers, the *Carpet Bag*, he sent his first humorous contributions. Browne, always a restless man, soon tired of New England and wandered into the West, working on various Ohio newspapers at Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Sandusky, and Toledo. While on the Toledo *Commercial* he attracted the attention of the editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and was asked to conduct a comic column for that paper. Here the first Artemus Ward letters appeared in 1858. In 1860, because of some trouble with the manager of the paper, Browne resigned. Soon afterwards he joined the staff of *Vanity Fair*, a New York comic magazine. In New York he was associated with the famous Bohemian crowd that gathered at Pfaff's beer cellar. *Artemus Ward, His Book*, was published in 1862 and at once became enormously popular. Browne then took to the lecture platform, and from 1862 to 1866 toured the country from coast to coast giving his always popular comic lectures. Later these were published, and while even in printed form they are amusing, one realizes that Browne's method of delivery and his personality must have contributed no small part to their success. In 1866 Browne went to England, where his books were already favorably known. His lectures became the talk of the day. He was made an editor of *Punch*, and was much liked and admired by the English. In 1867 Browne died in England of tuberculosis.

Of all the American humorists of this period Browne was the most popular; of all the illiterate heroes Artemus Ward was the most widely read. The unlettered, genial, shrewd, moral showman of experience and wit was nearer to the average American than any of the other comic characters of the type. Ward never expressed an opinion that the large majority of Americans could not approve. Browne

either perfectly understood and played up to the great mass of American prejudices and beliefs, or was himself so perfectly the average American that he naturally possessed and expressed them himself. When he ridiculed the Free Love colony, the violent Abolitionists at Oberlin, the Woman's Rights movement, and the Mormons, he was ridiculing things that most of the people of the country intensely disliked. His method of attack too was one the people understood. He was always morally indignant; when he disapproved of a thing he assumed that God also was against it. This indignation is masked with humor, but it is always there. One feels that essentially Browne was very "one-hundred percent." Browne's humor is broad but always just misses the offensive. He does not use profanity, and there are few "questionable" jokes. Browne misspells for deliberate comic effect. Often the device is genuinely comic, but sometimes it is forced and overworked.

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SELECTIONS FROM ARTEMUS WARD

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS

To the Editor of the ——

Sir—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you lارف yersef to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler

John Bunyan Capt Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscel-lanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekaled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall have my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temperance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the newborn Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My Kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbils that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

* * *

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA

In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State oi New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

I day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn and disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" and he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well for you to say, but I tel you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hissef in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a ver-dick of Arson in the 3rd degree.

* * *

AMONG THE SPIRITS

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new-fangled ideas about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the Sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejim, whareupon she attact him with a mop handel & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble

womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit,—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooiced me to attend a Sperretooull Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with “hear cums the benited man”—“hear cums the hory-heded unbeleeever”—“hear cums the skoffer at trooth,” etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, “my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets.”

I of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellects than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was imma-teriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of super-human natur becum metty-morfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. (This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as

pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy.")

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspeer, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan,) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossman-ship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly friend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck further.

I then called fur my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noos-papers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "My frends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Con-stitooshun of the United States which sez in effect that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just as soon as a man becoms a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dick-shunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP

Thare was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squench't their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site in the Spring of the year, to see our sevr'al mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshuntly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensely arter the object of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmater to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a carm stille nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary a zeffer distrubed the sreen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldwinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luv'inly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblingly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effect it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed,

"You're a sheep!

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my bussum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowed her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunkin cheeck"—

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practiul purusses, and we proceeded immejitely to the parson's, & was made I that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

*** * * * *

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this footstool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgirs, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

* * *

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKSPEARE

Onto the Wing—1859.

Mr. Editor.

I take my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blessins. I wood also state that I'm now on the summir kampane. As the Poit sez—

ime erflote, ime erflote
On the Swift rollin tied
An the Rovir is free.

Bizness is scacely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my foode and raiment puncktooally and without no grumblin. The barked arrers of slandur has bin leveled at the undersined moren onct sins heze bin into the show bizness, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious of wax works, snakes, a paner-amy kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, Komic songs and the Cangeroo, which

larst little cuss continners to konduct hissself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware so much at that air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patternized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer, who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot and makin a ass of hissself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round ain't she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hily morral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly an sez, "gin me the daggers—Ile let his bowels out." or wurds to that effeck—I say, this is awl, strickly, propper I spoze? That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richurd the Three, peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monkster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in kold blud, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so ke kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shoold like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shamefui he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, rnaking him for

to beleeve his wife was too thick with Casheo. Observe how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whiskey in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the drammer in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a interlectooal pint of view.

Very Respectively yures,

A. WARD, T. K.

* * *

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS *

Some years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on ginerall principles. If I can improve these ere misgided peple by showin them my onparraleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methink, I shell not hav lived in vane. But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregare around the door. A ornerer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts

* Some queer people calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

for the purpose (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Oh, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out cryin & sed:

"And so I have found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you hav found me at larst, and you would hav found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her embreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollered:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeaverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame" "beast," etsettery, etseterry.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and beleeve in good, oldfashioned institutions. I am married & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous ideas! You wimmin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts

on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

* * *

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

I pitcht my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Reformin & Wimin's Rite's Associashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—whitch beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& who will resist henso4th & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the exsentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your

intensions is honorable! I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrrinny & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"Oh whot—what!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air. "O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price of my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Soisety go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know It," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, & bust into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, taken me afeckshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in,—shee's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Where upon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. Its onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my un-paraleld show on this occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, "you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically spoken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with

your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lions, seekin whom you may devour somebody—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES

To my friends of the Editorial Corpse:

I RITE these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonary pint of vew, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint George and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you please. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived,

then it's sartinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. I kall it Sir Edmun Hed. You may kall it what you please!" (I had 'em thare.)

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my callerble life. I cawt a glimpse of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowd myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red-faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who are you?"

He sed he was the Kurnel of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Majesty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the present of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

"But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecedented. It's orful sir. Nothin' like it hain happened sins the Gun Powder Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state thay look like me. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen

nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actoally foamed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a barronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hissself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respects to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is rather smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his lager beer reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the

seller in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be gaped at by everybody. When the people cheer me I feel pleased, fur I know they meen it; but if these one-horse offishuls cood know how I see threw all their moves & understand exaxly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, thayd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as thay now do. But you know, Mr. Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the docters will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a ginerall thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleeved Noah's collecksun of livin wild beests beet annything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a per-petooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & old Albert, I put on my had and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward," I sololerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef you could see your husband now, just as he proudly emerjis from the presunts of the futur King of Ingland, you'd be sorry you called him a beest jest becaws he cum home tired I nite and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for trying to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & riding up to me he said, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a suddent thawt struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen, take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home & mind yure hisness & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observa-shuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

* * *

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I hav no politics. Not a one. I'm not in the bisness. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly

in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellin of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effect. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & erth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bizniss. I'm in a far more respectful bizniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't give two cents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most arfullest tones & they knowed I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, having no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfect swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been captin of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" (N. B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.) Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure," sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so, if not, say so & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sed one of the orfice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thar'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!"

Whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clamberuss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whiskey into him, mistook me for Old Abe and addrest me as "The Prahayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I you want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold-heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, ain't there, Square?" sez I, when another crowd of offiss seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barns, woodshed was now all full, and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid into the parlor where Old Abe was endevertin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fireplace he jumt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yerth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Winconsin, in endevertin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President elect, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashing down the chimney, his head strikin me viliently again the inards and prostratin my coluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shouted the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You Egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this

bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futur. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers you want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carried round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where epydemics rage incesantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you give Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sas-sengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—cecum 'origenal and only' Campbell Minstrels—if to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—write for the Ledger—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with tuchin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your out-rajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises,

I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake." You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run of as tho Satun hissself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five min-its the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poorin' ile upon the troubled watters, North and South. By pursootin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen, is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit fill it wup with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged pictures, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments, when far away from one another—he at

the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

* * *

THE GREENLION AND OLIVER CROMWELL

Mr. Punch: My dear Sir,—It is now two weeks since a rayther strange lookin man engaged 'partments at the Greenlion. He stated he was from the celebrated United States, but beyond this he said nothin. He seem'd to prefer sollytood. He remained mostly in his room, and whenever he did show hissself he walkt in a moody and morose manner in the garding, with his hed down and his arms foldid across his brest. He reminded me sumwhat of the celebrated but onhappy Mr. Haller, in the cheerful play of The Stranger. This man puzzled me. I'd been puzzled afore several times, but never so severally as now. Mine Ost of the Greenlion said I must interrigate this strange bein, who claimed to be my countryman. "He hasn't called for a drop of beer since he's been in this ere Ouse," said the landlord. "I look to you," he added, "to clear up this dark, this orful mistry!"

I wringed the lan'lord's honest hand, and told him to consider the mistry cleared up.

I gained axes to the misterus bein's room, and by talkin sweet to him for a few minits, I found out who he was. Then returnin to the lan'lord, who was nervisly pacing up and down the bar, I said,

"Sweet Rolando, don't tremble no more! I've torn the marsk from the hawty stranger's face, and dived into the recesses of his inmost sole! He's a Trans-Mejim."

I'd been to the Beefanham theatre the previs evenin. and probly the drammer I saw affected me, be-

cause I'm not in the habit of goin on as per above. I like the Beefanham theatre very much indeed, because there a enthoosiastic lover of the theatre like myself can unite the legitermit drammer with fish. Thus, while your enraptured sould drinks in the lorfty and noble sentences of the gifted artists, you can eat a biled mack'ril jest as comfor'bly as in your own house. I felt constrained, however, to tell a fond mother who sot immegitly behind me, and who was accompanied by a gin bottle and a young infant—I felt constrained to tell that mother, when her infant playfully mingled a rayther oily mack'ril with the little hair which is left on my vener'ble hed, that I had a bottle of scented hair oil at home, which on the whole I tho't I preferred to that which her orfspring was greasin me with. This riled the excellent feamale and she said, "Git out! You never was a infank yourself, I spose! Oh no! You was too good to be a infank, you was! You slid into the world all ready grow'd, didn't you? Git out!" "No, Madam," I replied, "I too was once a infant! I was a luvly child. People used to come in large and enthoosiastic crowds from all parts of the country to see me, I was such a sweet and intel'gent infant. The excitement was so intense, in fack, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accommodate the people who thronged to my cradle." Havin finished these troothful statemints, I smilt sweetly on the worthy female. She said, "Drat you, what do you come a-chaffin me for?" and the estymible woman was really gettin furis, when I mollyfied her by praisin her child, and by axin pardin for all I'd said. "This little gal," I observed, "this surprisingly lively gal when—" the mother said, "It's t'other sect is he, Sir: it's a boy." "Wall," I said, "then this little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soaring proudly in the azure sky, will some day be a man,

if he dont choke hisself to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other dreffful calamity. How surblime the tho't, my dear Madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizen, whose vote will be worth from ten to fifteen pounds, accordin as suffrage may range at that joyous perid!"

Let us return, jentle reader, to the lan'lord of the Greenlion, who we left in the bar in a state of anxiety and perspire. Rubbin his hot face with a red hankercher, he said, "Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Major?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Capting?"

"He is not."

"A Leftenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Greenlion, "you are deceeved! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.

"I will tell you, Sir," said the lan'lord. "My son-in-law is employed in a bankin house where ev'ry American as comes to these shores goes to git his drafts casht, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores durin the last 18 months as wan't a Gen'ral, a Colonial, a Major, a Capting, or a leftenant! This man, as I said afore, has deceeved you! He's a imposture!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. At length I murmured, "Alars! I fear it is too troo! Even I was a Capting of the Home Gards."

"To be sure," said the lan'lord; "you all do it over there."

"Wall," I said, "whatever nation this person belongs to, we may as well go and hear him lectur this evenin. He is one of these spirit fellers—he is a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings himself into a trans-state he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev'ril em'nent persons will speak through him—among others, Cromwell."

"And this Mr. Cromwell—is he dead?" said the lan'lord.

I told him that Oliver was no more.

"It's a umbug," said the lan'lord; to which I replied that we'd best go and see, and we went. We was late, on account of the lan'lord's extensiv acquaintans with the public house keepers along the road, and the hall was some two miles distant, but we got there at last. The hall was about half full, and the Mejim was just then assumin' to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable.

He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin a spiritooal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly.

The audiens was mostly composed of rayther pale peple, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner. But they was well-behaved, and the females kept saying, "How beautiful! What a surblime thing it is," et cetry, et cetry. Among the females was one who was a fair and rosy young woman. She sot on the same seat we did, and the

lan'lord of the Greenlion, whose frekent intervoos with other lan'lords that evenin had been too much for him, fastened his left eye upon her, said, "You may give me, my dear, four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I take it cold, because——"

There was cries of "Silence! Shame! Put him out! the Skoffer!"

"Ain't we at the Spotted Boar?" the lan'lord hoarsely whispered.

"No," I answered. "It's another kind of bore. Lis'en. Cromwell is goin' to speak through our inspired fren', now."

"Is he?" said the lan'lord—"is he? Wall, I've suthin to say, also. Was this Cromwell a licensed wittler?"

"Not that I ever heard," I anserd.

"I'm sorry for that," said the lan'lord with a sigh; "but you think he was a man who would wish to see licensed vittlers respected in their rights?"

"No doubt."

"Wall," said the lan'lord, "jest you keep a eye on me." Then risin to his feet he said, in somewhat husky yet tol'bly distink voice, "Mr. Crumbwell!"

"Cromwell!" I cried.

"Yes, Mr. Cromwell: that's the man I mean, Mr. Cromble! won't you please advise that gentl'man who you're talkin through; won't you advise 'im during your elekant speech to settle his bill at my 'ouse to-night, Mr. Crumbles," said the lan'lord, glarin' savigely round on the peple, "because if he don't, there'll be a punched 'ed to be seen at the Greenlion, where I don't want no more of this everlasting nonsens. I'll talk through 'im! Here's a sperrit," said the lan'lord, a smile once more beamin on his face, "which will talk through him like a Dutch father! I'm the sperrit for you, young fel-

ler!" "You're a helthy old sperret," I remarkt; and then I was the necessity of getting him out of the hall. The wimin was yellin and screamin, and the men was hollerin' perlice. A perliceman really came and collerd my fat fren. "It's only a fit, Sir Richard," I said. I always call the perlice Sir Richard. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a deloosion; and they always treat me perlately. This one did, certainly, for he let us go. We saw no more of the Trans-Mejim.

It's diffikilt, of course, to say how long these noosances will be allowed to prowel round. I should say, however, if pressed for a answer that they will prob'ly continner on jest about as long as they can find peple to lis'en to 'em. Am I right?

Yours, faithfull,

ARTEMUS WARD.

* * *

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Mr. Punch, My dear Sir,—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I ansered; "we boste of our enterprise and improovements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many people have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institootion were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurd durin the rain of Henry the Three. Let us be cheerful," I continnerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admist about twenty trater's abreast, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of people. If they wasn't they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower, on horse-back, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G was a conspiratoer of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G succeeded, and became great. He was slewd by Col. Richmond, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily

for a sizpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in the room who is mounted onto a foamin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cutlery I notist the bow and arrer used at this day by certin tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catlin have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomashawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he

bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where Troo to the Core is being acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooed on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is Troo to the Core, notwithstandin the eccentric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Trueold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrouments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, etc., statin that these was conkerd from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited from a bright eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it was rich to talk about the croolity of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so blessed with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassage into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke hisselt to death. He said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassage in public without

some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I concludod I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings. "I'll give you six d.s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time thot I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been reading all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-bye.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE (PETROLEUM VOLCANO NASBY)

[David Ross Locke was born in up-state New York in 1833. His parents were interested in abolition, and his own violent hatred of slavery and the Confederacy probably reflects his youthful training. After a little local schooling, Locke became a "newspaper man," wandering through the West as a tramp printer and reporter. From 1852 to 1860 he was connected with several papers of northern Ohio. Among these was the *Jeffersonian* of Findlay, in which the first of the Nasby letters appeared. When in 1861 Locke became the editor and publisher of the *Toledo Blade*, the letters were continued in this paper and came out at fairly regular intervals throughout the period of the war and reconstruction. After 1871 Locke devoted part of his time to the *Toledo Blade* and part to journalistic interests in New York. He is said to have been very successful as a newspaper publisher.]

Undoubtedly Petroleum Volcano Nasby owes his origin to the inspiration of Artemus Ward. His character, however, is entirely different. He is the most complete fool and rascal to be found in the writings of our type. For the purpose of attacking the Copperheads and the South, Locke created a low, foolish preacher whose sympathy for the Confederate cause was used to satirize that cause violently and indecently. No other writer of the time offered so great an insult to the South. Locke's methods of attack are as rough as Nasby's himself. There is never any refinement of method; he constantly hits below the belt. But however crude the satire, it was effective. It found a warm response in the extreme passions of the time, and was undoubtedly of great service to the Union cause. Lincoln sent a most complimentary letter to Locke, and Charles Sumner wrote an enthusiastic introduction to one edition of the Nasby letters. Nasby belongs to the adventure type of rascal. He begins his career at Wingert Corners, Ohio, where he is leader of the Copperheads. When drafted for military service, he escapes into Canada and later to the South. Forced into the Confederate Army, he soon deserts,

and returns to the North to found various churches. In 1865 he retires to "Confedrit X Roads," Kentucky, where he is made postmaster by President Johnson (some of Locke's most violent attacks are on Johnson), only to be put out by Grant. He then opens a grocery-grog shop in New York, fails in that for obvious reasons, and finally retires to Kentucky to die.

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The selections used in this text are taken from *The Struggles . . . of Petroleum V. Nasby*, Boston, 1872.]

SELECTIONS FROM PETROLEUM V. NASBY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Confedrit X Roads

(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky,)

Jan. 29, 1872.

To the Publisher:

Enclosed find photograff uv myself, ez you desired. To make a strikin picter, I flung myself into the attitood, and assoomed the expreshun wich mite hev bin observed onto my classikle countenance when in the act uv deliverin my just celebrated sermon, "The wages uv Sin is Death." The \$2.00 wich yoo

remitted to kiver the cost uv the picter wuz, I regret to say, insuffishent. The picter cost 75 cents, and it took \$1.50 worth uv Bascom's newest whisky to stiddy my nerves to the pint uv undergoin the agony uv sittin three minits in front uv the photograffer. I need not say that he is a incendiary from Massochoosets. Ez the deceased Elder Gavitt's son, Issaker, hez expressed a burnin desire to possess his apparatus, it is probable that public safety will very shortly require his expulsion. But I hed my revenge—in his pocket is none uv my postal currency. Sekoorin the picter, I told him I wood take it home, and ef my intimit friends, those who knowd me, shood decide it wuz a portrait, I wood call and pay for it afore he left the Corners. Will I do it? Will this picter-takin Ablishnist ever more behold me? Ekko ansers.

Yoo may remit the odd twenty-five cents, either by draft on Noo York, or money order, at my resk.

I wuz born in the year 1806, at—I will not say where. I hev reasons for conceelin my birthplace. I don't want to set any town in that State up in biznis. That town hez gone loonatic, and gives Ablishn majorities friteful to contemplate, and I don't want to double the price uv its property—to be the means uv erectin a dozen, or sich a matter, uv fust class hotels to accommodate the crowds ez wood make pilgrimages thither to visit my birthplace. The present owner uv the house into which I first opened my eyes onto a world uv sin, is a Ablishnist of the darkest dye, and I hev no desire to enrich him. Never, by word uv mine, shel he cut that house up into walkin sticks and buzzum pins.

My boyhood wuz spent in the pursoot uv knolege and muskrats, mostly the latter. I wuz a promisin child. My parence wuz Democrats uv the

strictest kind, my mother in partikeler. She hatid eny one that wuzn't Dimocratic with a hatred that I never saw ekalled. When I say that she woodent borry tea and sugar and sich uv Whig nabers, the length, and breadth, and depth of her Dimocrisy will be understood.

From sheer cussidnis I shood hev probably hev bin a Whig, hed not a insident occurred in my boyhood days, wich satisfied me that the Dimocrisy wuz my approprit and nateral abidinplace. It wuz in this wise:

In a playful mood, wun nite, I bustid open a groserly, and appropriatid, ez a jest, what loose change ther wuz in the drawer (alars! in these degenerit days uv paper currency, the enterprisin thief hez to steel 10 per cent. discount), and sich other notions ez struck my boyish fancy. I indoost a nigger boy, sumwhat younger than myself, to aid me, and when we hed bagged the game, I, feelin in my pride ez wun hevin the proud Anglo-Sacksun blood a coursins toomulchusly thro his vanes what Cheef-Justis Taney hez sence made law, to-wit: that the nigger hez no rites which the white man is bound to respeck, whaled him till he resined the entire proceeds uv the spekulashen to me. The degraded wretch, devoid uv every prinsiple uv honor, blowed on me, and we wuz both arrested.

The Justis uv the Pease wuz a Whig! and after a hurried eggsaminashen, he sentenst ME! wun uv his own race! uv his own blood! uv his own parentige! to impriznment for THIRTY DAYS! on bred and water, and the nigger to only ten, on the ground that I wuz the cheef offender!

My mother beggd and prayd, with teers a stremin down her venrable cheeks faster than she cood wipe em up with her gingum apern, that the arrangement

mite be reverst—the nigger the 30 and I the 10—but no! Cold ez a stun, inflexible ez iron, bludlis ez a turnip, I wuz inkarseratid, and stayed my time.

Suddenly I emerged from them walls, on the evenin uv the 30th day, a changed indivijooel. Liftin my hands to heven, I vowd three voews to-wit:

1. That I wood devote my life to the work uv redoosin the Afrikin to his normal speer.

2. That I wood adopt a perfeshn into wich I cood steel without bein hauled up fer it.

3. That the water I hed consoomed while in doorance vile, wuz the last that wood ever find its way, undilootid, into my stumick.

Hentz, I jined the Dimocrisy, and whoever egg-samines my record, will find that I hev kep my oaths!

Uv my childhood, I know but little. My father wuz a leadin man in the humble speer in which he moved, holdin, at different times, the various offices in the town up to constable, the successive steps bein road supervisor and pound master. He wuz elected constable, and mite probably hev gone higher, but for an accident that occurred to him the first month. He collected a judgment for \$18, and the money wuz paid to him. The good man wuz a talented collector, but wuz singlarly careless in paying over what he collected. Ez showin the pekoolier bent uv genuis uv the old man, I repeet a conversashen I wunst heerd. A man who hed an account to collect, wuz consultin one who knowd my father well, ez to the safety uv puttin a claim into his hands.

“Is he a good collector?” askt the man.

“Splendid!” sed the naber.

“Is he a man uv responsibility?” askt the man.

“Sir!” sed the naber, “he hez the ability, but yoo’ll find, when yoo try to git yoor money out uv his hands, that he lacks the response.”

Cood ther hev bin a more tetchin triboot?

He wuz like all men uv genius, unbalanced. His ability was all on one side. The grovelin plaintiff, who didn't admire sich erratic flites, raised a ruck-shen about the paltry sum, and my father

"Folded his tent like the Arabs,
And ez silently stole away."

From that time out, the old gentleman migrated—in fact, he lived mostly on the road. He adopted movin ez a perfeshun, and a very profitable one he made uv it. When his hoss died, the nabors, rather than not hev him move, wood chip in and raise him another. Appreshiatin the compliment they pade him, he alluz went. I menshun these pekooliarities uv my ancestor becoz

"The lives uv all grate men remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departin, leave behind us—"

ef our talent runs in that direckshun, ez many debts ez he did, though it does require talents.

This hed its inflooece upon my youthful mind. I saw not only a great deal uv the country, but much uv mankind, and I acquired that adaptability to circumstances wich hez ever distinguished me. Even to this day, ef I can't git gin I take whiskey without a murmur and without repinin.

My politicks hez ever bin Dimocratic, and I may say, without egotism, I hev been a yooseful member uv that party. I voted for Jackson seven times, and for every succeedin Dimocratic candidate ez many times ez possible.

My Dimocrisy wuzn't partikerly confirmed until I arrived at the age uv twenty-four. My father wuz intimately acquainted with me, and knowd all my

carakteristics ez well ez tho he hed bin the friend uv my buzzum. One day, ez I wuz a layin on my back under a tree, contemplatin the beauties uv nacher, my parent, sez he,—

“Pete” (which is short for my name), “ef yoo ever marry, marry a milliner!”

“Why, father uv mine?” replied I, openin my eyes.

“Becoz, my son,” sed he, “she’ll hev a trade wich’ll support yoo, otherwise you’ll die uv starvashen when I’m gone.”

I thot the idea wuz a good one. Thro woman a cuss come into the world, wich cuss labor; and I wuz determined that ez woman hed bin the coz uv requirin somebody to sweat for the bread I eat, woman should do that sweating for me. That nite I perposed to a milliner in the village, and she rejectid my soot. I offered myself, in rapid succeshun, to a widder, who wuz a washerwoman, and to a woman who hed boys old enuff to work, with the same result, when, feelin that suthin wuz nessary to be done to sekoor a pervision for life, I married a nigger washerwoman wich didn’t feel above me. Wood you blieve it? Within an hour after the ceremony wuz pronounst, she sold her persnel property, consistin uv a wash-tub and board, and a assortment uv soap, and investin the proceeds in a red calico dress and a pair of earrings, insisted on my going to work to support her! and the township authorities not only maintained her in her loonacy, but refused to extend releef to me, on the ground that I wuz able-bodied.

Ez I left that nigger, I agin vowed to devote my life to the work of gettin uv em down where they wood hev to support us, and that vow I hev relijusly fulfilled. I hev never felt good, ceptin when they wuz put down a peg; I hev never wept, save when they wuz bein elevated.

The offices I hev held hev not been many. I hed signers to a petishun for a post-office in Jackson's time, but I killed my chances by presenting it in person. The old hero looked at me, and remarked that it wuzn't worth while throwin away post-offices on sich—that when he wanted em, he cood buy em at a dollar a dozen. Bookanan wuz agoin to appoint me, but somehow my antecedents got to his ears, and he wuz afeerd uv his respecktability; and I never succeeded till Androo Johnson returned to his first love and embraced us.

I hed bin drafted into the Federal army at the beginnin uv the war, and hed deserted to the Confederacy. Procoorin a certifikit to that effect, I applied for a pardon and a place. He didn't like to give me the offis, but he wanted a party, and, ez his appintments everywhere show, he coodn't be very pertikeler. I succeeded! I bore with me to Kentucky a commishun ez Post Master, and I wuz livin in the full enjoyment uv that possishun, till ousted, and I may say, I wuz happy.

The society wuz conjenial. Ther is four groceries, onto wich I could gaze from the winder uv my offis, and jest beyond, enlivenin what wood otherwise be a dull landscape, is a distillery, from wich the smoke uv the torment ascendeth forever. I hed associates who revered me, and friends who loved me. There wuz nuthin monotonous there. I hev knowed ez many ez eight fites per day, though three or four is considered enuff to break the tedium. And in those deliteful pursoots, havin left behind me the ambishens uv wat mite be called public life, with my daily bread sekoored, with my other sustenance ashooored, with a frend alluz to share my bottle. or, to speek with a greater degree uv akkooracy, frends

alluz willin to share ther bottles with me, I wuz glidin peacefly down the stream uv time, dodgin the troubles, and takin ez much uv the good uv life ez I could.

The twenty-fice cents menshuned in the beginnin uv my letter, you may, ez I remarked, remit either in postal order or currency.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.

(Which wuz Postmaster).

P. S.—Don't remit the twenty-five cents menshund in postage stamps. I hev enuff to last me, ez they ain't in demand here. Send it in currency.

P. V. N.

* * *

SHOWS WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE DRAFTED

August the 6th, 1862.

I see in the papers last nite that the Government hez institooted a draft, and that in a few weeks sum hundreds uv thousands uv peeceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not wat uthers may do, but ez for me, I cant go. Upon a rigid eggaminashen uv my fizzlekle man, I find it wood be wuz nor madnis for me to undertake a campane, to-wit:—

1. I'm bald-headid, and hev bin obliged to wear a wig these 22 years.

2. I hev dandruff in wat scanty hair still hangs around my venerable temples.

3. I hev a kronic katarr.

4. I hev lost, sence Stanton's order to draft, the use uv wun eye entirely, and hev kronic inflamma-shen in the other.

5. My teeth is all unsound, my palit aint egg-

sactly rite, and I hev hed bronkeetis 31 yeres last Joon. At present I hev a koff, the paroxisms uv wich is friteful to behold.

6. I'm holler-chestid, am short-winded, and hev alluz hed pains in my back and side.

7. I am afflicted with kronic diarrear and kostivniss. The money I hev paid (or promist to pay), for Jayneses karminnytiv balsam and pills wood astonish almost enny body.

8. I am rupchered in nine places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses.

9. I hev verrykose vanes, hev a white-swellin on wun leg and a fever sore on the uther; also wun leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobody never noticed it.

10. I hev korns and bunyons on both feet, wich wood prevent me from marchin. I dont suppose that my political opnions, wich are aginst the prossekooshn uv this unconstooshnel war, wood hev any wate, with a draftin orfiser; but the above reesons why I cant go, will, I make no doubt, be suffishent.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

* * *

DESERTS—HIS EXPERIENCE IN CLOTHES

Camp uv the Looisiana Pelicans,
November the 1st, 1862.

I hev deserted, and am now a soljer uv the Confederacy. Jest es soon ez our regiment struck Suthrin sile, I made up my mind that my bondage wuz drawin to a close—that I wood seeze the fust opper-toonity uv escapin to my nateral frends,—the soljers uv the sunny South. Nite before last I run the

guard, wuz shot at twice (reseevin two buck-shot jest below the hind buttons uv my coat), but by eggstrordinary luck I excaped. Had infantry bin sent after me I shood hev bin taken, for I am not a fast runner; but the commandant uv the post wuz new at the biznis, and innocently sent cavalry. Between the hossis they rode, and the stoppin to pick up them ez coodent stick onto ther flyin steeds, I hed no difficulty in outrunnin em.

At last I encountered the pickits uv the Looisiana Pelicans, and givin myself up ez a deserter from the hordes uv the tyrant Linkin, wuz to-wunst taken afore the kernel. I must say, in this connექshun, that I wuz surprised at the style uv uniform worn by the Pelicans. It consist uv a hole in the seet uv the pants, with the tale uv the shirt a wavin gracefully therfrom. The follerin colloquy ensood:—

“To what regiment did yoo belong?”

“776th Ohio.”

“Volunteer or draftid?”

“Draftid.”

“Yoor name?”

“Nasby, Petroleum V.”

I notist all this time the kernel wuz eyein my clothes wistfully. I had jest drawd em, and they wuz bran-new. Sez the kernel:—

“Mr. Nasby, I reseeve you gladly ez a recroot in the Grand Army of Freedom. Ez yoo divest yoorself uv the clothes uv the tyrant, divest yerself uv whatever lingrin affecshuns yoo may hev fer the land uv yer nativity, and ez yoo array yerself in the garb uv a Suthrin soljer, try to fill yer sole with that Suthrin feelin that animates us all. Jones,” sed he, addressin his orderly, “is Thompson dead yit?”

“Not quite,” sez the orderly.

“Never mind,” sez the kernel, “he cant git well uv

that fever; strip off his uniform and give it to Nasby, and berry him."

I judgd, from the style uv the uniforms I saw on the men around me, that I wood rather keep my own, but I sed nothin. When the orderly returned with the deceest Thompson's uniform, I groaned innardly. There wuz a pair uv pants with the seat entirely torn away, and wun leg gone below the knee, a shoe with the sole off, and the straw he had wrapped around the other foot, and a gray woolen shirt. Sez the kernel:

"Don't be afeered uv me, Nasby. Put on yer uniform rite here."

Reluctantly, I pulled off my new dubbly-soled boots, and I wuz petrified to see the kernel kick off the slippers he wore, and pull em on. I pulled off my pants—he put em on, and so on with every article uv dress I possest, even to my warm overcoat and blankit. Sez the kernel:

"These articles, Nasby, belongs to the Guvment, to which I shel akount for them. Report yoorself to-wunst to Captain Smith."

Ez I passed out, the lootenant-kernel, majer, and adjutent pulled me to wun side, and askt me "ef I coodent git three more to desert." Wun glance at their habillyments showd why they wuz so anxious fer deserters.

I candidly confess that Linkin takes better care uv regular soljers than Davis does. The clothin I hev described. Instid uv regular rashens, we are allowed to eat jest whatever we can steal uv the planters, and, ez mite be expectid, we hev becum wonderfully expert at pervidin; but, ez the Pelicans hev bin campd here three months, the livin is gittin thin. Yet a man kin endoor almost any thing for principle.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

ORDAINS A MISSIONARY

Church uv the Noo Dispensashun,
March the 17th, 1864.

Last Sunday we hed an improvin season. Robert Tooms Punt, who hez bin a studyin for the ministry with me for the past four weeks, wuz licenst and ordained. He is a youth uv much promise. He votid twict for Bookannon, and only 18 yeres old, swarin his votes in with a coolnis and ease that eggscitid the admirashen uv the patriarks at the biznis. I kin safely say that he hez whaled more Ablishnists, bustid more Methodist Brethrin, and other hetrodox Churches, than any Dimekrat uv his age in the Stait. He hez a brilliant future.

After the usual questions wuz put to him, and satisfactorily ansered, the congregashen wuz dismiss, and, in the presence uv the elders and deacons alone, I delivered the follerin charge.

Brother: Hevin bin reglerly ordained, it only remains for me to give yoo a word uv council. Yoo are a goin into the apossel biznis at a rather unfavorable time. Man, wich is born uv woman, hez trouble for his inheritance. I've hed so much uv it that, ef I hed it to do over again, I woodent be born at all.

The politikle heavins is oreicast with portenshus clouds. The litenin uv wrath is leapin from wun to another, whilst the thunder, wich wuz wunst at a distance, now roars angrily in our ears. The ole ship Dimokrasny is tossin madly onto the wild waves, with nary a sale set, her seams open, the water (a furrin element to her insides) a rushin in. The stiddiest

part uv her crew hev seezed the boats and abandoned her, and rest uv em are a fitin for the helm.

In the mean time the old ship is dashin past the haven uv Success, and is headin strate for the rocks uv Destrucshen. To yoo is intrusted a part uv the work uv savin her. Let me entreat yoo—

1. Avod the soljers. With them yoo hev nothin in common. They will despitefully use yoo. Wunst a party uv em made me drink a pint uv water and take the oath of allegianse, wich outrages wuz folloed by conjestion uv the bowils and inflamashen uv the brain.

2. Alluz preech agin the nigger. It's soothin to a ginooine, constooshnel, suthern-rites Dimekrat to be constantly told that ther is a race uv men meaner than he is. Besides, it's safe—the nigger hez no vote. Ef he hed, we might vary.

3. Alluz hev a marter. The stait-rites Dimokrasy alluz sympathize with a man that's in basteels for sympathisin with the South, for nun uv em know how soon their turn may come.

4. Preech agin amalgamashen at least four Sundays per month. A man uv straw that yoo set up yerself is the easiest knockt down, pertikelerly if yoo set him up with a view uv knockin uv him down.

5. Alluz diloot yoor whisky for new converts. It takes much to convert a Ablishmist, and ef yoo use the pure artikle, it wood kill a ordinary constooshn afore he'd hev time to vote, wich wood be aggervatin.

6. Sarch the skripters faithfully for sich passages ez "Cussid be Kanan," "Servance, obey yoor masters," and sich.

7. Learn to read, or at least git the shape uv the letters so fixt in yoor mind that when yoo quote from

a book or noosepaper, you will hold it rite side up. Eddicashen hez bin a grate help to me.

8. Learn to spell and pronouce Missenegenegenashun. It's a good word.

The great leadin ijees uv our sect, wich it is yoor dooty to inculcate, is these: The nigger's a ape, Linkin a goriller, Jeff Davis a chrischen gentleman, the rebellion a struggle for rites, the soljer a bluddy tool, Benbutler a beast, et settrey. Yoo are never to bleeve in Fedral victorys, but must alluz credit Confedrit successes. I woodent advise yoo to let yoor faith in the Confedrisy go so fur as to take their skrip on yer salary, neither wood I burn greenbax. I hev dun. Go, my brother. Let yer polar star be Dimokrasy, yer rallyin cry, "The Yoonyun ez it wuz—the Constooshn ez it is," wich is latitoodinus; fite the good fite, and the day will cum wen yoo kin lay orf yer armor, and with "P. M." after yoor name, enjoy the repose that alluz follows well-directid and viggerus effort.

Brother Punt startid to-day for Suthern Illinoy, wher he hez a congregashen.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

* * *

HAS A CLASS-MEETING, AND DEPRECATES NEGRO-KILLING

Church uv the Noo Dispensashun,
July the 30th, 1864.

Our class meetins hev bin sumwat neglected uv late. Somehow, it is in our Church ez it is in the

hetrodox—we are hot and cold alternitly. Last Sunday we had a preshus season.

Brother Siples spoke. He confest that he wuz a weak mortal. He hed his ups and downs, bad. Whenever Grant and Sherman hed a success, his faith failed him; and sometimes he hed difficulty in comin to time even wen Lee whipt Grant. But he hed recently paid \$2 per gallon for whisky, and that stirred him. With one hand upon his too often empty jug, and tother pintoed to heaven, he hed sworn eternal hostility to them ez hed razed these prices, wich is Ablishnists. If convenient, he askt the brethrin to pray for him.

Brother Hopp riz. He hed his ups and downs also—rayther more downs than ups. His sol wuz full wen Forrest killed the Niggers; but alas! wo wuz on him wen Sherman flaxt em at Atlanta. Now the skies is brite. Lee holds out bully, and tother day 4000 niggers wuz killed at Petersburg.

At this point I interruptid Brother Hopp. The killin uv niggers is no cause uv rejoicin. Wat a destrucshen uv property! 4000 niggers, at \$1500 per nigger, is \$6,000,000! This sum of money, even at the present Ablishn prices; wood prodoose 60,000,000 drinks! Wood, O, wood that I wuz condemned to consoom em all! Ef them niggers hed bin white men, I woodent hev keered. Why? Bekoz white soljers is all Ablishnists. Don't shake yer hed, Brother Gamp; it's so. Yoor own son, even, backslid. He it wuz who writ hum, a sayin that if he cum back and found that ole hipocrit, Nasby, a eatin chickens about yoor house, he'd plump a ounce ball into him. Hipocrit! Chickins! Sich basenis confirms me in my beleef in the doctrin uv totle depravity. I am no obtroosive guest at the tables uv my flock. Troo, I eat; but wood any uv em say that chickens wuz a equivalent for my improvin conver-

sashen? Ez for the paltry money I borrer, I alluz give my note, wich settles them transactions.

To resoom. Every nigger killed inflames our brethrin powerful. Imagine, my brethrin, a Suthern artilrist a bringin uv his piece to bare upon the advancin enemy. He sees they are niggers, and his heart sinks. Nearer and nearer they come. Seizin a glass, he views em, and, horror! in the front rank, "cloathed in soots uv bloo," he beholds his indivijjle niggers! Nearer! nearer! Fain wood he spare em, for them very niggers may be the uncle uv a half dozen of his children (wich is patriarkle), to say nuthin uv the money he hez invested in em. But no! The order is given! "Fire!" He pulls the fatal string, and ez he beholds his own property a bleedin on the plain, he swoons away. My gentle friends, I make no doubt that half the cases reported in the Suthrin papers ez sun-stroke, wuz from this coz.

Other brethrin giv their experience in. The feelin is improvin sence the draft, and I hev faith that ef our groseries kin hold out till September 5th, under the credit system, and too many don't run to Canady, we will be able to whale any Provo Marshall's force they kin send agin us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.

* * *

THE ASSASSINATION

Saint's Rest (wich is in the Stait of Noo Jersey),
April the 20th, 1865.

The nashen mourns! The hand uv the vile assassin hez bin raised agin the Goril—the head uv the

nashen, and the people's Father hez fallen beneath the hand uv a patr—vile assassin.

While Aberham Linkin wuz a livin, I need not say that I did not love him. Blessed with a mind uv no ordinary dimensions, endowed with all the goodness uv Washinton, I alluz bleeved him to hev bin guilty uv all the crimes uv a Nero.

No man in Noo Jersey laments his untimely death more than the undersined. I commenst weepin perfoosely the minit I diskivered a squad uv returned soljers comin round the corner, who wuz a forcin constooshnel Dimekrats to hand out mournin.

Troo, he didn't agree with me, but I kin overlook that—it wuz his misforchoon. Troo, he hung unoffendin men, in Kentucky, whose only crime wuz in bein loyal to wat *they* deemed *their* guvurnment, ez tho a man in this free country coodent choose wich guverment he'd live under. Troo, he made cold-blooded war, in the most fiendish manner, on the brave men uv the South, who wuz only assertin the heaven-born rite uv roolin theirselves. Troo, he levied armies, made up uv pimps, whose chiefest delite wuz in ravishin the wives and daughters uv the South, and a miscellaneous burnin their houses. Troo, he kept into offis jist sich men ez wood secund him in his hell-begotten skeems, and dismist every man who refused to becum ez depraved ez he wuz. Troo, he wood read uv these scenes uv blood and carnage,

The northern secessionists had, from the beginning, represented President Lincoln as worse than a brute. The leading men of the party were in a peculiar situation at his death. The loyal people compelled them to conceal the satisfaction they felt at his tragical taking off. Like the Parson, they "wept profusely the moment they saw a squad of returned soldiers coming round the corner."

and in high glee tell filthy anecdotes; likewise wood ride over the field of battle, and ez the wheels uv his gorjus carraige crushed into the shuddrin earth the

bodies uv the fallen braves, sing Afrikin melodies. Yet I, in common with all troo Dimekrats, weep! We weep! We wish it to be distinkly understood, we weep! Ther wuz that in him that instinktively forces us to weep over his death, and to loathe the foul assassin who so suddenly removed so much loveliness uv character. He hed ended the war uv oppression—he hed subjoogatid a free and brave people, who were strugglin for their rites, and hed em under his feet; but I, in common with all Dimekrats, mourn his death!

Hed it happened in 1862, when it wood hev been uv sum use to us, we wood not be so bowed down with woe and anguish. It wood hev throwd the guverment into confusion, and probably hev sekoored the independence uv the South.

But alas! the tragedy cum at the wrong time!

Now, we are saddled with the damnin crime, when it will prodoose no results. The war wuz over. The game wuz up when Richmond wuz evacuated. Why kill Linkin then? For revenge? Revenge is a costly luxury—a party so near bankrupt ez the Dimokrasy cannot afford to indulge in it. The wise man hez no sich word ez revenge in his dictionary—the fool barthers his hope for it.

Didst think that Linkin's death wood help the South? Linkin's hand wuz velvet—Johnson's may be, to the eye, but to the feel it will be found iron. Where Linkin switched, Johnson will flay. Where Linkin banished, Johnson will hang.

Davis was shocked when he heard it—so wuz I, and, in common with all troo Dimekrats, I weep.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

THE EFFECT THE PROCLAMATION OF SECRETARY
SEWARD PRODUCED IN KENTUCKY

Confedrit X Roads (wich is in the
State uv Kentucky),
December 20, 1865.

At last! The deed is done! The tyranikle government which hez sway at Washington hez finally extinguished the last glimerin flicker uv Liberty, by abolishin slavery! The sun didn't go down in gloom that nite—the stars didn't fade into a sickly yeller, at wich obstinacy uv nachur I wuz considerably astonished.

I got the news at the Post Offis, near wich I am at present stayin, at the house uv a venerable old planter, who accepts my improvin conversation and a occasional promise, wich is cheap, ez equivalent for board. Sadly I wendid my way to his peaceful home, dreadin to fling over that house the pall uv despair. After supper I broke to em ez gentle ez I cood the intelligence that three fourths uv the States hed ratified the constooshnel amendment—that Seward had ishued his proclamation, and that all the Niggers wuz free!

Never did I see sich sorrer depicted on human countenance—never wuz there despair uv sich depth. All nite long the bereaved inmates uv that wunst happy but now distracted home wept and waled in agony wich wuz perfectly heart rendin.

“Wo is me,” sobbed the old man, wringin his hands.

“John Brown's karkis hangs a danglin in the air, but his sole is marchin on.

“It took posseshun uv Seward, and through his

ugly mouth it spoke the words 'the nigger is free,' and there is no more a slave in all the land.

"Wunst I hed a hundred niggers, and the men were fat and healthy, and the wenches wuz strong, and sum uv em wuz fair to look upon.

Up to the issuing of the Proclamation of Secretary Seward the majority of the planters of the South expected to be allowed to hold their slaves. They could not be made to believe that this "outrage" would be inflicted upon them.

"They worked in my house, and my fields, from the risin uv the sun to the goin down uv the same.

"Wuz they lazy? I catted them till they wuz cured thereof; for lo! they wuz ez a child under my care.

"Did they run away? From Kentucky they run North, and lo! the Locofoco Marshals caught them for me, and brought them back, and delivered them into my hand, without cost, sayin, lo! here is thy nigger—do with him ez thou wilt (wich I alluz did), wich wuz cheeper than keepin dogs, and jest ez good.

"Solomon wuz wise, for he hed uv concubines a suffishensy, but we wuz wiser in our day than him.

"For he hed to feed his children, and it kost him shekels uv gold and shekels uv silver, and much corn and oil.

"We hed our concubines with ez great a muchness ez Solomon, but we sold their children for silver, and gold, and red-dog paper."

And all nite long the bereaved old patriarch, who hed alluz bin a father to his servants (and a grandfather to many uv em) poured out his lamentations.

In the mornin the niggers wuz called up, and ez they all hed their coats on, and hed bundles, I spect they must hev heard the news. The old gentleman explained the situation to em.

"Yoo will," sed he, "stay in yoor happy homes—

you will alluz continue to live here, and work here, ez you hev alluz dun?"

The niggers, all in korous, with a remarkable unanimity, remarkt that ef they hed ever bin introduced to theirselves, they thought they woodent. In fact, they hed congregated at that time for the purpose uv startin life on their own hook.

A paroxysm uv pain and anguish shot over the old man's face. Nearest to him stood a octoroon, who, hed she not bin tainted with the accurst blood uv Ham, wood hev bin considered beautiful. Fallin on her neck, the old patriarch, with tears a stream-in down his furrowd cheeks, ejackilated,—

"Farewell, Looizer, my daughter, farewell! I loved yoor mother ez never man loved nigger. She wuz the solace uv my leisure hours—the companion uv my yooth. She I sold to pay off a mortgage on the place—she and yoor older sisters. Farewell! I hed hoped to hev sold yoo this winter (for yoo are still young), and bought out Jenkins; but wo is me! Curses on the tyrent who thus severs all the tender ties uv nachur. O! it is hard for father to part with child, even when the market's high; but, O God! to part thus—"

And the old gentleman, in a excess uv greef, swooned away genteelly.

His son Tom hed bin caressin her two little children, who wuz half whiter than she wuz. Unable to restrain hissself, he fell on her neck, and bemoaned his fate with tetchin pathos.

"Farewell, farewell, mother uv my children! Farewell, faro, and hosses, and champagne—a long farewell! Your increase wuz my perquisites; and I sold em to supply my needs. Hed yoo died, I cood hev bin resigned; for when dead you ain't wuth a copper; but to see yoo torn away livin, and

wuth \$200 in any market—it's too much, it's too much!"

And he fainted, fallin across the old man.

"Who'll do the work about the house?" shreekt the old lady, faintin and fallin across Tom.

"Who'll dress us, and wash us, and wait on us?" shreekt the three daughters, swoonin away, and fallin across the old woman.

My first impulse wuz to faint away myself, and fall cross the three daughters; but I restrained myself, and wuz contented with strikin a attitood and organizin a tablo. Hustlin the niggers away with a burnin cuss for their ingratitude, I spent the balance uv the forenoon in bringin on em too. Wun by wun they became conshus; but they wuz not theirselves. Their minds wuz evidently shattered; they wuz carryin a heavy heart in their buzzums.

Wood, O! wood that Sward cood hev seen that groop! Sich misery does Ablishnism bring in its train—sich horrors follers a departure from Dimokratik teechns. When will reason return to the people? Eko answers, When?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

* * *

PREACHES—THE "PRODIGAL SON"—AN INTERRUPTION

Confedrit X Roads (wich is in the Stait uv
Kentucky),

July 6, 1866.

I preached last Sabbath, or rather, tried to, from the parable of the Prodigal Son. We hed a splendid congregashun. I notice a revival of the work in this part uv the Dimocratic vineyard wich reely cheers

me. The demonstrashun our friends made in Memphis, the canin uv Grinnel by Rosso, and the call for a Johnson Convenshun in Philadelphia, all, all hev conspired to comfort the souls uv the Dimocrisy, and encourage em to renewed effort. It is bringin forth fruit. Only last week five northern men were sent whirlin out of this section. They prey for the righteous. Six niggers hev been killed and one Burow officer shot. Trooly there is everything to encourage us.

The house wuz full. The weather wuz hot, and the pleasant incense uv mingled whiskey, tobacco, and snuff wich ariz wuz grateful to me. The sun shone in on Deekin Pogram's face ez he gently slept, and when the sun hits him square I kin alluz tell wher he sets, even ef it is dark. He drinks apple-jack instead of corn whiskey, and chaws fine-cut tobacker instead uv plug, and consekently when in the pulpit I kin distinguish the pecooliar aroma uv his breath from those around him.

"My brethren," sed I, "sich uv yoo the parable to wich I shel call yoor attention. A man, wunst upon a time, hed sons ez many men hev since, and wun uv em wuz a tough one, who hed a taste for that pertikeler branch uv agriculture known ez sowin wild oats. He left his home and went into far countries, making the old man shel out his share uv the estate, and he lived high, jist, my brethern, ez yoor boys do, or rather did, when they went to Noo Orleans, in the days when yoo hed a nigger or two wich yoo cood sell to supply em with money. He played draw poker and faro; he drank fancy drinks, and boarded at big hotels; and he follered after strange women, which'll bust a man quicker nor any wun small sin the devil hez yet invented, ez yoor pastor kin testify. Uv course, his pile give out, and he got down, my friends, did this ingenu-

ous yooth, to rags and wretchedness, and ended in bein an overseer uv swine. What did he do? He ariz and went to his father, and the old man saw him afar off, and went out to meet him, and fell onto his neck, and give him a ring onto his finger, and made a feast, killin for the purpose the fatted calf wich he hed saved for another occasion.

“My friends, you kin find in the Skripter suthin applicable to every occasion, and this parable fits the present time like a ready-made coat. The South is the Prodigal Son. We went out from our father’s house on a expedition wich hezn’t proved altogether a success. We spent our share uv the estate, and a little more. We run through with our means, and hev cum down to rags, and dirt, and filth, and hunger. We are, and hev bin some time, a chawin husks. We run out after them twin harlots, Slavery and State Rights, and they’ve cleaned us out. Our pockets are empty. No more doth the pleasant half-dollar jingle in sweet unison agin its fellows. Our wallets is barren uv postal currency, and the grocery-keepers mourn, and refuse to be comforted, becoz we are not. We hev got to the husk stage uv our woe, and wood be tendin hogs, ef the armies, wich past through these countries, hed left us any. We hev come back. In rags and dirt we hev wended our way to Washington, and ask to be taken back. Now, don’t our father, the Government, fulfill the Skripter? Why don’t it see us afar off, and run out to meet us? Why don’t it put onto us a purple robe? Where’s the ring for our finger, and the shoes for our feet? and where’s the fatted calf we ought to kill? My brethren, them Ablishnists is worse than infiddles—while they preach the gospel they won’t practise it. For my part, I—”

At this point a sargent, belongin to that infernal Burow, who wuz in the audience, with enough uv

soljers to make opposin uv him unpleasant, sed he hed bin a sort uv an exhorter in his day, and desired to say a word in explanation uv that parable, ez applicable to the present time; and, sez he, "ef I am interrupted, remember I b'long to the church military, wich is, just now, the church triumphant." And cochin his musket he proceeded, very much uninterrupted.

"The Prodigal Son," sez he, "wuz received by the old man with considerable doins, but, my worthy friends, he went out decently. He didn't turn around and make war onto the old gentleman—he didn't burn his house and barns, tear up his garden, burn his fences, and knock down the balance uv his children. Not any. He went away peaceably, a *misguided* good-for-nothin, but yet a *peaceable* good-for-nothin. Secondly, he come back uv his own akkord. The old man didn't go after him, and fight for four years, at a cost uv half his substance, to subdue him and bring him back, but when he hed run through his pile, and squandered his share uv the estate, and got hungry, he come back like a whipped dog.

"My friends, let me draw a parallel between these cases.

"The Prodigal Son went out,—so did the South,—thus farly the cases is alike.

"The Prodigal didn't steal nothin. The Confederacy took everything it cood lay its hands on.

"The Prodigal spent only what wuz his to spend. The Confederacy spent not only all it stole, but all it cood borrer, when it knowed its promises to pay wusent worth the mizable paper they wuz printed onto.

"The Prodigal, when he did come, come ez penitent ez the consciousness that he hed made a fool uv hisself cood make him. The Confederacy wuz

whipped back, but it still swears hefty oaths that it wuz right all the time.

"The Prodigal didn't *demand* veal pot-pies, and purple robes, and sich, but begged to be a servant unto the more sensible brethren wich stayed. The South comes back *demandin* office, uv wich the fatted calf, and rings, and purple robes is typical, and considerably more share in the government than it had before it kicked over the traces, and went out.

"Spozn the Bible prodigal hed stopped his parient, and remarked to him thus: 'I am willin to come back, on conditions. Yoo must pay my debts—yoo must give me an ekal share uv the farm with the other boys—yoo must treat me in all respects just ez ef I hadn't gone out, and—this is essential—yoo must take with me all the sharpers who ruined me, all the gamblers and thieves with whom I fell in while I wuz away, and make them head men on the place; and above all, I hev with me the two harlots wich wuz the prime cause of my ruin, and they must hev eleven of the best rooms in the house, and must be treated ez your daughters. To avoid displeasin the others, I'll dress em in different clothes, but here they must stay. Otherwise, I'll go out agin.'

"Probably the old gentleman wood hev become indignant, and wood hev remarked to him to go, and never let him see his audacious face agin, or rather, he would hev strangled the harlots, scattered the blacklegs, and choked the young sprout into submission. Them's me. I am anxious to kill that fatted calf, and am also anxious to put on yoo robes and shoes. But, alas! the calf suffered from want uv attention so long doorin the late misunderstandins that he's too poor—the robes wuz all cut up into bloo kotes for the soljers we sent out to fetch yoo in—the shoes they wore out, and the rings—Jeff'son Davis wears the only style we hev. When you come

back in good shape, yool find us ready to meet yoo; but till then, chaw husks.'

Lookin around, this armed tyrant remarked that there would be no more preaching that day, and sadly the congregation dispersed.

I am heart sick. At every turn I make that Burow stares me in the face, and counteracts my best endeavors. It's curious, though, what different sermons kin be preached from the same text, and it's also curious how quiet our folks listen to a Ablish-nist who hez muskets to back him.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

* * *

REWARD OF VIRTUE.—THE VIRTUOUS PATRIOT SECURES HIS LOAF.—JOLLIFICATION

Confedrit X Roads (wich is in the Stait of Kentucky).

August 12, 1866

At last I hev it! Finally it come! After five weary trips to Washington, after much weary wait-in and much travail, I hev got it. I am now Post Master at Confedrit X Roads, and am dooly installed in my new position. Ef I ever hed any doubts ez to A. Johnson bein a better man than Paul the Apossle, a look at my commission removes it. If I ketch myself a feelin that he deserted us onnecessarily five years ago, another look, and my resentment softens into pity. Ef I doubt his Democrisy, I look at that blessed commission, and am reassurred, for a President who cood turn out a wounded Federal soldier, and appoint sich a man ez ME, must be above susnicion.

I felt it wuz coming two weeks ago. I received

a cirkler from Randall, now my sooperior in offis, propoundin these questions:—

1. Do yoo hev the most implicit faith in Androo Johnson, in all that he hez done, all that he is doin, and all he may hereafter do?

2. Do you bleeve that the Philadelphia Conven-shun will be a convocashen uv saints, all actuated by pure motives, and devoted to the salvation uv our wunst happy, but now distractid country?

3. Do you bleeve that, next to A. Johnson, Seward, Doolittle, Cowan, and Randall are the four greatest, and purest, and bestest, and self-sacrificinest, and honestest, and righteousist men that this country hez ever prodoost?

4. Do yoo bleeve that there is a partikerlerly hot place reserved in the next world for Trumbull, a hotter for Wade, and the hottest for Sumner and Thad Stevens?

5. Do yoo approve uv the canin uv Grinnel by Rosso?

6. Do yoo consider the keepin out uv Congris eleven sovryn states a unconstooshnel and unwarrantid assumption uv power by a secshnal Congris?

7. Do yoo bleeve the present Congris a rump, and that (eleven states bein represented) all their acts are unconstooshnel and illegal, ceptin them wich provides for payin salaries?

8. Do yoo bleeve that the Memphis and Noo Orleans unpleasantnesses wuz brot about by the unholy machinashens uv them Radical agitators, actin in conjunction with ignorant and besotted niggers, to wreak their spite on the now loyal citizens uv those properly reconstructed cities?

9. Are you not satisfied that the Afrikin citizens uv Amerikin descent kin be safely trusted to the operations uv the universal laws wich governs labor and capital?

10. Are yoo willin to contribute a reasonable per cent, uv yoor salary to a fund to be used for the defeat uv objectionable Congrismen in the disloyal states North?

To all uv these inquiries I not only answered yes, but went afore a Justis uv the Peace and took an affidavit to em, forwarded it back, and my commission wuz forthwith sent to me.

There wuz a jubilee the nite it arriv. The news spread rapidly through the four groceries uv the town, and sich another spontaneous outbust uv joy I never witnessed.

The bells rung, and for an hour or two the Corners wuz in the wildest state uv eggsitement. The citizens congratoolated each other on the certainty uv the acceshun uv the President to the Dimocrisy, and in their enthoosiasm five nigger families were cleaned out, two uv em, one a male and tother a female, wuz killed. Then a perceshun wuz organized as follers:—

Two grocery keepers with bottles.

Deekin Pogram.

Me, with my commishun pinned onto a banner, and under it written, "In this Sign we Conker."

Wagon with tabloo onto it: A nigger on the bottom boards, Bascom, the grocery keeper, with one foot onto him, holdin a banner inscribed, "The Nigger where he oughter be."

Citizen with bottle.

Deekin Pogram's daughter Mirandy in a attitood uv wallapin a wench. Banner: "We've Regained our Rites."

Two citizens with bottles tryin to keep in perceshun.

Two more citizens, wich hed emptyd their bottles, fallin out by the way side.

Citizens, two and two, with bottles.

Wagon, loaded with the books and furnitur uv a nigger skool, in a state uv wreck, with a ded nigger layin on top uv it wich hed bin captoored within the hour. Banner: "My Policy."

The perceshun mooved to the meetin house, and Deekin Pogram takin the Chair, a meetin wuz to-wunst organized.

The Deekin remarked that this wuz the proudest moment uv his life. He wuz gratified at the appintment uv his esteemed friend, becoz he appreciated the noble qualities wich wuz so conspikuous into him, and becoz his arduous services in the coz uv Dimokrisy entitled him to the posishun. All these wuz aside uv and entirely disconnected from the fact that there wood now be a probability uv his gittin back a little matter uv nine dollars and sixty-two cents ("Hear! Hear!") wich he hed loaned him about eighteen months ago, afore he had knowed him well, or larned to love him. But there wuz anuther reason why he met to rejoice to-nite. It showed that A. Johnson meant biznis; that A. Johnson wuz troo to the Dimokrasy, and that he hed fully made up his mind to hurl the bolts uv offishl thunder wich he held in his Presidentshal hands at his enemies, and to make fight in earnest; that he wuz goin to reward his friends—they ez he cood trust. Our venerable friend's bein put in condishun to pay the confidin residents uv the Corners the little sums he owes them is a good thing ("Hear!" "Hear!" "Troo!" "Troo!" with singular unanimity from every man in the bildin), but wat wuz sich considerashuns when compared to the grate moral effect uv the decisive movement? ("A d—d site!" shouted one grocery keeper, and "We don't want no moral effect!" cried another.) My friends, when the news uv this bold step uv the President goes forth to the South, the price uv Confederit skript will go

up, and the shootin uv niggers will cease; for the redempshun uv the first I consider ashooored, and the redoosin uv the latter to their normal condishun I count ez good ez done.

Squire Gavitt remarked that he wuz too much overpowered with emoshun to speak. For four years, nearly five, the only newspaper wich come to that offis hed passed thro' the polluted hands uv a Ablishnist. He hed no partikler objecshun to the misguided man, but he wuz a symbol uv tyranny, and so long ez he sot there, he reminded em that they were wearin chains. Thank the Lord, that day is over! The Corners is redeemed, the second Jaxson hez risen, and struck off the shackles. He wood not allood to the trifle uv twelve dollars and a half that he loaned the appintee some months ago, knowin that it wood be paid out uv the first money—

Bascom, the principal grocery keeper, rose, and called the Squire to order. He wanted to know ef it wuz fair play to talk sich talk. No man cood feel a more heart-felt satisfaction at the appintment uv our honored friend than him, showin, ez it did, that the President hed cut loose from Ablishnism, wich he dispised, but he protestid agin the Squire undertakin to git in his bill afore the rest hed a chance. Who furnisht him his likker for eight months, and who hez the best rite for the first dig at the proceeds uv the position? He wood never—

The other three grocery keepers rose, when Deekin Pogram rooled em all out uv order, and offered the followin resolutions:—

Whereas, the President hez, in a strikly constooshnel manner, relieved this commoonity uv an offensive Ablishunist, appinted by that abhorred tyrant Linkin, and appinted in his place a sound constooshnel Dimokrat—one whom to know is to lend; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we greet the President, and ashoor him uv our continyood support and confidence.

Resolved, That we now consider the work uv Reconstruction, so far ez this community is concerned, completed, and that we feel that we are wunst more restored to our proper relations with the federal government.

Resolved, That the glorious defence, made by the loyal Democracy uv Noo Orleans agin the combined conventioners and niggers, shows that freemen kin not be conkered, and that white men shel rule America.

Resolved, That, on this happy occasion, we forgive the Government for what we did, and cherish nary resentment agin anybody.

The resolutions wuz adopted, and the meetin adjourned with three cheers for Johnson and his policy.

Then came a scene. Every last one uv em hed come there with a note made out for the amount I owed him at three months. Kindness of heart is a weakness uv mine, and I signed em all, feelin that ef the mere fact of writin my name wood do em any good, it would be crooel in me to object to the little labor required. Bless their innocent soles! they went away happy.

The next mornin I took possesshun uv the offis.

"Am I awake, or am I dreamin? thought I. No, no! it is no dream. Here is the stamps, here is the blanks, and here is the commishun! It is troo! It is troo!

I heerd a child, across the way, singin,—

"I'd like to be a angel,
And with the angels stand."

I woodn't, thought I. I woodn't trade places with an angel, even up. A Offis with but little to do,

with four grocery's within a stone's throw, is ez much happiness ez my bilers will stand without bustin. A angel forsooth!

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(wich is Postmaster).

* * *

MR. NASBY AT LAST LOSES HIS POST OFFICE

On a Farm, Three Miles from Confedrit X Roads
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky),
June 29, 1869.

The die is cast! The guilloteen hez fallen! I am no longer Postmaster at Confedrit X Roads, wich is in the State uv Kentucky. The place wich knowd me wunst will know me no more forever; the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger; a nigger will hev the openin uv letters addressed to parties residin hereabouts, containin remittances; a nigger will hev the riflin uv letters addrest to lottry managers, and extractin the sweets therefrom; a nigger will be,—But I can't dwell upon the disgustin theme no longer.

I hed bin in Washington two weeks assistin the Caucashens uv that city to put their foot upon the heads uv the cussid niggers who ain't content to accept the situashen and remain ez they alluz hev bin, inferior beings. To say I hed succeeded, is a week expreshen. I organized a raid ont em so effectooally ez to drive no less than thirty uv em out uv employment, twenty-seven uv wich wuz compelled to steel their bread, wich give us a splendid opportunity to show up the nateral cussidness uv the Afrikin race, wich we improved.

On my arrival at the Corners, I knew to-wunst

that suthin wuz wrong. The bottles behind the bar wuz draped in black; the barrels wuz festooned gloomily (wich is our yoosual method of expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

"Wat is it?" gasped I.

Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand towards the Post Offis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. AT THE GENERAL DELIVERY WUZ THE GRINNIN FACE UV A NIGGER! and settin in my chair wuz Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes, and laffin over suthin in a noosepaper.

Bigler caught site of me, and dartin out, pulled me inside them hitherto sacred precinks.

"Permit me," sed he, jeerinly, "to interdoose you 'to yoor successor, Mr. Ceezer Lubby."

"MY SUCCESSOR! Wat does this mean?"

"Show him, Ceezer!"

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, handed me a commishun dooly made out and signed. I saw it all at a glance. I hed left my biznis in the hands uv a depetty. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who distribbited the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto em himself, and in ten days the cominishun come all regler, whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possession uv the office. While I wuz absent they hed hed a perceshun in honor uv the joyful event, sed perceshun consistin uv Pollock, Bigler, and the noo Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler remarkt that the perceshun wuzn't large, but it wuz talented, eminently respectable, and extremely versateel. He (Bigler) carried

the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and played the bass drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner, inscribed, "Where Afric's sunny fountins roll down the golden sands," with his commissun pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair uv anshent cymbals. Bigler remarkt further that the perceshun created a positive sensashun at the Corners, wich I shood think it wood. "It wuzn't," sed the tormentin cuss, "very much like the grand perceshun wich took place when yoo received yoor commissun. Then the whites at the Corners wuz elated, for they spectid to git wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondinly deprest. They slunk into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this percession there wuz a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we passed, grinnin exultinly, and the whites wuz deprest correspondinly. Its singler that at the Corners the two races can't feel good both at the same time."

My arrival hevin become known, by the time I got back to Bascom's all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em; and ez I thot uv the joys once tastid, but now forever fled, mine moistened likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner towards me. They regarded me with solisitood, but I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

"Wat shel I do?" I askt. "Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve."

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Bascom.

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Deckin Pogram, and the same remark wuz made by all uv em with wonderful yoonanimity. Watever differ-

ences uv opinyun ther mite be on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

"Gentlemen!" I commenced, backin out into a corner, "is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this—"

I shood hev gone on at length, but jist at that minnit Pollack, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.

"I hev biznis!" sed the Postmaster; "not agreeable biznis, but it's my offishel dooty to perform it."

At the word "offishel," comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz ekkoed by those present.

"I hev in my hand," continyood he, "de bond giben by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez sureties. In dis oder hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de 'partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry dollars worf of stamps, paper, twine, &c. None ob dis post offis property, turned ober to my predecessor by his predecessor, is to be found in de offis, and de objick ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat onless immejit payment be made uv the amount thereof, I am directed by de partment to bring soot to-wunst against the sed sureties."

Never before did I so appreciate A. Johnson, and his Postmaster-General Randall. Under their administrashen wat Postmaster wuz ever pulled up for steelin anythin? Eko ansers. This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back.

"Wat!" exclaimed Bascom, "shel I lose wat yoo owe me, and then pay for wat yoo've stule?"

"Shel I lose the money," sed Pogram, "wich I lent yoo, and in addishen pay a Ablishen government for property yoo've confiscated?"

"But the property is here," I remarkt to Bascom; "yoo've got it all. Why not return it, and save all this trouble?"

"Wat wood I hev then for the whiskey yoo've consoomed?" he ejakelated vishusly. "It's all I've ever got from you; and I've bin keepin yoo for four years."

"Didn't that property pay yoo for the likker?" I asked; but Bascom wuz in no humor for figgers, and he pitched into me, at wich pleasant pastime they all follered soot. But for Joe Bigler, they wood hev killed me. Ez it wuz they blackt both my eyes, and rolled me out onto the sidewalk, shuttin the door agin me.

Ez I heard the door slam to, I felt that all wuz lost. No offis! no money! and Bascom's closed agin me! Kin there be a harder fate? I passed the nite with a farmer three miles out, who, bein sick, hedn't bin to the Corners, and consekently knowd nothin uv the changes.

I heard the next day the result uv the ruckshun. Bascom returned sich uv the property ez hedn't bin sold and consoomed, wich consisted uv the boxes. The chairs hed bin broken up in the frekent shindies wich occur at his place; the locks hed bin sold to farmers who yoosed em on their smoke houses; the bags hed bin sold for wheat, and so on. The stamps, paper, twine, and sich, figgered up three hundred and forty-six dollars, wich three hundred wuz borrowed uv a banker at Secessionville, who took mortgages on the farms uv the imprudent bondsmen for sekoority. Uv course I can't go back to the Corners under eggstisin circumstances. It wood be uncomfortable for me to live there ez matters hev terminated. I shel make my way to Washington, and shel see if I can't git myself electid ez Manager of a Labor Assosiation, and so make a

livin till there comes a change in the Administrashen. I wood fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforchnitly there ain't enuff in him to tie to. I would ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(wich wuz Post Master).

CHARLES HENRY SMITH (BILL ARP)

[Charles Henry Smith was born in Lawrenceville, Georgia, in 1826. His father was a native of Massachusetts, and his mother of South Carolina. After a boyhood spent in Lawrenceville, Smith attended Franklin College (now the University of Georgia) at Athens for three years, leaving in the middle of his senior year because of the illness of his father. In 1849 he married Mary Hutchins, a daughter of Judge Lewis Hutchins, in whose office Smith studied law. Admitted to the bar, he practiced law for a short time in Lawrenceville, and in 1851 moved to Rome, where he became a leading lawyer. During the war Smith served first on the staff of General Bartow and later on a special judiciary commission at Macon. At the close of the war he resumed his legal practice in Rome. He retired in 1877 and spent his last years at his country home, "Fontainebleau," and at Cartersville. He died in 1903.]

The first four Bill Arp letters were addressed to "Mr. Linkhorn" and appeared in the *Southern Confederacy* of Rome in 1861 and 1862. In these letters to Lincoln, written by Bill Arp in the role of a Yankee sympathizer, Smith keenly satirizes the Union cause. Sly fun is poked at the Union army for its failures, at the general discomfort the war was causing the North, and at Lincoln himself. The satire is always in good taste, always pointed, and almost always effective. Smith is especially fortunate in avoiding the gross exaggeration which mars so much of the Civil War writing. The Bill Arp material that followed the letters to Lincoln came out in the *Atlanta Constitution*. In it the character of Bill Arp also changed. The role of the Yankee sympathizer was dropped, and Bill becomes a good humored, hard working, courageous Southern farmer who is doing his best to meet the almost overwhelming problems of the time. He talks about farm life, his family and friends, and general social conditions. In these later sketches there is little satire. A genial, homely philosophy takes its place. The letters were written with the conventional misspelling and bad grammar, but in 1866 when they were collected in

Bill Arp, So Called, both spelling and grammar were carefully corrected. In the editions after 1868 the original form is used.

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Bill Arp's Scrap Book, Atlanta, 1884.

The selections in this text are taken from *Bill Arp's Peace Papers*, Atlanta, 1872.]

SELECTIONS FROM CHARLES SMITH

BILL ARP TO ABE LINKHORN

Rome, Ga., Aprile 1861.

MR. LINKHORN—Sur: These are to inform you that we are all well, and hope these lines may find you in statue ko. We received your proklamation, and as you have put us on very short notis, a few of us boys have conkluded to write you, and ax for a little more time. The fact is, we are most obleeged to have a few more days, for the way things are happening, it is utterly onpossible for us to disperse in twenty days. Old Virginy, and Tennessee, and North Callina, are continually aggravatin us into tumults and carousements, and a body can't disperse until you put a stop to sich onruly kondukt on their part. I tried my darndest yisterday to disperse and retire, but it was no go; and besides, your marshal here ain't doing a darned thing—he don't read the riot act, nor remonstrate, nor nothing, and ought to be turned out. If you conklude to do

so, I am orthorized to rekummed to you Col. Gibbons or Mr. McLung, who would attend to the bizniss as well as most anybody.

The fact is, the boys round here want watchin, or they'll take sumthin. A few days ago I heard they surrounded two of our best citizens, because they was named Fort and Sumter. Most of em are so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water on em, and that's the way they make up their military companies here now—when a man applies to jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzes they take him, and if he don't they don't.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, privately speakin, I'm afeerd I'll git in a tite place here among these bloods, and have to slope out of it, and I would like to have your Skotch cap and kloak that you travelled in to Washington. I suppose you wouldn't be likely to use the same disgize agin, when you left, and therefore I would propose to swap. I am five feet five, and could git my plow breeches and coat to you in eight or ten days if you can wait that long. I want you to write to me immegitly about things generally, and let us know whereabouts you intend to do your fitin. Your proklamation says somethin about takin possession of all the private property at "All Hazards." We can't find no such place on the map. I thot it must be about Charleston, or Savannah, or Harper's Ferry, but they say it ain't anywhere down South. One man said it was a little Faktory on an iland in Lake Champlain, where they make sand bags. My opinion is, that sand bag bisniss won't pay, and it is a great waste of money. Our boys here carry there sand in there gizzards, where it keeps better, and is always handy. I'm afeered your Goverment is givin you and your kangaroo a great deal of onnecessary trubbul, and my humble advice is, if things don't work better soon, you'd better

grease it, or trade the darned old thing off. I'd show you a slite-of-hand trick that would change the whole concern into buttons quick. If you don't trade or do sumthin else with it soon, it will spile or die on your hands, sertain.

Give my respekts to Bill Seward and the other members of the kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin? I don't hear anything from him nowadays.

Yours, with care,

BILL ARP.

P.S.—If you can possibly extend that order to thirty days, do so. We have sent you a CHECK at Harper's Ferry (who keeps that darnd old ferry now? its giving us a heap of trubble), but if you positively won't xtend, we'll send you a chek drawn by Jeff Davis, Borygard endorser, payable on sight anywhere.

Yours,

B. A.

* * *

SECOND PAPER

TO MR. ABE LINKHORN

Senterville, Ginnerwerry 12, 1862.

Mr. Linkhorn,

Sur: In the spring of the year I writ you a letter from my native sile, axin for a little more time to disperse. I told you then that twenty days was not enuff—that the thing could not be did in that brief interval. You can look back and see I was right. We tried our durndest to komply with your skedule, but as you kept callin for volunteers, our Cherokee Georgia Democrats kept comin out from under their clay roots. They shuk themselves

and spit fire, and wouldn't go back as long as the Whigs would read em the news about all this fuss.

Mr. Abe Linkhorn, sur, the spring hav shed its fragrance, the summer is over and gone, the yaller leaves of autum hav kivered the ground, old winter is slobberin his froth on the yearth, but we hav not been able to disperse as yet. Me and the boys started last May to see you pussonally, and ax fer an xtension of your brief furlo, but we got on a bust in old Virginny, about the 21st of Jewly, and like to hav got run over by a passel of fellers runnin from Bull Run to your city. Arter that we tried to git to you by the Potomak River, but Mr. Whiting said you were not runnin that Masheen *at these presents*. We next went to Mr. Harper's Ferry, to take the Baltimore Railrode, but we couldn't find the konductor, and kars seemed skase, and foaks sed you were not runnin that masheen *much*. We thought, however, to take a deck passage on the kanal, but a dam broke, and General Jackson sed you were not runnin that masheen *skeersly any*. After that we cum back, and thought we would get captain Wilkes to ship us over, but Mr. Bennet sent us word that the captain had quit a seafarin life. Mr. Seward made him quit to pacify an old English Bull that was bellerin about and pawin dirt in the air. Mr. Linkhorn, sur, if that Bull is of the same stock as the one your foaks seed here in Jewly, he is a dangerous shore, and will have a bad effek on your populashun. You had better surcumscribe him before he hurts somebody.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, what are your faktories doin nowadays? I hearn you had quit runnin their masheens, owing to a thin crop of kotton. If you would put sweet ile on your faktories, they wouldn't rust while standin idle. I was glad to hear that you had got enuff kotton to do yours and Seward's

families. The boys say you got enuff to make as many shirts as Fallstaff had in his kompany.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, how do you come on with your stone fleet—do it pay xpenses—are it a safe investment—could I git any stok in it at any price? Don't you think it's most too fur to hawl rocks, and won't it impoverish New England sile to take the rocks off it?

Mr. Abe Linkhorn, sur, the 8teenth is the annyversary of the day when Georgy tore herself frantikally loose from the aberlition dienasty—when she ripped her star from offen the striped rag, and spred a new piece of shirtin to the breeze. We kalkerlate to celebrate that day, and I am orthorized to invite you and Bill Seward over to purtake of our hospitalities. Where is Hamlin? I allow that he's ded, or I would ax him too. Let me know if you and Seward are kummin, so we can fix up and swap a lie or two with you; couldn't you all kum along with Mack when he makes that advance he has been talkin about so long? Bring your knittin when you kum, and a clean shirt or two. Do you chaw tobakker? We have got some that is good. Ely chawed, and Mr. Davis give him a whole warehouse at Richmond.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I wish you would ax Banks to send me a kodfish. Polekats are bad aroun here, and we want sumthin to drive em away. If you bring Banks and Butler with you, you needn't bring the kod.

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P.S.—Where is Freemount? I hearn he has gone up a spout.

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THIRD PAPER

ANOTHER LETTER FROM BILL ARP TO
MR. LINKHORN

December 2, 1862.

Mr. Linkhorn,

Sur: A poet hav sed that "Time ontied waiteth for no man." To my opinyun it are ontied now and hastenen on to that eventful period which you have fixed, when Africa is to be unshakled, when Niggerdom are to feel the power of your proklamation, when Uncle Tom are to change his base and evakuete his kabin, when all the emblems of darkness are to rush frantikally forth into the arms of their deliverers, and with perfumed and sented gratitude embrace your exsellency and Madam Harriet Beechers toe! What a galorious day that ar to be! What a sublime cry in history! What a proud kullmination and konsumation and koruskation of your politikul hoaps! After a few thousand hav clasped you in their ebony arms, it will be a fitten time, Mr. Linkhorn, for you to lay yourself down and die. Human ambition can hav no hier monument to klimb. After such a work you might komplette the immortal heroizm of your karacter by leapin from the topmost pinnakle of your glory upon the yearth below.

But alas for human folly—alas for all subloonery things—our peepul will not believe, these krazy Rebels will not konsider! Christmas is already cum—only one more breef weak to slide away before we must part, forever part, with all our nigger heritige, and yet our stubborn peepul continue to buy em and sell em, and the shorter the lease, the hier the price they are payin. What infatyashun! I

verily believe they will keep up their old ways until next Wednesday night, just as tho they didnt have to giv em all up the next morning afore breakfast. Some say the stay law affecks the niggers and will operate to make em stay at home—some say you havent transportashun nor rashuns for four millions of darkeys—some say your call is premyture! but the majority are of the opinyun that a little difficulty you met at Frederiksburg hav interfeered with your rangements, and xtended the time like a siny die.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I forewarned you about kross-in them sikly rivers. The Lee side of any shore are onhelthy to your populashun! Keep away from them Virginy water kourses. Go round em or under em, but for the sake of ekonomy don't try to kross em. It is too hard on your burryal squads and ambylance hosses.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, when are this war to klose? How much longer kan you renew your note of ninety days which you said was time enuf to settle this difficulty—do you pay the intrust? How much terrytory have you subjugated—what makes kotton sell at 67 cents a poun in your diggins—is it not orful skase—what do your boney wimin do for stuffin and paddin? I hearn they had to use hay and saw dust and sich like, and I thot it must be very painful to there tender buzums to have to re-zort to sich a coars commodety! I would like to send you a bale, but Guvnor Brown would seeze it. It is sed by sum that the war are about to klose be-cause of the Guvnor's late rade on lether. They say the war begun with a John Brown rade in Virginy, and will end with a Joe Brown rade in Georgia. I allow not, for I think the Guvnor only tuk that way of gittin the State rid of its serplus, for he wanted to drive it into the jinin States where

things was more skaser. I would like to see you pussonally, Mr. Linkhorn, and hear you talk and tell sum of your funny antydotes, like you told Guvnor Morehead. I laffed when I read em tell the teers fairly rained from my eyelids. I know I could make my fortune, Mr. Linkhorn, compilin your wit. Mayn't I be your Boswell, and follow you about?

But fair thee well, my friend, and before you kross another Rubikon, I advize you, in the elokent language of Mr. Burke, "Konsider, old cow, konsider."

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P.S.—Give my respeks to Jonny Van Buren! I hearn you and him were mity thik and effekshunate.

B. A.

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FOURTH PAPER

Another Letter from Bill Arp to Mr. Linkhorn.

Mr. Linkhorn,

Sur: Are it not possible that you are usin too much proklamation. More than 8teen months ago you published an edik, orderin the boys to retire and be peasable, but they disretired and went to fightin. The effek war bad, very bad. Now you have proklimated the niggers free after Ginerwary, and I am afeerd it will prove a fee simple for all time.

Every free nigger will git in the kotton patch now, shore; for the tarnal rebels do everything by kontrarys. Niggers hav ris twenty per cent, and are growin more darker and blacker every day. A big

plantation now looks like the sun wer in eklips. Your proklamation hav entailed Afrika upon us so strong that you can aktuallly smell it. Tippio says (we call Tip for short,) that he is pussonally interested, and he thinks you had better make em free fust and ishoo yore proklamation afterwards. Genrul Hunter tried it yore way, and overcropped hisself. Tip got no free papers at all.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I am afeered you are takin in more ground than you can tend. You are tryin to do too much at onst. Genrul Hunter tried your plan and couldn't work it over three States, so you had better practise on homypathik doses. If you'll begin on Dade county you can tell what your masheen will do, as there is but one nigger there, and they keep him in a kage as a curiosity. If they won't aksept your freedom, why, let em alone. Its useless to call em if they won't cum. I onst heern a feller in a theater say he could call sperits from the nasty deep, but the sperits never cum, and he got nary drink—so go it gently, Mr. Linkhorn, but go it shore. The world, the flesh, and the devil are looking to you to xtend the egis of freedom over all creashun—over things animate and inanimate—over bull bats and skreech owls, grub worms and grindstones, niggers and alligators, and everything that don't spill as the yearth turns up side down.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, it are amazin to think what a big job you have undertook. It's a big job, shore. Matthy Mattiks nor his daddy couldn't figger out how long it will take you to get through accordin to your feebul progress. The double rule of three won't tech it, nor tare and tret. Great Bethel! What a power of work! Hadn't you better sublet the kontrak to sum Uropean nations? Shore as you are born you'll need a heap of *undertakers* before you finish your overland march. If you could

march like Jackson it would do, but you can't. Jacksons troops take the gout if they rest twenty-four hours.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, our peepul git more stubborn every day. They go mighty nigh naked, and say they are savin their Sunday klothess to wear after we have whipped you. They just glory in livin on half rashuns and stewin salt out of their smoke house dirt. They say they had rather fight you than feed you, and swear by the ghost of Calhoun they will eat roots and drink branch water the balance of the time before they will kernowly to your abolition dyenasty. Chickahominy! what a job you hav undertook! Do Hannibal help you any? I hear tell that he just set in the corner of your offis all day long, and never said a word but *nigger, nigger, nigger*, and that since your proklamashun his face hav turned more darker and his hair more kinkier.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, hav you any late news from Mr. Harper's Ferry? I heerd that Stone W. Jackson kept the payroll for a few days, and that about fourteen thousin crossed over in twenty-four hours. He is a smart ferryman, shore. Do your foaks know how to make it pay? Its a bad crossin, but I spose it's a heap safer than Ball's Bluff or Sheperdstown. Them are dangerous fords, Mr. Linkhorn, shore, and I am afeerd if your foaks keep crossin such sikly rivers as the Potomak and Chickahominy, you will hav all the skum of your popula-shun killed up, and will hav to enkroach on your good society.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, your Genruls don't travel the right road to Richmond, nohow. The way they hav been tryin to cum is through a mity Longstreet. over two powerful Hills, and across a tremendous Stonewall. It would be safer and cheaper for em to go

round by the Rocky Mountings, if spendin time in military xcursions is their chief objek.

But I must klose this breief epistle. I feel very gloomy, Mr. Linkhorn, about this destruktive war, and hav no heart to write much. As Genrul Byron sed, at the battle of Waterloo, "I ain't now what I used to was, and my sperits are flutterin, faint and low."

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P.S.—How are Bill Seward? I heern that a mad dog bit him the other day, and the dog died immegitly. Are it a fak?

B. A.

* * *

SIXTEENTH PAPER

Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward.

Rome, Ga., September 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, *Showman*,

Sur: The reesun I write to you in pertikler, is bekaus you are about the only man I know in all "God's kountry," *so called*. For sum sevrul years we Rebs, *so called*, but now late of said kountry deceased, hav been a tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now it is very paneful, I ashoor you, to dry up all of a sudden, and make out like we wasn't there.

My frend, I want to say sumthin. I spose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermomyter. I must xplode myself genrully so as to feel better. You see I am tryin to harmonise. I'm tryin to soften down my feelins. I'm endeaverin to subjergate myself to the

level of surroundin sirkumstances, *so called*. But I can't do it till I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with sumboddy and then make frends. I ain't no giant killer. I ain't no Norwe-gun bar. I ain't no Bo Konstriker, but I'll be hornswoggled if the talkin, and the writin, and the slanderin hav got to be all done on one side eny longer. Sum of your foaks hav got to dry up or turn our foaks loose. It's a blamed outrage, *so called*. Ain't your editers got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, skwib at us, and krow over us? Is evry man what can write a paragraf to konsider us as bars in a kage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my frend, that's what's disharmonyus, and do you jest tell em, one and all, E Pluribus Unum, *so called*, that if they don't stop it at onst, or turn us loose to say what we please, why we Rebs, *so called*, hav unanimously, and jintly, and sevrully resolved to—to—to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't a gwine to kommit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I ain't a gwine to say *all* I think. Nary time. No, sur. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show! If we ain't allowed to xpress our sentiments, we can take it out in *hatin*; and hatin runs hevy in my family, shore. I hated a man so bad onst that all the hare cum off my hed, and the man drowned himself in a hog waller that nite. I could do it agin, but you see I am tryin to harmonise, to acquiess, to becum cam and sereen.

"In Dixie's fall,
We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, *so called*, got into a fite, and they fout, and fout, and fout a long time, and evry boddy all around

a hollerin hands off, but kep a helpin the big feller, till finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the han and help him up, and bresh the dirt offen his close? Nary time! No, sur? But he kiked him atter he was down and throwd mud on him and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes and now hes a gwine about a huntin up his poor little property. Wants to konfiskate it *so called*. Blame my jacket if ain't enuf to make your hed swim.

But *I'm* a good Union man *so called*. I ain't a gwine to fite any more. I shan't vote for the next war. I ain't no gurilla. I've dun tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enerated, as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so—nary time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin, neather—ain't repentin—ain't axin for no one hoss, short-winded pardin. Nobody needn't be a playin preest about me. I ain't got no twenty thousan dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widders and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerus and interestin offspring in about two minits and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor unfortunate things? To cum into this sublooney world at sich a time. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahominy Arp, that never seed the pikturs in a spellin book. I tell you, my frend, we are the poorest peepul on the face of the yearth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, selah, and the whole Amerikan nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikans can do when they think they are imposed on—“*so called*.” Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed, and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousan drunk it? Becaus they sukseeded, wasn't it glory? But if

they hadn't, I spose it would hav been treeson, and they would have been a bowin and scrapin around King George for pardin. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about a haf pint of humbug. We had good men, grate men, kristyun men, who thot we was right, and many of them hav gone to the undiscovered kountry, and hav got a pardin as is a pardin. When I die I am mighty willin to risk myself under the shadder of their wings, whether the klimate is hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I've sed enuf. But I don't feel esy yet. I'm a good Union man, sertin and shore. I've had my britches dide *blue*, and I've bot a *blue* blankit, and I very often feel *blue*, and about twist in a while I go to the doggery and get *blue*, and then I look up at the *blue* serulyun hevins and sing the melonkolly korus of the *Blue*-taled fly. I'm doin my durndest to harmonise, and I think I could suk-seed if it wasn't for sum things. When I see a blakgard a goin roun the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why rite then, for a few minits, I hate the whole Yanky nashun. Jerusalem! how my blood biles! The institushun which wer handed down to us by the hevinly kingdom of Massychusetts, now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonise the devil! Ain't we human beins? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky have cum to town, wimmin and children, and boys and baboons, and all. A man can tell how far it ar to the sitty better by the smell than the mile-post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll perish to deth this winter, as shore as the devil is a hog, *so called*. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, a livin on roastin ears and freedum, with nary idee that winter will cum agin, or that Caster Ile and Salts cost

munny. Sum of em, a hundred years old, are a whinin aroun about going to kawllidge. The truth is, my frend, sumboddy's badly fooled about this bizniss. Sumboddy have drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest a throwin his snout aroun loose, and by and by he'll hurt sumboddy. These niggers will have to go back to the plantashuns and wurk. I ain't a goin to support nary one of em, and when you heer anybody say so, you tell em its a lie, *so called*. By golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of evrything, xceptin children and land, and I spose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my frend, I don't want mutch. I ain't ambishus, as I used to was. You all have got your shose, and monkys, and sirkusses, and brass bans, and orgins, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousan strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stumptake dog that prowls aroun my premmyses at nite. Pon honer I won't shoot at enything blue, black or mullatter. Will you send it? Are you, and your foaks so skeered of me, and my foaks, that you won't let us hav any amunishun? Are the squirrells and krows, and blak rakkoons to eat up our poor littel korn paches? Are the wild turkys to gobbel all aroun us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hyderfoby, is the hole kommunity to run itself to deth to git out of the way? I golly! It looks like foaks had all took the rebelfoby for good, and was never a gwine to git over it. See here, my frend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonise sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and

hope I hain't made noboddy fitin mad, for I am not on that line at this time.

I am truly your frend, all present, or akkounted for,

BILL ARP, *so called.*

P.S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Konfedrit munny. He said it would be good agin. *He* says that Jim Funderburk told him that Warren's Jack seed a man what had jest cum from Virginny, and *he* sed a man had told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped em *agin*. Old Harris says that a man by the name of Mack C. Million is a comin over with a million o' men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, sumhow else, I'm dubus about the munny. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

* * *

THIRTY-SIXTH PAPER

Bill Arp's Great Speech to the Soljiers.

Hos Style Alloosions and Dogmatik Sentiments.

Soljiers: 40 centuries are not lookin down upon you from no Egyptian pyramids; 40 tude and valor still go unrewarded and reseeves no place in histry's page; 40 millyuns of peepul seem unkonsernd whether you live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish; 40 hoss power engines cant stop the mad rush for money that has eklipsed all patriotism, and smothered all memory of the glorious past. Your peril and your toil are forgotten. Your courage at the kannon's mouth is barred by the statute of limitations. Your missin limbs have no mourners but their mates. Krutches and empty sleeves and wasted

forms, reseeve but a passing pity. The widders and orfins of your dead comrades silently move around as the reminders of lost hopes, and the survivors of a lost cause.

Soljiers: For a time avarice and ambition may triumph over curage and gratitude. For a time the thick fog of selfishness may cover and smother your heroism; but History, though slow, is sure, and by and by she will roll back the curtin and let the rays of eternal truth shine upon an astonished and admirin world.

The patriot's fite is always noble whether it ends in defeat or viktory. Battles settle no questions, for the strong may overpower the weak. The world is fuller of knaves than of noble men. There is no army as big as the devil's, and no konkerer as mean to his foes.

Soljiers: Victory and glory are swellin and struttin just over the line. Penshuns and rewards are showered down upon the hired mersynerais that you thrashed on a hundred battle fields. Bounty lands, and back pay, and fat offises are given to thousands who never dared to meet you with even forses in a fair fite upon an open field. The money and the land is as much yours as theirs. Your labor and your toil raise the one and your fathers fought for and konkered the other. The venerable heroes of 1812 who fought with Jackson at New Orleans, and who now grow feebul and faint with age, are cut off from their penshuns bekaus they wishd you well in the fight. Fourteen years of their pay is gone. For 14 years hav these old war worn heroes been living and dying under the taint of treesun. What a kountry—what a Guverment—what a peepul! Shade of Old Hickory, look down upon us and weep!

Soljiers: You hav heard that a kat may look at a

King, but we hav lived to see the pittyful day when a kat is as good as a King. Sweatin under the benine influences of the sivil rites bill, we are all mixin up permiskuous, like mud in a brick yard and will soon cum out the same color—an African tan or a mahogany sorrel. The Modoc Shaknasty, I suppose are ruled out. The levellin process is still going on, and as niggers, and hosses, and dogs go up, white foaks and Presidents cum down. Hosses and dogs hav been promoted at Washington, and the umblest sitisen may now trot up to the Presidents manshun and xklaim in the language of Demosthenees, "Hello, old hoss, how do you wag." Sich are life—sich are destiny! I hope for the sake of the kountry the broots are all lively and likely to liv to the end of his term.

Soljiers: When a man quits the old beaten track and smokes out a new line of travel, he's an original genius—or a consentrated phool. Which ever he is depends on his sucksess. If the Presidential masheen can be run by hoss power, its a purty big thing. I suppose we might argu that every stable guverment ought to hav a stable, and that in hos style times, and among dogmatic peepul, hosses and dogs is the thing. This sort of reesun is a strain on the animal but it's the best can be done. This levellin business is havin its effek, and our President is illustratin it for the benefit of the nation. He levels himself on public okkashuns just to show how it's done. He akted his part so well in Forepaw's big sirkus that sum thought he had the blind staggers; sum sed he was sea-sick from seein the hosses go round. But the old spotted klown giv a knowin wink and xklaimed in the language of Balam, "Woe Jinuwerry." The aktin was spendid and the price of admisshun only half of a dollar. A Demokrat sed he wasent aktin at all, but was only seal injun

drunk. What a cumfort that he beleeves in homy-pathy and can cure one drunk by tryin another. The hair of the dog is good for the bite.

Soljiers: "Let us have peace." When our great konkerer sed that, you thought he was referin to you, and to me, and to everybody. You thought he was goin to fix things so that everybody could eat together out of the same big feed trough. But you now see the goak of it. He was alludin to himself. Tired and weary he wanted rest. 50 thousand dollars a year, and nothin to do, is a peacable bisness. It's like baskin under the shade of a big sunflower—like runnin in clover and blue grass in a big pastur with no kukle burs to git in one's tail. He wouldnt run the offis but he would take the pay. He wouldnt if he could, and couldnt if he would. Histry is full of Kings that was tyrants and Kings that was fools, and it's always been a trubble that they didnt know it themselves, and nobody wouldnt tell em of it. What a spektakle for a great and mighty nashun is it to see a figger head on the pinakul of power! What a contrast to Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Fillmore. How are the mighty fallen! Think of Lee, and Davis, and Hancock, and McLellan, and Greeley, and Adams left out and nobody put in. Dogs, hosses, and dimyjohns substituted for state papers, and treaties, and laws.

Soljiers: Dont wilt nor wither at the humility of your country. Dont let down in the middle of the race. As Genrul Grant sed to Ann Dickerson, stand square on your pastur jints—show your bottom. If you are well cupled and full breasted you'll never break down in the lines. Skrub stock may win a quarter stretch but in a 4 mile heat nuthin but blood will tell. Histry will be the judge, and histry is truth biled down and strained. Mr. Davis is writin it, and it will cum out as pure and bright as

a sun-beam. There's no furriners on our side—no hangin of women—no Credit Mobilier—no Black Friday—no stealin—no plunder—no Vienna—no back pay—no damages. We did have sum traitors—sum pull-backers—sum whose selfish ambition, or whose miserable avarice hung about us in the fight like a gang of contemptibul wolves.

And now since the war is over there's a passel of liver hearted sneaks who love money better than principul—who pander to the soshul equality of the nigger to please the tyrants they are afeerd of. Look at em in South Kallina, and Alabama, and Louisiana. The old Thirteen are disgraced, dishonored, degraded. New York wouldent submit to a nigger poleese—no, sur. The very hint of it caused such a rumpus as raised the turky bumps all over her peepul—Radikals, Republikins and all. But we must love em, and hug em, and saloot em as our equals in all the relations of life. It cant be did. It's a lie and a fraud. It's agin natur. It's a part of the program of humiliashun. If the niggers was Demokrats the Radikals would hav had 2000 ships carryin em back to Afrika long before this. The unfeelin tyrants slaughter McEnery and call it peace, and the figgerhed at Washington congratulates the country on the result. Bully for the figgerhed! John the Baptist was quite peasabel after Herod cut his head off. John Huss was peasable after he was burnt. But never mind my boys. Time will tell on all such devilment. The saddle is on the wrong nag. They are bettin on the black but the old gray mare is the better hoss. These foaks who surrender to their own infamy are makin money out of a mean pease, or hav got their heds in the publik crib. Now mark em and spot em. Whenever you heer of a man panderin to the nigger you may bet your bottom dollar he's got sum selfish

reesun for it. He's got an offis, or wants one, or he's afeerd he'll lose a few dollars unless he falls into Radikal line. Shades of Patrick Henry, and Randolph, and Troup, and Old Hickory, why do you smuther your skorn!

Soljiers: In vain and in vain do the peepul keep fillin the publik crib. Tariffs, and taxes, and revenues pour into it continually like waters over a mill dam, but it's eat up, or stole as fast as it's filled. Guv-ernment hosses are always hungry. They may hav been foundered like Brownlow, or hav the hooks like Butler, or swinny, or blind staggers, or the botts; but the worse they are off the more they can eat. They hav been stumpsuckin so long that the disease has got kronik. When one gits his hed to the crib he will puff and blow, and swell and snort, and suck and suck till it looks like he'd die bekaus he cant swaller the whole consern. The disease of stumpsuckin has never been cured, and the only hope now is in waitin patiently till deth or the devil claims their karkasses. Spirit of Washington hasten the time.

Soljiers: Stand by your women. They are true, and they are noble. Let your children breed after the dam and keep the girls tender and the boys tuff. Mix no breeds till they elevate white foaks and put niggers, and Chinamen, and injuns, and carpethaggers, and hosses and dogs where they belong. Don't mix even then, unless its a long shoot and a narrow chance. When we've luxuriated awhile over an honest peace, and society has settled down on a solid white basis; when figgerheds cant be Presidents, and Presidents cant be clowns; when Washington is moved to Long Branch, or Long Branch to Washington; when the cotton tax is refunded and the soljiers of 1812 put back on the penshun roll; when plunderin the guv-ernment is called stealin

from the peepul and is punished akkordin to the size of the pile; when truth and honor outrank flattery and lies, and Sherman admits that he burnt Columbia, then, and not till then, will it be time enuf to swap rings, and mingle the warm blood and cold blood together. . Soljiers ajoo.

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